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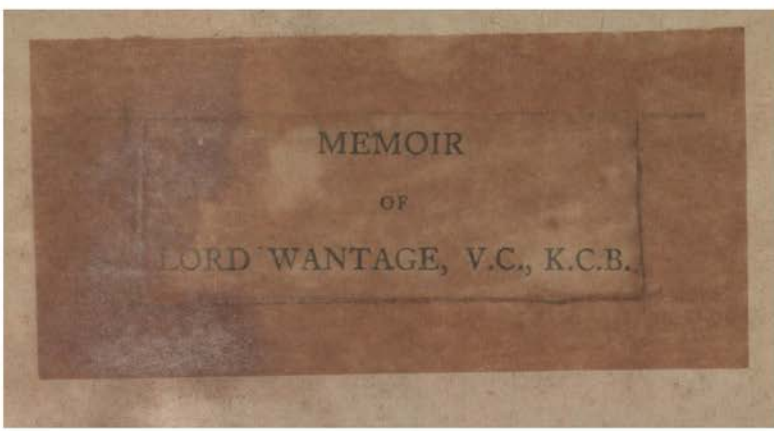
MEMOIR
OF
LORD WANTAGE, V.C., K.C.B.

Robt. J. Lindsay

Captain Scots Guards, 1855

LORD WANTAGE, V.C., K.C.B.

A MEMOIR

BY

HIS WIFE

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PREFACE

THIS sketch of my Husband's life was originally intended for private circulation among his immediate friends and relatives. In yielding to the opinion of those who believe it will prove of interest to a wider public I am encouraged by the hope that it may stimulate some of a younger generation to follow in the footsteps of one who looked upon life as a field of opportunities for the service of his country and his fellow men.

For kindly advice and help I am indebted to many friends, too numerous to name. More especially are my thanks due to General Sir Frederick Stephenson and General Sir Reginald Gipps, for revision of the Crimean letters, and to the Honourable Arthur Elliot, for permission to make use of an article which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" of January 1902. Also to Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, General Lord Grenfell, the Dowager Countess of Crawford, Lady Jane

Lindsay, Sir Charles Ryan, and Mr. Talbot Baines. I owe the Chapter on "Episodes of Business and Finance" to the able pen of Mr. R. H. Benson, whose devotion to the memory of his friend and relative induced him to take upon himself the heavy burden of a work which my Husband did not live to complete.

HARRIET S. WANTAGE.

LOCKINGE,
November 1907.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

CHAPTER I

1832–1854

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE 1

CHAPTER II

1854

CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF THE ALMA—SEBASTOPOL—BALACLAVA 17

CHAPTER III

1854–1855

INKERMAN—THE CRIMEAN WINTER—THE TRENCHES . . . 48

CHAPTER IV

1855

SERVICE ON THE STAFF—DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN 80

CHAPTER V

1855–1856

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—DEATH OF GENERAL LINDSAY—END OF THE WAR 102

MEMOIR OF LORD WANTAGE

CHAPTER VI

1857–1866

PAGE

RETURN TO ENGLAND—VICTORIA CROSS—EQUERRYSHIP TO THE PRINCE OF WALES—MARRIAGE—THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—VISIT TO BELGIUM 135

CHAPTER VII

1865–1868

ELECTION FOR BERKSHIRE—FIRST SESSIONS IN PARLIAMENT . 161

CHAPTER VIII

1870–1871

BEGINNING OF RED CROSS WORK—THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. 172

CHAPTER IX

1870–1874

VISIT TO VERSAILLES AND PARIS DURING THE SIEGE—END OF THE WAR—LIFE IN PARLIAMENT—ARMY PURCHASE—AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—RETURN OF THE CONSERVATIVES TO OFFICE . 190

CHAPTER X

1876–1877

THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR—THE EASTERN QUESTION . . 218

CHAPTER XI

1877–1882

APPOINTMENT TO THE WAR OFFICE—CRISIS IN THE EAST—VOTE OF SIX MILLIONS—DEPARTMENTAL DUTIES—RESIGNATION OF THE GOVERNMENT—COMING OF AGE OF THE VOLUNTEERS —THE LOYD-LINDSAY PRIZE 231

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XII

1881–1885

PAGE

POLITICAL FRIENDSHIPS—ARMY MEDICAL COMMITTEE—JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA—DEATH OF LORD OVERSTONE—RED CROSS WORK IN EGYPT—PEERAGE 275

CHAPTER XIII

EPISODES OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE 303

CHAPTER XIV

1885–1891

FOREIGN TOURS—MAJORCA—ALGERIA—SICILY—VISIT TO THE CRIMEA—GERMAN MANŒUVRES—THE HOME COUNTIES VOLUNTEER BRIGADE—THE "TERMS OF SERVICE" WAR OFFICE COMMITTEE 314

CHAPTER XV

1892–1897

LIFE AT LOCKINGE—DEATH OF MRS. LINDSAY—VOYAGE UP THE NILE—THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN—RED CROSS WORK IN EGYPT—READING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 343

CHAPTER XVI

AGRICULTURE, FARMING AND ESTATE MANAGEMENT—SMALL FARMS COMPANY 375

CHAPTER XVII

1897–1901

FAILING HEALTH—RED CROSS WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA—DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA—THE LAST DAYS—DEATH—SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND AN APPRECIATION 403

APPENDIX I

PAGE
EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE "WANTAGE" COMMITTEE 431

APPENDIX II

LETTER FROM LORD WANTAGE TO THE PRESENT LORD EVERSLEY 444

APPENDIX III

THE SMALL FARM AND LABOURERS' LAND COMPANY . 451

APPENDIX IV

"V.C.": A POEM BY LADY LINDSAY 457

INDEX 459

LIST OF PORTRAITS

CAPTAIN R[illegible]ERT JAMES LINDSAY (SCOTS GUARDS), 1855 . . . . . *Frontispiece*

LIEUT.-COLO[illegible]L AND HON. MRS. LOYD-LINDSAY, 1865 *To face p.* 148
From a p[illegible]ograph by Mrs. Cameron.

COLONEL LO[illegible]D-LINDSAY, V.C., VISCOUNT BURY, MAJOR SIR PAU[illegible]L HUNTER, BART., 1866 . . . . . „ 160
From a p[illegible]otograph taken at Brussels.

LORD OVERS[illegible]TONE, 1866 . . . . . „ 184
From a p[illegible]otograph.

LORD OVERS[illegible]TONE, 1881 . . . . . „ 286
From a pa[illegible]inting by Frank Holl, R.A.

LADY WANT[illegible]AGE, R.R.C., 1884 . . . . . „ 350
From a painting by Sir William Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

[illegible]RD WANTAGE, V.C., K.C.B. . . . . „ 374
From a photograph.

[illegible]RD WANTAGE, V.C., K.C.B. . . . . „ 402
From a bust by Lady Jane Lindsay, 1904.

MEMOIR OF LORD WANTAGE

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE

1832–1854

ROBERT JAMES LOYD-LINDSAY, V.C., K.C.B., known in later years as Lord Wantage, belonged to a younger branch of the Lindsay family of which the Earl of Crawford is the head. His career was a varied one; he touched life at many points, as a soldier, a land-owner, a Member of Parliament, a Lord-Lieutenant, and a leader in works of public utility and benevolence.

In considering a man's personality, it is difficult to estimate justly the various causes which combine to build up that which we call "character"; what is due to hereditary descent, what to early surroundings, what to the circumstances and influences of later life, what to the power of will which controls and directs these causes and moulds a man's career. Lord Wantage came of a soldier race; the Lindsays have always been men of action and men of war, oft-times combining therewith not only the specially Scottish attributes of practical shrewdness and business capacity, but also literary and artistic tastes.

He inherited in a marked degree these family characteristics, adding to them other qualities peculiar to himself, which the surroundings and influences of his early life tended to foster and develop, rendering him a man of mark in his family and his generation. Some memorial, therefore, of his life and work may form an appropriate sequel to the "Lives of the Lindsays" in which the late Earl of Crawford (better known as Lord Lindsay) has traced the fortunes of the family during past centuries. His grandfather, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, was a younger brother of Alexander, Earl of Balcarres. The latter, after his marriage with the heiress of Haigh, found himself without ready money sufficient to develop his Lancashire coal mines; he therefore sold the ancestral estate of Balcarres in Fifeshire to his brother Robert, who had made a fortune in India. Later on, when Lord Balcarres had begun to realise the profitable results of coal mining, Mr. Robert Lindsay offered to re-sell the estate to him; but he, knowing how much attached his brother had become to the place, refused the offer. In recent years, however, it has again reverted, by purchase, from the younger branch to the head of the house, the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

Lord Wantage's father, General James Lindsay, was the eldest son of Robert Lindsay; he entered the Grenadier Guards at the age of sixteen and was immediately ordered to join his regiment at Chatham; whereupon he and a brother officer of the same age, being told that it was obligatory on them to travel "like gentlemen," ordered a post-chaise and four to convey them to their destination and to dash in style into the barrack

yard. The boys had a wild and lively time of fun and frolic at Chatham, cut short, however, the following year by their being ordered to join the British expedition sent to Walcheren, which was described as the "best equipped and most powerful one that ever left the shores of England; but, alas! the most unwisely conceived and worst conducted." The troops were encamped in idleness on the pestilential swamps of Beveland; fever and sickness set in, the army was soon considered incapable of ulterior operations, and was re-embarked for England within three months of its departure, the troops re-entering Chatham Barracks with companies reduced from one hundred to twenty or thirty men. In James Lindsay's case it was not till some time after his return that the fever declared itself; and he was then taken by a young brother officer to a London lodging where he lay hopelessly ill. The doctor who attended him chanced to be also attending Lady Anne Barnard (*née* Lindsay) and thought she might be interested in hearing of a gallant namesake lying at death's door. She went to see the young soldier, recognised him as her own nephew, and carried him in her coach to her house in Berkeley Square, where she nursed him back into health, thereby securing his lifelong gratitude and devotion.

In 1811 he was again ordered on foreign service in Spain. His regiment disembarked at Isla de Leon, near Cadiz, which was invested by the French. Here they spent some months of inaction, while keeping in check the French forces assembled round Cadiz. Cadiz itself, where the *élite* of Spanish society, together with the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, had taken

refuge, was the scene of unbounded gaiety and dissipation; and Captain Lindsay speaks of gambling tables under professional management being placed at private receptions given by the Spanish nobles.

He carried the Colours of his regiment at the capture of Seville by a small body of English troops. He took part in the long march from Seville to Aranjuez, where his regiment joined Lord Hill's army and continued the march by Madrid to Salamanca, enlivened on the way by frequent skirmishes with the enemy. Lord Wellington, with 35,000 men at Salamanca, was confronted by a large French army under Joseph Bonaparte and Soult; the British army was forced to retire, enduring terrible hardships and sufferings in their retreat to winter quarters in Portugal. Shortly afterwards, James Lindsay received promotion and returned home, where he remained till again ordered on foreign service in 1813, when Holland, having declared her independence, sought the aid of England against France. During this campaign forced marches and heavy skirmishing alternated with skating, shooting, good dinners and agreeable society at The Hague and elsewhere. He favourably contrasted Holland, a land of milk and butter and, consequently, of good beef and of good barns to lodge in, with Spain, a land of oil and wine, with, consequently, poor food and sorry accommodation.

After being severely wounded at the disastrous assault of Bergen-op-Zoom, he was invalided home, and thus ended James Lindsay's active military career. In a written record of his various campaigns he gives an interesting description of warfare as carried on

nearly a hundred years ago, with its hardships and sufferings, varied by intervals of luxurious comfort and social enjoyment; and he narrates curious episodes of courteous intercourse between men and officers of the opposing armies. His subsequent career was mainly that of a country gentleman, taking active part in county business in Fifeshire, which he represented on the Conservative side in Parliament, till in the election consequent upon the Reform Bill of 1832 he was defeated and lost his seat.

His interests and occupations were, however, by no means confined to local and country matters; he retained to the last a lively interest in all military affairs, and also left his mark in the world of society and of art, both in England and abroad. His was a strongly marked character, cast in no common mould; gentleness and refinement were combined with strength and courage, while his sound practical sense and sagacity were tempered by sweetness of nature and enlarged by artistic instincts. These gifts had been expanded by varied experience, and by contact with the outer world in foreign Service and in foreign travel: influences which tended to broaden and soften without weakening the deep-seated religious convictions and earnest piety that permeated his whole being.

General Lindsay's first wife was a daughter of Grant of Kilgraston, and sister of three men distinguished in widely different walks of life—John Grant, a fine Scottish gentleman, General Sir Hope Grant the great Indian soldier, and Sir Francis Grant the President of the Royal Academy. She died after a few brief months of married life, and in 1823 he married Anne,

the eldest and favourite child of Sir Coutts Trotter the banker, and of his wife, a Gordon, being the daughter of Lord Rockville, son of the second Earl of Aberdeen. Anne Trotter was brought up in her parents' country house in the immediate vicinity of London, amid highly cultured surroundings, and in close companionship with her father, a man of singularly refined and cultivated tastes. She had barely left the schoolroom when she attracted the admiration of General (then Colonel) Lindsay, a man ten years older than herself, a gallant soldier, handsome, accomplished, and endowed with singular charm of manner and sweetness of character. No wonder that he easily won the young girl's heart and hand. Soon after her marriage she was taken to the old family home in Fifeshire, for which her husband cherished an enthusiastic devotion, and every nook of which was dear to him. Balcarres had long been a centre of cultivated and intellectually refined society, but the manners and customs, and the standard of domestic life in Scotland, differed from what then prevailed in England, and the bride's first impressions of her Scottish home were not altogether favourable. Strings of herrings hung up to dry on the house walls were a shock to her refined habits; the homely family life, the companionship of rigid-minded, puritanical maiden sisters-in-law, the society of the rough-witted relatives and inmates who formed the usual entourage of Scottish households in those days, were uncongenial to the young wife, fresh from the polished literary and artistic circle of her father's house. But later on she learnt to love and appreciate to the full the charm and beauty of Balcarres.

By the time she was eight-and-twenty, Mrs. Lindsay had a family of seven children, three of whom, however, died in early childhood. Of the four who survived, the eldest son, Coutts, inherited the baronetcy, without assuming the name, of his maternal grandfather Sir Coutts Trotter. He followed his father's example of entering the Grenadier Guards, but a couple of years before the Crimean war he left the Army to devote himself to an artistic career. The eldest daughter Margaret married her cousin, Alexander Lord Lindsay, subsequently twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford. The next daughter, Mary Anne, married Mr. Robert Stayner Holford, of Westonbirt, in Gloucestershire. The youngest child was Robert James, afterwards Lord Wantage.

As years went by, as daughters married and grandchildren gathered round them, General and Mrs. Lindsay became more and more the centre round which revolved a large family circle. Many are the memories and many the traditions connected with life at Balcarres. It was a life of high-bred simplicity and refinement; hospitality was unostentatious but cordial—the society that forgathered in the ancestral home had something of the savour of French society under the old *régime*; and the presence of their constant inmate, Bishop Low, with his pungent yet kindly humour, added not a little to the resemblance. Among the friends who frequently shared in the family life were many distinguished brother officers of General Lindsay's: General Simpson (who succeeded Lord Raglan as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea), General Moore, and Sir Hope Grant, together with many other men of mark, among them the Earl of Elgin, Earl Somers, Lord Lindsay,

and Sidney Herbert. The latter, writing from a fashionable Highland shooting party at Taymouth, remarks:—"I always wonder at the undoubting sincerity with which *fashionable* society thinks itself *good* society. The contrast with the refinement and high tone of everything at Balcarres strikes me more than ever." *

Lord Lindsay (afterwards Earl of Crawford) was more than a passing guest, he was a son of the house and the constant companion of the family, both in Scotland and in Italy. Between him and Mrs. Lindsay had grown up a strong bond of friendship and of community of thought; she gave him appreciative sympathy together with the practical help of criticism in his literary work, especially in his "Christian Art." In 1845 he married his cousin Margaret, the eldest daughter of the house, and this marriage drew the Lindsays of Balcarres into close connection with the head of the elder branch, whose earldom dates from the fourteenth century. After General Lindsay's death in 1855, Mrs. Lindsay lived chiefly with her married children; during many years her winters were spent for the most part in the Florentine home of her son-in-law and daughter Lord and Lady Crawford, while her summers were divided between Westonbirt and Lockinge. Wherever she went she carried with her an atmosphere of life and vitality, and a fulness of sympathy in the pursuits and interests of her children and her grandchildren, that made her an ever-welcome inmate in their homes.

* *Memoir of Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea.* By Lord Stanmore. 1906, vol. i. p. 89.

Robert James, born in 1832, was, as has been already stated, the youngest of General and Mrs. Lindsay's children. Much of his childhood was spent at Balcarres, where he led a free untrammelled life, scrambling among the rocks, and galloping his pony over the sands and links of the Fifeshire coast; thus early acquiring the love of nature and of country pursuits that became leading characteristics of his after days.

Balcarres is eminently a place to foster a child's affection. Those who have been born and bred there love it with devotion. The deep glens, the long reaches of turf links, the lofty crags, the rocky sea coast, the dark caverns, the far-stretching sands, appeal strongly to the imagination and remain ingrafted in the memory. In bygone days the grey turrets of the mansion rose bare and gaunt from the unkempt grass fields around it, but each generation has in turn added touches of beauty to the house, the terraced gardens and the wooded glades, which make Balcarres rank among the most beautiful of Scottish homes.

In 1838 General Lindsay and his family went abroad and spent several years "trekking" by *Vetturino* through France and Italy, the elder members of the party in a comparatively light-moving carriage, the younger ones with tutors, governesses, and nurses, all packed into a large travelling *berline*. Thus they moved to and fro from summer to winter quarters, from Arth and Lausanne to Florence and Pau. The little boy "Bob" enjoyed the free life of the mountains, fishing and climbing rocky paths when the day's lessons were over; in Italy he acquired, together with a knowledge of Italian, a rooted distaste for picture-

galleries and churches which it took many years to overcome. His elder sister writing from Florence says: "Robin is not tall, but very pretty, and greatly admired by the Italians for his fair curly hair and blue eyes." About the same time his father writes from Pau, "Robin is so full of health and joyousness that he is almost overpowering. He cannot walk, he leaps and flies and squeaks with spirits. His face is rosy and his eyes are bright as stars. He is really a beautiful creature to look at, with his shining curls and broad open brow."

During one of the winters spent at Pau the Lindsays made the acquaintance of a Spanish family which deserves a passing notice in these pages.

They consist, writes Mrs. Lindsay, of a mother, the Marquesa de Montijo, a widow of high rank, and her two daughters, nearly the greatest heiresses in Spain. One is sixteen, and the other, Eugénie, fifteen; and two pretty sweet flowers they are, so fresh and naïve, so gay and innocent. One is very fair with hair like Titian's Flora, a complexion like a blush rose, and a figure like a sylph—she looks as if she is going to fly away—and her hair hanging in curls like a glory round a Madonna's head. The dark one, with braided hair, has more calm dignity, but the little one captivates my fancy by her wild grace. The poor mother loves them so, her eyes fill with tears when she looks at them. They are now gone back to Madrid, and people say they are in great danger in that land of revolution, for that one or other party might carry off these little souls and force them into a marriage for the sake of their fortunes. M. de Castel-Bajac, who knows but too much of revolutions, endeavoured to persuade their mother to remain in France; but she says if she does perhaps

her children's fortunes will be confiscated, and she is not, or says she is not, afraid. "For Spaniards are too noble to hurt women."

The fair girl who thus attracted Mrs. Lindsay's admiration was the future Empress of the French.

Time went on and the wandering foreign life was for "Bob" Lindsay exchanged for the stern discipline of a preparatory school: a school of the olden type where the master vented his ill-humour with uncontrolled tyranny upon his pupils. This master was about the only man Lindsay ever thoroughly hated; even in after-life he could not forget the sense of injury and the bitter remembrances of his early schooldays. Great was the joy of the change to Eton, where in old "Judy" Durnford's house he spent happy years, taking book-learning somewhat easily, but mind and character expanding in the free and genial atmosphere of a public school. His father writes of him:

Bob is looking lanky, lathy, very handsome, and like a thoroughbred pony. He brings up with him a good report and seems to go on excellently well as a gentlemanlike, moral, good boy, beloved by masters and companions, and does in study enough to keep him on a level with others, not more. I hear from all quarters that he is a general favourite and that his opinion has great weight among his companions.

Lindsay was a "Wet Bob," and spent much time on the river in company with his cousin-schoolfellow, William Keppel (Lord Bury), son of the Hon. George Keppel, afterwards Earl of Albemarle, whose wife was

Mrs. Lindsay's sister. Born within two days of each other the boys were more like twin brothers than cousins. Their intimacy lasted through life; in later days the varying vicissitudes of their respective careers often separated them, but as often brought them together again, in the Volunteer Service, the House of Commons, and the War Office. Perhaps the very contrast of character between the two made the bond the closer. Bury was clever, versatile, light-hearted, brilliant in talk, endowed with quick perception and the power of rapid mastery of any subject he took up, and full of life and energy; while steadfastness of character and soundness of judgment were the leading qualities of Lindsay's quieter and more reserved nature. Their respective characters thus supplemented each other, and the result was a companionship as delightful to themselves as it was pleasant to others.

Life at Eton was succeeded by private tutors, with the object of preparing the lad to enter Haileybury in order to qualify for employment in the East India Company's Civil Service. Family connections insured considerable interest in that service, for which the boy had been early destined. But the prospect was always distasteful to one who from his childhood was at heart a soldier, and when in 1850, at the age of eighteen, there came an unexpected offer of a Commission in the Scots Fusilier Guards, all thought of an Indian career was gladly cast aside and the Commission eagerly accepted. It was a curious chance that procured him this. Among the many admirers of his fascinating sister "May" was Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon, son of Lord Aberdeen, and A.D.C. to Prince Albert, through whom

he obtained the disposal of a Commission in the Scots Fusilier Guards. He immediately availed himself of the privilege to forward his suit by placing it at the disposal of the lady's brother : a well-timed act which, however, was more appreciated by the young man than by his sister, whose heart remained untouched. On this occasion Lord Lindsay wrote, " I have not a doubt of Bob distinguishing himself if he has an opportunity, nor do I know anyone more likely to make an opportunity "—words well justified by the events of his future career.

Life now opened in all its brightness to the young Guardsman who had so unexpectedly obtained the prize he most coveted. He soon became a favourite with his brother officers and made many friends both in London and at Chichester, a country quarter much in favour with the officers of the Brigade, where the hospitality shown to them at Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond, himself an old soldier of Peninsular fame, added much to their enjoyment. Mrs. Lindsay, in a letter written about this period, gives the following vivid picture of her son :

Bob is slender and straight as an arrow ; his forehead, brow, and eyes are beautiful ; his mouth is like a statue, with a delightful mixture of gentleness and scorn ; there is a look of calmness and power about him that is very striking. He is graceful in his movements and excels in all manly exercises such as shooting, riding, and skating—he seems to fall naturally into them without any trouble. He is quiet and does not talk much ; his companions love him but are a little afraid of him, for he is sarcastic and can say bitter things when he does not approve of anything.

In the winter of 1851–2, Lindsay's period of leave was spent with his family at Rome and Naples. Rome was in those days not the mere holiday resort of the passing tourist, but a place of winter sojourn for a cosmopolitan yet select society. That season saw a gathering of many remarkable and interesting people. The artistic circle included, among others, Bob Lindsay's brother Sir Coutts, Herbert Wilson, Lord Gifford, and Lord Dufferin, who was wintering at Rome with his mother, still in the zenith of her charm and beauty. Among the leading hostesses of society were Princess Doria and Madame von Usedom (wife of the Prussian Ambassador), both Englishwomen by birth; while among the many English visitors were Lord and Lady Overstone and their daughter Harriet, then a girl of fourteen. Here they and the Lindsays first met.

General Lindsay and Lord Overstone were drawn together not only by subjects of mutual interest connected with Rome, but by sympathy resulting from the sterling qualities that underlay two characters apparently widely different. With the Lindsays was their youngest daughter May, afterwards Mrs. Holford. All Rome was at the feet of the beautiful girl, whose slender figure clothed in soft and simple drapery rose like a white-crowned lily stalk amid flowers of gaudier hue. Her singing was as pure and winsome as herself; there was a note of rare distinction in all she did, and the charm of her unaffected gracefulness both of mind and manner won all hearts. Lady Overstone was specially attracted by her, and the intimacy between the Lindsays and the Overstones rapidly deepened into lasting friendship. The two families met constantly, joining in many expedi-

tions both at Rome and Naples, and the intercourse between them was renewed with mutual satisfaction after their return to England.

'In the summer of 1853, the Scots Fusilier Guards were encamped at Chobham. This, the precursor of Aldershot, was the first attempt in England at a camp of exercise; it was, in the Queen's own words, "without doubt the result of Albert's assiduous and unceasing representations to the late and present Governments, without which I fully believe very little would have been done." Camp-life was a novelty in those days, and became an attraction to London society, which flocked to the breezy heathland of the Chobham Ridges. Here Lindsay entertained in his bell tent his former friends of Rome and Naples, Lord and Lady Overstone and their daughter, who were staying in the neighbourhood with their relatives Sir John and Lady Shaw Lefevre, who at that time occupied the picturesque and romantic old Tudor mansion of Sutton near Guildford.

Perhaps few periods of Lindsay's life were more cloudlessly happy than these early days of soldiering. His heart's desire had been fulfilled; he had entered the profession he loved, and he took the study and the practice of it seriously. He was devoted to his regiment, he shared eagerly in the pursuits and pleasures of his brother officers, and entered with equal keenness into the interests and amusements of the men. Among other pleasant episodes of this period were occasional expeditions to Paris, under the auspices of Mr. Montague Gore, an old bachelor whose chief pleasure consisted in lavishing hospitality on young Guardsmen. In his latter days he lost his fortune, and he whose freely

bestowed kindness and liberality had gladdened many a young life ended his own days in poverty. Of the joyous band of Lindsay's comrades in those days of light-hearted youth, only a small number now remain, among them Colonel Haygarth, General Sir George Higginson, Sir Reginald Gipps, and last, not least, the distinguished veteran General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B., known and endeared to his brother officers as "Ben." Some ten years his senior, he was Adjutant of the regiment when Lindsay joined it, and continued to be his close friend through life.

But war clouds were already gathering on the horizon and in 1854 the storm broke. Lindsay was at Balcarres when late one February evening the summons reached him to join his regiment, which was under orders for active service in the East, and at early dawn he took leave of his father and mother; with the former it proved a final parting.

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CHAPTER II

CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF THE ALMA—SEBASTOPOL—BALACLAVA

1854

ROBERT LINDSAY spent a fortnight in London before his regiment left England. The joint Anglo-French ultimátum demanding the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the Danubian Principalities by April 30 was not dispatched till February 27, and in the interval before that decisive step was taken, some anxiety was felt among young officers as to whether after all they would not be denied the opportunity of fighting for their country. The embarkation of the Fusilier Guards was several times delayed. On February 16 there was a dinner of past and present officers of the Guards Brigade, and Robert Lindsay sent his father a list of the company, telling him that the old soldiers had all inquired after him, many of them having served with him in the Peninsula. To-day, barely a dozen remain of those who were at that dinner. These survivors include Colonel Haygarth, General Sir Seymour Blane, Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, Colonel Edward Neville, General Sir Frederick Stephenson, the Earl of Listowel, Colonel George Gordon, and Lord Annesley.

On February 22, Robert Lindsay writes to his father:

Prince Albert inspected us this morning, viz. eight hundred Fusiliers and about a thousand Grenadiers: a finer sight I am sure never can have been seen. The Duchess of Cambridge and also Princess Mary walked with him down the ranks, the Prince looked more soldier-like than I ever saw him before, and was much cheered as he came by the crowd. The parade was a private one and only people with tickets admitted. Ben Stephenson, our adjutant, has been appointed Brigade Major, the acting adjutant* succeeds to him, and I shall take the latter's place. All the best fellows in the Guards and my most particular friends happen to be for service, which is very lucky. In the Coldstreams and Grenadiers indeed, all the seniors have been picked out and put into the battalions for the Crimea, but our battalion goes out as it is. Bingham, Bob Anstruther, Wellesley, and most of those you know go, except poor old ——, who rolls his fat person about in despair. Francis Cust also stays at home, but his brother Horace goes.

At 6 A.M. on the last day of February the Queen watched the Scots Guards march past under the balcony of Buckingham Palace on their way from Wellington Barracks to Waterloo Station, Lindsay little thinking that two long years would elapse ere he again set foot on British soil. Their steamer, the "Simoon," did not weigh anchor until the forenoon of March 1; her engines broke down several times; nine days were miserably spent in the voyage to Gibraltar; and after a few hours there, another eight days were occupied in reaching Malta. There Robert Lindsay was cordially welcomed

* Hugh Drummond.

by Admiral Elliot and his family, and with them he made his home during the six weeks that the Fusilier Guards remained in the island. It seemed to him an unattractive spot. "Go where you will," he wrote, "you can't get shade. The light is reflected a dozen times from white houses, white rocks, and white pavement. One seems to be in a Dutch oven." Nevertheless he and his brother officers received so much hospitality that they were genuinely sorry to say goodbye.

The vessel in which the Fusilier Guards left Malta was all but wrecked near Cape Matapan, where in a fog she so narrowly grazed a rock rising straight out of the sea, that those on deck declared that they could have jumped on shore. They stayed a day at Gallipoli, which was in French occupation, with the British encamped ten miles off; Robert Lindsay went to see the lines, twenty-five miles long, which were in course of construction from Enos to the Sea of Marmora, and then proceeded to Constantinople. By that time (May 7) blood had been shed in the quarrel between Russia and the Western Powers. H.M.S. "Terrible" and a few other ships had bombarded the Odessa forts, and owing to the superior range of our guns, had battered them to pieces in eight hours, with much loss among the Russian artillery, and only one man killed and a very few wounded on the British ships engaged. Five or six weeks were passed, impatiently enough, in camp at Scutari, where conflicting reports prevailed from day to day as to the probable employment of the British expeditionary force. "One day," wrote Lindsay, "we are to go straight to Sebastopol and storm it, and then we reflect upon the tremendous promotion

that will be the consequence; next day the greatest despondence prevails, and the whole thing is supposed to be over."

Not till June 15 did the Fusilier Guards move forward to Varna. There they were cheated of the hopes they had cherished of coming into early contact with the enemy, as the Russians raised the siege of Silistria. On July 2 Lindsay wrote home:—

The news was a great disappointment, but we hear they are in great force the other side of the Danube. Whether this is true or not we have no means of knowing here. I saw Omar Pasha to-day coming in from Shumla to Varna. He was in an open sort of britska, with four artillery horses, and behind him followed a carriage with his wife, I suppose, a pretty-looking woman. He is about sixty, I should think, very spare and a good-looking face. He speaks German, Italian, and a little French. The defence of Silistria has been the most gallant thing done for a long time; the whole defence was managed by two Englishmen, Butler and Nasmith. Butler, who is since dead, seems to have been a fine fellow; he exposed himself incessantly to the continual fire of the enemy and seemed to have a charmed life, not knowing a word of Turkish, but by his conduct and coolness showing such an example to the Turks that they said they would follow him everywhere. The continual work they had, digging in order to countermine the mines of the Russians, was most harassing, but the Turks burrowed like moles, and were so docile and brave. The fact is that the lower classes of Turks are very fine fellows, but the upper classes are a tyrannical, degraded set of rascals who pillage and cheat everyone they dare; everything from the chief of the boatmen to the higher officers of State is to be purchased, and the man who

has robbed and cheated the longest and most successfully buys himself the best berth.

The country immediately round Varna could not be called beautiful, but Lindsay found it "charming in its partial resemblance to English downs."

We are by no means well off for food, for the salt beef is so salt one *cannot* eat it, and eggs are not to be had, so to-day our mess have had nothing to eat but Bologna sausages and bread.

Amid the depression caused by the shortcomings of the commissariat, and still more by false rumours of peace, rendered probable through the reported abdication of the Emperor Nicholas, Lindsay received from home the news of the engagement of his sister May to Mr. Holford, of whom he "liked both all that he had seen and all that he had heard." His letters to his family are full of affectionate interest. "Pray write to me," he says to his sister, "and talk to Mr. Holford about me, for being away I shall be the only one of the family he won't know well."

A few days later he was in more imminent danger of death, perhaps, than even at Alma or Inkerman. The whole country round Varna proved, as ought to have been foreseen, frightfully unhealthy. Cholera worked havoc among the troops, who, having nothing to do, were in low spirits, and specially open to its ravages. In the British camps "there was for some time a daily average of thirty deaths and in the French sixty." Lindsay escaped cholera but was struck down by dysentery, "and lying in a tent with the thermometer at 120°, and then suddenly a storm of rain that deluged the

country and wetted everything one had," his strength sank desperately low. In fact, he always believed that he would never have pulled through if his friend "Zonny" Elliot * had not got him leave, and dispatched him to the coast on his bed, in a state of unconsciousness, in a cart borrowed from General Bentinck, under the charge of Seymour Blane. The sea-air soon revived him, and he was hospitably treated on board ship by Captain James Drummond of the "Retribution" (afterwards Admiral Sir James), "the best fellow," wrote Lindsay, "I ever met." After a cruise to Constantinople and back, he would have returned to duty in the pest-stricken neighbourhood of Varna, had not a relapse obliged him to remain at sea, as the guest of a gallant old sailor, Captain Greville, of the "Trafalgar," in whose comfortable ship his health became fairly re-established.

Writing on August 15 Lindsay says:—

The cholera certainly has been fearful; though I came up to the fleet when the worst was over the men were still dying on all sides; in four hours a man in the rudest health was reduced to almost a skeleton, his face quite sunk in and black. The poor tars behaved beautifully, nursing and reading the Bible to the sick till the last moment. A good many were saved by the tremendous way they were rubbed by their messmates during the cramps. Very differently were our poor fellows treated in a close tent under a scorching sun with no alleviations for their pain: very few of those that were taken recovered, though the loss in the Army is not so great as in the Navy. Those who had the misfortune to get into the hospital at Varna never came out, attended on by rascally old pensioners who got drunk on the brandy and wine provided for the sick.

* Now Major-General Sir Alexander Elliot, K.C.B.

Nothing is worse managed than our Medical Staff. Ambulance cooks entirely wanting, officers scarcely able to leave their bed starting to try and ride into Varna, fifteen and twenty miles, rather than remain in the scorching heat of a tent. Had not the General lent me his cart I should never have got to Varna, and the heat of a tent with the sun upon it is enough to drive one mad. However, this is over, and the idea of active service has acted like a charm on everyone.

On September 14 he writes to his father from the transport "Kangaroo" :—

In half an hour, that is at six o'clock A.M., we land. We have been two days off the coast of the Crimea : last night we anchored in a bay about thirty miles from Sebastopol ; and about two o'clock this morning we got up steam and we are now nearly three miles from the coast, distant, they say, twelve or fourteen miles from Sebastopol. The sunrise this morning is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, the countless number of ships all crowding into the bay ; the land is low except round Sebastopol. There is no sign of any resistance as yet. We can see a few peasants driving their cattle into the interior ; the land appears flat and ugly. A French three-decker, crowded with troops, has just passed close to our stern, their band playing "God save the Queen." The sea is as smooth as glass, and as we steam slowly on we can see large buildings, which I suppose are barracks. Further on there appear to be country houses, but very little wood. We land without tents or any more baggage than we can carry in a havresack, with three days' provisions, and our cloaks to sleep on. The men carry three days' rations, their blankets and greatcoats strapped on their backs, but leave their packs behind. We have brought no baggage horses with us ; in my havresack I have got three pounds of salt pork, some ship's biscuits and the

chocolate I brought out from England, the saucepan and spirit lamp that Minnie gave me, and an extra flannel shirt. I thought it better not to load myself too heavily, particularly as being senior Ensign I have to carry the colours. I don't expect there will be any fighting to-day or to-morrow. My health, thank God, is quite restored, and I never felt better in my life.

Your frequent letters, my dear father, have given me great pleasure, and your prayers I hope it has pleased God to answer. Breakfast is now being scrambled for, and a moment's delay in the present scarcity of provisions entails nothing to catch, so I must finish my letter.

Having landed without tents the condition of the troops throughout the following night was extremely dismal. Lindsay, however, made light of it. Writing to his father, September 17, he says, speaking of the day of landing :

The whole night it continued to rain, and though we had nothing but our clothes we got through it tolerably well. The country people at first were inclined to give us every assistance, but the French have destroyed all confidence by the way they have been pillaging and burning lately. Our men are strictly prevented from taking anything without paying.* I suppose soon this will have a good effect; at present the French have helped themselves to everything. The scarcity of wood and water here is a great difficulty, and fatigue parties are employed all day fetching them from great distances. At night we are not able to have bivouack fires. Last night we had our tents served out to us, but we shall be obliged to leave them behind to-day as we march and have no means of carrying them. The ship we came over from Varna in has been sent off to Scutari with

* Our officers, says Sir F. Stephenson, left money in deserted shops.

two thousand sick on board, so there is no chance of our seeing any of our baggage except the things we carry on our backs for the next three weeks.

There was unfortunately no distribution of maps of the seat of war among officers. General Lindsay had sent copies of the best which could be procured to his son, but they never reached him. "I regret extremely," he writes, "not having the maps of the Crimea—they would have been of great service. Sir Colin Campbell has got one and shows it as a great favour to his friends."

The story of the Alma has been oft-times told, and it is therefore unnecessary here to do more than give an outline of the combat sufficient to make clear the part played in it by the regiment to which Robert Lindsay belonged. The Alma is a stream running east and west, and flowing into the Black Sea at a point some thirteen miles south of the landing place of the Allied forces, and about a third of the distance they had to traverse in their advance upon Sebastopol, the main road to which crosses the stream by a bridge, about three miles from its mouth, near the village of Bourliouk. Here the Russians, under Menschikoff, sought to bar the passage of the invaders. Their position was a strong one. Between Bourliouk and the sea the left (or south) bank of the Alma was eminently defensible; for more than a mile and a half up the stream from its mouth "there rises close to it," in Sir E. Hamley's words, "a perpendicular rocky wall, as if the sea-cliff were bent backward." At different points paths lead up the face, and a road, practicable for guns, winds through a cleft in this cliff, which might easily have been rendered

impassable. For the next mile and a half the cliffs gradually recede from the stream and become, though steep, more or less accessible, with two roads ascending them at different points. It was this latter portion of the field of battle, which stretched, in all, about five miles from the coast inland, that was assigned to the French attack.

The right of the British attack was led by the Second Division under Sir De Lacy Evans, who was in touch with Prince Napoleon, and on the left by the Light Division under Sir George Brown. In rear, and supporting the latter, was the First Division, commanded by the Duke of Cambridge, and consisting of the Brigade of Guards under General Bentinck, and the Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell. The Light Division was led straight at the great Russian battery with perfect gallantry and in accordance with Peninsular traditions. Disordered as it already was by the advance through the vineyards on the northern bank of the Alma, during which it lost many men from the fire of the powerful Russian guns posted in an earthwork about seven hundred yards up the slope, it was deemed unwise to delay the men's progress by any attempt to recover their proper orderly formation. Accordingly, in dense and confused array, though with splendid bravery, they pressed on up the iron-swept slope, and actually carried for a moment the earthwork in which the great battery stood. Even as they reached it, however, all but one of the guns which had been raining death through their ranks were turned and drawn away with the greatest expedition. The Light Division had lost in its advance nearly a thousand killed

and wounded (including forty-seven officers), and its strength at this critical moment was moreover lessened, on the left, by two battalions which had been drawn up in square to resist the onset of cavalry mistakenly descried by shortsighted officers. Their immediate supports also—the Brigade of Guards—had not been brought up as close behind them as they should have been. Thus, outnumbered three to one by Russian infantry drawn up on the plateau whose crest they had gained, and assailed in front and flank by the rifle fire of these troops and of batteries behind that which they had dislodged, they fell back down the slope.

In their rapid retirement they met and threw into some disorder the centre battalion of the Brigade of Guards, the Scots Fusiliers, who were pressing upwards under a murderous concentration of fire, their regimental colours borne by Lieutenant Thistlethwayte and the Queen's colours by Lieutenant Lindsay. To the disturbing effect of thus encountering bodies of their comrades in retreat was added the disorder inevitably caused by the crossing of the stream. Colonel Hood, in command of the Grenadier Guards, positively refused to take his battalion forward up the slope until they had been re-formed in line. But the officer in command of the Scots Guards, seeing the Light Infantry being pursued over the hill by the Russians, rallied his men, and continued the advance. A Fusilier Regiment, whose colours for a brief space had been planted on the parapet of the Russian works, retired through their ranks.

There seems to be little doubt that the order to them, "Fusiliers, retire," was heard by a senior officer of the Scots Guards (not now living) and by mistake

repeated as applied to his own regiment. This is the distinct view of a surviving officer,* who was marching side by side with Lindsay up the hill, where, as he clearly recollects, they exchanged a few words as to what they agreed in recognising as an obvious and lamentable error. The mistaken order was, however, heard, and for a few brief moments obeyed.

A number of Russian infantry, thinking that a prize was within their grasp, dashed out from their redoubt and a brief but deadly conflict ensued. The mistaken order to retire was reversed, and the gallant conduct of the two young colour-bearers, Lindsay and Thistlethwayte, at this moment of supreme danger, had an important influence in hastening the rally and re-formation of the Fusilier Guards. Their voices rang out with a summons to all who could hear them, *not* to retire. "Fusilier Guards, advance," they cried, "follow the colours," and while men were in hand-to-hand conflict all around him, Robert Lindsay's whole care was concentrated on the safety of the colours which he carried. Quickly enough the Scots Fusiliers responded. To the right and left of them the Grenadiers and the Coldstreams were moving up the hill in perfect order; and, the centre battalion resuming their advance, the whole Brigade of Guards swept victoriously over the redoubt.

Lindsay's first letter after the battle of the Alma, dated September 21, is to his father:—

I hope I shall be able to get this off by the Commander-in-Chief's bag which leaves to-day. Our first action was fought yesterday, and thank God I came

* General Sir Reginald Gipps, K.C.B

through all safe. We left our camping ground yesterday morning at six o'clock and marched about seven miles to the enemy's position on a range of hills with a small river at its base. At half-past one we came under the enemy's guns posted on the summit of the ridge, our artillery opened on them but were unable to silence them owing to their great elevation. The Light Division were ordered to advance, which they did, through enclosed vineyards and broken ground. I must cut short my letter as I hear the bag is going to be closed. Sufficient to say that our brigade was close behind them, relieved them when they were driven in, and finally took the heights. Our loss in the Fusiliers is very great, 160 men killed and wounded, 11 officers wounded, the Colonel's and Adjutant's horses shot, the colours shattered in my hand, the three colour-sergeants shot. My dear father, I escaped most wonderfully, thank God for it. I must finish, we have had only ten minutes' notice of the bag. Poor Horace Cust is killed, also Harry Anstruther shot through the heart.

On the same day he writes to his friend Leopold Cust :—

My dear Cust,—I am at a loss how to write to you, but the sad task must be performed, and why should one grieve—for how can a man die more nobly than your poor brother did yesterday? I tell you so at once, my dear friend, for I feel that you will consider that a death on the field of battle is one that no soldier and gentleman can look upon in any other light than glorious. Poor Horace—A.D.C. to General Bentinck—his left leg was shattered by the bursting of a shell towards the end of the engagement while riding in front of the line with an order; he was carried to the rear, and the moment the enemy was dislodged, I hurried to the hospital tents, where soon after, the operation of amputating his leg

just below the hip-joint was performed. He refused chloroform. I held his hand and he bore the most terrible operation without a groan. He spoke frequently of you, and begged me to write to you. The leg was taken successfully off, and we hoped he was doing well, but the shock had been too much for his system and he sank under it. He died calmly, and I am sure at peace with God. I have taken a few keepsakes which I shall hold in charge till I hear from you.

Our loss in the Fusiliers has been sadly great—150 men killed and wounded, and 10 officers wounded —none killed, though I fear for some of them. Haygarth badly wounded in two places, Chewton, five wounds, Buckley, Berkeley, Hepburn, Astley, Gipps, Ennismore, badly wounded; Annesley, jaw fractured, and Black Dal * a slight wound on his leg. But enough of bad news. We licked them well—drove them from a tremendous position; their numbers are said to have been 40,000. The Guards took the height and some guns. The 23rd turned and came running through our line, throwing us in great confusion; we, however, contrived to advance on the entrenchment, though little better than a mob—when within about twelve yards of their position their fire was tremendous, and not more than a company were up with the colours, when a volley from the Russians cut down the three colour-sergeants and shattered the Queen's colours in my hand. Berkeley was shot at the same time, but scrambled on. We got the word to retire, and came quickly down the hill and rallied behind the Grenadiers and the Coldstream, who advanced and took the fort in grand style. Charley Baring, in the Coldstream, is very dangerously wounded. The enemy have now retired, and we shall probably not see them till Sebastopol.

I hope my letter is not very incoherent. I am so tired out I can hardly hold up my head. Percy Fielding

* Dalrymple.

has just come to ask me for your poor brother's things, which I have delivered to him, though I should have liked to have kept them for you.

From neither of these letters would it be gathered that Lieutenant Lindsay had specially distinguished himself. Yet on the morning after the battle he was the recipient, with his fellow colour-bearer, of a remarkable public recognition, to which he alludes in the following letter to his mother:—

The battle of Alma you will, I have no doubt, hear talked of and described till you are sick of it, but it was a most glorious action, and from the nature of the ground those engaged in it could see the whole thing. The advance of the Guards in line along the plain with a hundred pieces of cannon firing was very much admired. At the end of the plain and before mounting the heights there was a small river with steep banks to cross. Here we were enabled in some measure to re-form and again advance under a tremendous fire of grape and canister to the support of the Light Division, who were being cut to pieces almost hand-to-hand with the enemy. We advanced steadily until the 23rd came back in confusion and broke our line. Here we had some difficulty in rallying and re-forming under the pouring fire, and I had the good fortune to attract the attention of Bentinck and the Duke of Cambridge, who thanked me and Thistlethwayte on parade next morning before the Brigade of Guards and Highlanders. We then continued our advance and took the entrenchment, though with a loss of nearly a third of our numbers. The Russians stood with the greatest determination, and never turned till we were quite close to them. Our extreme closeness when they fired their last volley is the only way I can account for not being shot, as their balls rose and passed like hail through the colours that I carried. As it was, three

out of the four colour-sergeants were killed. Hugh Drummond, the Adjutant, shot a Russian just after he had bayoneted an officer close to me.

For his gallant conduct in defence of the Queen's colours, Lindsay subsequently received the Victoria Cross. His father, General Lindsay, had an interview later on with the Duke of Cambridge, after his return from the Crimea, who said :—

I can tell you, General, your son is a very fine fellow, a most gallant soldier among gallant men, for they are a most noble set of fellows. How he escaped has been a marvel to me. I watched him with the Queen's colours at Alma—at one moment I thought him gone, the colours fell and he disappeared under them, but presently he came out from below them, the flag-staff had been cut and the colours fell over him, but he raised them again and waved them over his head. He has my highest approbation.

Thirty-four years later, in the autumn of 1888, Lord Wantage walked over the field of Alma with his wife, and the stirring scenes of that day came vividly before him, including many details which had found no place in his letters at the time. Mainly for his wife's sake he jotted down the following recollections, which give a consecutive story of the battle as he saw it.

No one has thought it worth while to disturb the few Tartar families who cultivate the sparse patches of fertile land on the Northern coast of the Crimea. As it was with the Tartars in 1854, so it is with them in 1888. They drive the same creaking old Arabas along the same unmade roads covered with dust in summer, and smothered in mud in winter. Their homes are the same, and the very shapeless haystacks which were set burning

on the day of the battle are piled up again close to the hovels in which they live.

The Brigade of Guards which took so big a part at the battle of the Alma had not, previous to that day, been opposite to an enemy in the field since the battle of Waterloo. Two of our officers who had seen active service became on the morning of the battle quite authorities. Berkeley had been in the Cape war, and Annesley, who was one of his junior ensigns, had a great deal to say. When the first shot was fired he drew his watch from his pocket and said with a magnificent air, "The battle begins at one o'clock." His *sangfroid* at the time made an impression on me. Poor fellow, he came out of the engagement with only one tooth left in his head; but I meet him now in the House of Lords, and his face shows no sign of the frightful wound he sustained.

The Guards, as everyone knows, were the reserve at the Alma. The Light Division made the front attack, and Torrens' Brigade, consisting of 7th, 21st and 23rd, were immediately in front of the Guards. Early in the morning the brigade formed into columns of double companies, and in that formation advanced across the plain. The duty of carrying the colours is performed by the junior ensign while on the march, but in action the colours are carried by the senior subaltern. I, being senior, carried the Queen's colours, and Thistlethwayte coming next, carried the regimental colours.

The position of the Alma is so well marked that it cannot be mistaken. Our allies attacked the Russian left, which rested on the sea. Menschikoff's extraordinary mistake in omitting to take into consideration the effect of the fire of the ships had a vast influence in deciding the fate of the battle. The French fought under cover of the guns of the fleet, and although in one respect the position they attacked was the most difficult, the heights being very steep and precipitous—yet it is clear from

the comparative smallness of their loss that their task was far easier than that of the English. Nevertheless they did their part well, and were the first to turn the flank of Menschikoff's army; and I doubt very much whether the heavy gun battery and the Russian entrenchment in its vicinity, which gave the Light Division and the Brigade of Guards so much trouble, could have held out long after the French had captured the dominating heights resting on the sea.

But to return to the Brigade of Guards, with which I was most concerned. The Russians must have watched our advance for a long time, as we slowly made our dispositions for the battle. The ground round the village of Bourliouk was marked out by the enemy in such a way as to facilitate their artillery fire, and to enable them to alter the range of the guns as the distance diminished by the advance of the attacking force. The battle began, as is usual, by artillery fire, and I for my part shall always remember the round cannon balls which came towards us with long hops and skips, raising the dust and stones in showers wherever they touched, but for the most part whizzing over our head with a most disagreeable sound. These cannon balls travelled very much along the same tracks, as if the guns were automatically laid and were not varied in their direction.

In the vineyards we were heavily slated by grape and canister, but the brigade swept along at a pace something between the quick and the double time towards the river, where clearly we could discern there was to be found temporary security under the low muddy banks of the stream. A good many of our men never reached the Alma, but lay writhing amidst the vines and the brambles behind the stones of the little low wall. The effect upon me when I drew breath behind the muddy bank of the Alma after the sharp shooting in the vineyards was very much like what we have all experienced

when bathing in a rough sea when a big wave has just done its worst, and another bigger wave appears to be silent for a moment previous to roaring down on the top of your head.

It was obvious to all of us that the battle had got to be won, and it rested with the reserve to win it. I am confident there was but one feeling in the Brigade of Guards, who were having a brief moment to re-form their line beneath the banks of the Alma, and that feeling was a desire without waiting for any superior order whatever to go straight at the Russians, who were intrenched behind earthworks at a distance of 600 yards from the stream.

Thinking the matter over now I am of opinion that the Guards' reserves were not sufficiently close behind the first line of attack, and that the intervening period gave the enemy time to load up their guns with grape and canister, and generally to pull themselves together for a fresh resistance. The first regiment to come out from the bed of the river and to form in line and to advance up the heights was the centre regiment of the brigade—the 1st Battalion of the Scots Fusiliers led the way by three or four minutes at least in advance of the Grenadiers and Coldstream. Whether this was owing to undue precipitancy on our part, or to carelessness I cannot say, but such was undoubtedly the fact. As brigades usually advance by the centre I should myself say that the other two battalions ought to have been more in line with the Scots Fusiliers than they were.

The lead of time which the regiment gained at the first was continued throughout the advance, till within one or two hundred yards of the redoubt, when the battalion was tremendously shaken by the Russian fire, especially from grape shot and canister, which came in a regular hurricane, but mostly flying high. The left

wing suffered severely and was disorganised. Part of the right wing never yielded; not one yard of the ground that a man had gained did we ever give up during that advance. When a portion of the regiment was disorganised a circumstance occurred which proved fortunate for the remainder of the battalion. The Russians, seeing what they considered a renewed success, sprang out of their earthworks and came forward, hoping to capture the colours. The desperate fire from the redoubt must then have ceased on account of the risk to their own men, for I remember a lull in the fire at that time. It must not be supposed that the Grenadiers and Coldstream were lagging behind, but two or three minutes in a battle seems a long time, and at a most critical moment in the lives of some of us, we witnessed the Grenadiers on our immediate right advancing in perfect order, coming up, as it might be, in the character of a reserve. The effect of this was evidently conclusive; for those who had come out of their earthworks fell back, and a hasty retreat was begun for the battery itself. This last was due to the Russian centre being completely turned by the rolling back of the Russian left wing by the French. It was also due to the Highlanders, 42nd, 79th, 93rd, who formed the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division, and were immediately on the left of the Guards. This brigade, having no Russian force in front of it, brought its left shoulder forward, and taking up an echelon movement, poured a flanking fire into the Russian earthworks.

Such disorder as part of the Fusilier Guards fell into was due first to the error—if error it was—of the centre battalion advancing a minute or two in advance of the other two regiments, while the whole Russian fire was for a time concentrated upon their regiment, and secondly, to the circumstance that 160 of the regiment were placed *hors de combat*, by death or

through wounds. Out of these killed and wounded ten were officers. Besides which the Colonel, the senior Major, and the Adjutant were for a time incapacitated owing to their horses being shot.

The colours were well protected by a strong escort, four non-commissioned officers and eight or ten privates; one amongst them I especially remember on account of his cheery face and perfect confidence-inspiring, trustworthy demeanour. Sergeant-Major Edwards always afterwards took credit for having selected Reynolds as one of the escort to the colours, but he chose him on account of his size. I always remained Reynolds' friend, and backed him through many a trouble. When the battalion came home I was fortunately able to place him in an excellent situation, which he held to the day of his death.

When the colours were attacked Reynolds did some execution with the bayonet, and Hughie Drummond, who had scrambled to his legs after his horse was killed, shot three Russians with his revolver. Berkeley was knocked over at this time, and all the non-commissioned officers with the colours, excepting one sergeant. The colours I carried were shot through in a dozen places, and the colour-staff was cut in two. Poor old Thistlethwayte had a bullet through his bearskin cap. As is frequently the case with troops in their first engagement, the elevation given to the Russian fire was, fortunately for us, too high for the deadly execution which might have been given to it. In my own case I neither drew my sword nor fired my revolver, my great object being to plant the standard on the Russian redoubt, and my impression is that nobody was into the earthworks before I was.

The following remarks from the same notes bear on points of generalship on both sides, which subsequently gave rise to much discussion.

It seems difficult to understand why the Russian army was not posted on the Katcha rather than on the Alma. The former place has the advantage of being eight miles nearer the Sivernaia Forts, on the north side of Sebastopol, behind which a defeated army could find space for re-forming, and behind which Menschikoff did, to a certain extent, rally his troops. The position of the Alma was certainly a singularly ill-chosen one, and anyone examining the ground at the present time cannot fail to see what an enormous risk Menschikoff ran, for two reasons: First, on account of his left flank, which in one respect was undoubtedly a strong one, being exposed to the fire of the allied fleet; and, secondly, because not a scrap of cover, good, bad, or indifferent, existed for miles in rear of his position, behind which his army could recover itself in case of defeat. It is no exaggeration to say that at the present time there is not a spot for eight miles south of the Alma behind which half a company of men could find a shelter either from guns or cavalry pursuing. The two *beaux sabreurs*, Paget and Cardigan, needed no special knowledge, which they are said not to have had, but only the fine qualities of horsemen and sportsmen, which they undoubtedly possessed, to have known how to break up the flying Russian columns on September 20, after they were driven from the banks of the Alma.

Reverting to Lindsay's letters during the campaign, he thus writes to his mother describing the advance after Alma:—

We are now on the south side of Sebastopol, having the day before yesterday made a forced march right round, and our base is now a little fishing village about six miles from the town. Our siege guns are being landed, and in one week we hope to be inside the fortress, and you will be glad to hear not

much resistance is anticipated; so having escaped so far you may, I think, set your mind at rest as far as danger is concerned.

The severity of the long "flank march" from the northern side of Sebastopol across to the neighbourhood of Balaclava, on the southern shore of the Crimea, is thus referred to in the same letter :—

When we were almost within the range of the guns of Fort Constantine, by á flank march we left the fortress on our right, and the sea behind us, and after a forced march of ten hours, the hardest day I can remember, we arrived within a few miles of the sea to the south of the town. Numbers of men fell down with fatigue, but the Guards marched wonderfully, losing fewer men than any others. Poor Colonel Cox, of the Grenadiers, died next morning of, they say, fatigue. You must remember we had to carry everything on our backs, as there are no baggage animals. During our march we came upon 6000 of the enemy moving along the Simpheropol road, quite unaware of our approach. We took the whole of their baggage and stores and about £30,000 in money. The spoil was very rich : beautiful uniforms, jewellery, &c. Unfortunately the Light Cavalry got it all. The whole road was strewn with clothes and things. The Russian officers seem to campaign with many more luxuries than we do; some of our officers came upon some cases of champagne. The country round here is magnificent, rich vineyards, orchards and gardens. After living so long upon salt pork and biscuit you should see the tremendous feasts of melons, grapes, and vegetables we have now. The French have set so bad an example in plundering that we have the greatest difficulty in restraining our men : flogging and shooting will soon be as common as it ever was.

The following letter to General Lindsay, "Heights above Sebastopol, October 7," contains something like an apology for being still outside the fortress :—

You must be in daily expectation of hearing of the fall of Sebastopol, and we are in daily expectation of firing the first shot at it. We have now been six days encamped on these heights, and are, you may depend, very anxious to commence something. The delay has been caused by the difficulty of bringing up the siege train, the enormous 68-pounders, the furnaces for heating the shot, and fifty 32-pounders from the fleet, together with Lancaster's newly invented rifled bored cannon, throwing 98-pound shot, in all amounting to nearly 200 pieces of artillery. All these to be dragged from Balaclava, a distance of six miles up a steep road, is no slight affair. The heights we occupy here above the town are, I should think, with our army, impregnable. We command the whole town and south side of the fortress, and could, I believe there is no doubt, with three days' cannonading, make this part too hot for the enemy, but another fort, called sometimes Fort Constantine, on the north side, out of our reach, in its turn also commands the town, and we should be no sooner in it than driven out again. This seems to render the affair rather difficult.

An order has just come out for 800 men from each division to commence digging in the trenches to-night, and as soon as the guns are in position the whole lot will commence firing at the same moment, and heaven help the poor wretches inside the town. They say there are numbers of women and children congregated there from the country around. From one spot not far from here, you can see right down into the town. The garrison are very busy throwing up earthworks, and undermining the ground. They keep a very sharp look-out and fire at anybody who shows himself within shot.

I think parents at home may to a certain extent set their minds at ease for the rest of this campaign. The artillery will do all the work and the loss of life will be small. An army is forming in our rear, but I hope long before they get at us we shall have done the job and be comfortably on board ship on our way to Constantinople or Malta, perhaps home, but I hardly expect this.

We are shockingly bad off for everything. We are still in the same things we landed in, not having had one change since landing in the Crimea. Our tents were given to us yesterday for the first time. The weather fortunately has been warm and dry till within the last few days. I have been in perfect health all the time. The cholera still continues amongst us, though much rarer. Jolliffe, in the Coldstream, died the night before last. He was taken ill in the night and died in the morning. Out of thirty officers who sailed from Portsmouth in the "Simoon" only eight of that original number are now with the regiments. I am the only Ensign and Lieutenant now doing duty, all the rest are either sick or wounded. Our English army now only numbers 15,000 infantrymen and the French about 16,000.

Ten days later, October 17, on the evening of the first day of the great bombardment, Lindsay writes to his sister, Mrs. Holford:

We have been tremendously hard worked lately. The last six nights I have spent entirely in the trenches, either with a working party or else a guard over them, and thank goodness, this morning at four o'clock, we finished our work, and at 6.30, at a given signal, the whole number of our guns opened their fire upon the fortress. It was a moment of intense interest; for the first half-hour would decide whether our guns would be able to silence theirs, or whether the place would

have to be taken by storm. The roar of artillery was tremendous, the enemy answering our fire with great determination.

At seven o'clock the great round tower against which our battery was directed ceased its fire, our shells bursting all round it, and our round shot splintering the masonry in every direction. Very soon we saw the gunners and the troopers rush out in tremendous confusion. Last of all came the officer commanding, who came out as slowly as he possibly could, with the shells bursting all round him, and looking as majestic as he could under the circumstances. Our guns immediately changed their direction upon some earthworks thrown up at the foot of the tower: our shot makes but little impression upon these, and they will no doubt give us a great deal of trouble, as they are very low and teem with guns.

At this moment the noise is tremendous, though the cannonade has now lasted six hours. My company has been relieved. Yesterday, when I was in the trenches, the enemy, seeing our works nearly complete, made a great effort to crush them, and for half an hour directed their whole fire upon our battery. The storm of cannon balls was tremendous. We lay with our faces buried in the ground—not a shot was answered on our side, as some of the batteries were not ready, and Lord Raglan ordered that the whole fire should commence at the same moment. A gun-carriage was smashed close to me, and poor Rowley in the Grenadiers was killed—a 32-pound shot struck the parapet and bounded high into the air, and fell on his back—he never spoke again. The loss on our side, however, has not been very great, though they have been firing incessantly for the last ten days—the firing at this moment is tremendous—at least 400 pieces of artillery.

The fleet is close at hand, ready to charge its way straight into the harbour, though the mouth of it

is stopped up with sunken ships. The three largest steamers are to go at the barrier with all their steam up, at the rate of twelve miles an hour—by Heaven, if they do it, it will be a glorious thing! I hope they won't be sunk. I think two or three days will see us inside the place. That confounded Star Fort, sometimes called Fort Constantine,* still remains unhurt, and after we have reduced the town and all the other forts, it will still remain untaken and give us great trouble.

The fleet are at this moment engaging Fort Alexander. The row is tremendous—a cloud of smoke hangs over the place, so that nothing can be seen. Two magazines have blown up, but we can't see whether they are French or Russians. The Russians are said to be fighting wonderfully—they have got two guns in position again which had been dismantled, and are repairing the round tower with all their might—they evidently expect us to storm to-night. By the time you receive this, we shall all, I hope, be on board ship, and on our way to Malta or Constantinople—no one seems to know where we shall winter.

My dearest Maysie, your letters and Mama's give me such a charming account of your happiness and of your Highland place, and Coutts too seems to have been so happy with you—it gives me such great pleasure. When I know Robert, I am sure I shall like him immensely—everybody who knows him does. I think you will enjoy yourself very much at Rome; and Malta is only a few days' journey off, so if we go there, I think I shall be able to come and see you.

The expectations of the very early fall of Sebastopol were generally held in the British army. In the case of the officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards the early end of the war was so confidently anticipated that arrangements were being made for the dispatch of the

* They were really two distinct batteries.

regimental plate to Malta to be ready for their mess on arrival. And indeed, as concerned the British share in the bombardment, these sanguine views had much justification. In the part of the Russian lines against which the fire of our batteries was directed the defence was completely paralysed. One of the explosions was the blowing up of a large magazine in the Redan, with the result that the guns still being worked there were reduced to silence, as those on the "great round tower"—the Malakoff—had been many hours before. An immediate assault was expected, and the troops drawn up to meet it were, according to Todleben, profoundly demoralised. But no like success had attended the bombardment on the side of our allies. On the contrary, the second (and earlier) of the explosions referred to by Lindsay was, unhappily for them and us, caused by the lodging of a shell in the principal French magazine on Mount Rudolph. Within half an hour of the disaster the French fire had been silenced, and all thought of a general assault was for the time being abandoned. The full effect of this check was not generally discerned on the evening of October 17, when Robert Lindsay wrote as follows to his mother. He, doubtless, had it in his mind that on the morrow (if not that night) he might be ordered to take part in the final assault and might never write home again:

I would willingly write to you or my father; but really we are so hard worked and I am so tired, and having to go to the trenches to-morrow morning at two o'clock, that my letter to Maysie must do duty for all. I am in excellent health, and the weather is beautiful—a matter of more interest, I assure you, to us

than to people in other circumstances. Had the weather been bad, I don't know what we should have done, as I don't think there is a change of clothes amongst us. Your letters, dearest mother, give me so much pleasure. I think I have received all, both of yours and my father's, which are charming—so full of kindness. I am so glad his health is all right again. I will write to him with the full particulars of the fall of Sebastopol in five days' time. My dearest father, yours and my mother's conversations with me and your prayers on my behalf have, I hope, had a good effect, and should anything happen to me, you will remember this, and consider that there is no death I should desire more than a soldier's.

The assailed, as appears from Lindsay's next letter, were soon converted into the assailants. Writing to his father, on October 28, he makes his first mention of "the army in our rear" by which Menschikoff was hoping to force the allies to raise the siege of Sebastopol and even to bring destruction upon them; he gives a brief description of the ever-memorable cavalry charges of October 25; and of the Russian sortie of October 26, in repelling which the Brigade of Guards were engaged:

In my last letter I promised to write by this mail the account of the Fall of Sebastopol, but the confounded place is still before us, and although we creep closer and closer every day, we are not yet inside.

The hoax of Sebastopol was most shameful, and must have been very disappointing, but you appear never to have been thoroughly taken in. It must have been got up by someone for the money market, I suppose. However we pound away at it every day, and if the army in our rear will only let us alone a little longer, four or five days will see the end of it. Yesterday and the day before we were both days engaged. The first engage-

ment arose from the army attacking and endeavouring to take Balaclava. We were turned out at eight in the morning, marched off in double quick time to support that place, distant about four miles and garrisoned by 8000 Turks, some marines and the 93rd Highlanders. As soon as we reached the heights above it we looked on the plain and saw the most magnificent charge of cavalry. The Scots Greys and the Heavy Brigade under General Scarlett charged like a thunderbolt amongst the enemy's cavalry, who outnumbered them fourfold, cutting their way through and back again most gloriously. The Light Brigade with Lord Cardigan charged with as much gallantry, and pursued their victory so far that they came under the Russian field batteries which they took, but from being unsupported, which of course they were from the distance and pace they charged, were obliged to leave them, and were almost totally destroyed. Out of nearly 900 soldiers who went into action, only 200 came out; many were killed and many taken prisoners. Zonny Elliot was wounded on the head, but I hope not badly, and is on board ship doing well. All this occurred from trusting those Turks with the defence of our entrenchments and nine of our guns, which they deserted and left to the enemy. The Russian cavalry swept past them, and had it not been for our gallant 93rd Highlanders, who received them in line, would have probably taken the town. As it was, our poor Light Brigade has been the sacrifice.

The enemy around Balaclava and in our rear are in great force, probably 25,000 men. Our position is to be retrenched, perhaps Balaclava given up, which after all is a convenience and by no means essential to us. Yesterday's affair was, however, very different, and we took an ample revenge upon the poor wretches, against whom one can muster no feelings of anger. The garrison of Sebastopol, fancying, I suppose, we should be all engaged at Balaclava, took courage to leave their walls

and advance to our position. Up they came to the number of some 10,000. Our 2nd Division waited for them on the brow of the hill, and the Light Division slipped down on their flank, the Brigade of Guards in reserve and two batteries of field artillery snugly concealed behind the hill loaded with grape and canister. Poor fellows, you can imagine the scrape they got into. We swept them down the hill close into their gates, until under protection of their ships' guns. Their loss was tremendous, ours most trifling.

I left camp early this morning to go on outlying picket, where I now am. The Cossacks at night come close to the picket, though I have never seen one, and one is constantly turned out and disturbed by the sentries blazing off their pieces at what they swear are Cossacks. I don't know whether they were as imaginative (the sentries I mean) in your time as they are now, for I fancy a bush or a tree generally receives the shot, but whether a bush or a Cossack it is equally annoying.

The sortie of October 26th was in fact a reconnaissance in force, with a view to the great combined Russian attack of November 5th; it was doubtless encouraged by the weakening of the lines of the besiegers on the heights for the protection of the town and fort of Balaclava against any further attack by Menschikoff's army. It is only fair to add that the behaviour of the Turks, who were driven by the Russians out of the isolated outworks on the ridge dividing the Balaclava valley on October 25th, was very much better than was commonly supposed in the British army at the time. They made a resolute stand, and only yielded the position after severe loss and under the pressure of heavy odds, when there was plainly no hope of their being relieved.

CHAPTER III

INKERMAN—THE CRIMEAN WINTER—THE TRENCHES

1854–1855

On November 4, while the allied Commanders were in conference with a view to a renewal of the great bombardment, for which the French were now much better prepared than on October 26, the Russians were completing their preparations for an attack on the English position on the heights of Inkerman, the success of which would have not only paralysed all the siege operations, but placed the besiegers, French as well as British, in an almost hopeless defensive position.

Robert Lindsay's first letter after the battle, dated November 8, is a short one to his father telling him of his having come safely out of "one of the most tremendous affairs the Brigade of Guards was ever engaged in." Fuller details are given in the following letter, of November 12, to his brother Sir Coutts, who was then at Rome:—

The news of the battle of the 5th you must have received. It was far harder fought than Alma, though the results of course are not so great. The loss on both sides you will see was enormous; the list of killed in the brigade will be most melancholy to you. Poor Pakenham's death I think I felt more than any other; his being a friend of yours, and I having known him for

so many years, of course threw us together a good deal. His senses wandered more or less from the time he was carried home till his death, which occurred the same night. He knew me for a moment and said he was dying. The battle of Inkerman was, I suppose, one of the hardest ever fought. The enemy during the night managed to bring up a very large force and some heavy guns, and took up their ground actually on the site of our position. However this was accomplished is a perfect mystery; but there they were, and when the morning dawned were almost in amongst our tents. The brigade were under arms in a minute. There must have been great neglect in the outlying picket, but they were furnished by the 2nd Division, and I have not heard any particulars. The night was very wet and dark, and we are never very famous for our vigilance—the French in this respect beat us hollow.

The enemy were well in possession of the plateau when we met them, and for three hours we fought the ground hand to hand, the tide of battle rolling backwards and forwards, sometimes close to our camp and sometimes the enemy being driven off the plateau; but column poured up after column, and they more than once completely outflanked us. At half-past ten the French came to our support, and time it was, for every man was completely exhausted. The French coming up quite fresh drove them down the steep heights and killed them like sheep. Their slaughter was tremendous, it is computed at 15,000 killed and wounded, but this is below the number. We made frequent charges with the bayonet, and came hand to hand with them. I ran a fellow through with my sword, and was nearly bayoneted at the same time. The ground on which we fought was often in possession of the enemy for some minutes, and this is the reason of the great loss of officers on our side, as they stuck their bayonets through those that were lying wounded on the ground.

The siege goes on but badly; I am afraid we have but little chance of taking it this year. The Russian army surrounds us on all sides, except that which communicates with Balaclava; this, of course, is kept open. Their next attack will probably be on this quarter, but we are well entrenched, and they won't make much of it, I fancy. In the meantime we shall have to remain here the winter, a most dismal look-out; the weather has changed, and wind and rain succeed each other. Sometimes the weather is extremely cold, and we sit wrapped up in blankets when not on duty; outlying pickets are nasty cold work, and come round very often, as we are so short of officers. As you may receive this previous to seeing the English papers, I will give you a list of the killed and wounded in the brigade. Grenadiers — Killed: Pakenham, Harry Neville, Sir R. Newman; wounded: Percy (slightly), Sturt. Coldstreams—Killed: Dawson, Cowell, McKinnon, Granville Eliot, Bouverie, Ramsden, Disbrow, Greville. Their wounded are: Charles Fitzroy, Percy Fielding, Amherst. Scots Fusiliers—Killed: Blair and Charlie Seymour; wounded: Albert Seymour, Shuckburgh, Hugh Drummond, Gipps, Baring, and Blane, the two latter slightly. A shot struck the toe of my boot on the sole and stung most tremendously. I thought my toe was off at first.

A battle is the most exciting thing in the world, I think—much more confusion than one usually imagines, and as for all the nonsense the newspapers write about unbroken lines and columns, it is all stuff. Those who funk lie down or get out of fire, and in a charge if you get ten or twelve men to follow you it is as much as you can do. As for colonels or mounted officers, one never sees them, or takes any notice if one does. In fact it is just like boys snowballing one another at school. Some battles, of course, are different, and the troops, until they come to close quarters, preserve very decent

order. I often longed for you at Inkerman, as I know how you would have enjoyed parts of it. I pursued some Russians so far down the hill when they were routed, that I was as near as possible being taken prisoner or rather bayoneted. I had to run for my life, for the rascals had got between me and the top of the hill, so I had to skirt along the bottom. I caught a pony and galloped him some way till he tumbled, and then I had to run again. I arrived in safety at last, so beat that I could hardly move one leg after the other. I bought a bed yesterday that had belonged to poor Blair; until this I have slept on the ground, as almost all the others do. We never take off our clothes from one week's end to another. The things I am in now are those I landed in two months ago. I have never even seen the ship with our baggage since the day we landed. The French officers have every comfort, and we are allowed nothing more than we can carry on our backs, so you may imagine our comforts—my bed, heaven knows how I shall carry if we move. If ever it occurred to you, my dear Coutts, to come here, pray don't.

Fearing that his brother might never get the above letter, Lindsay writes to his sister on November 30:

He (Coutts) will be sorry to hear of Henry Neville being killed—he was bayoneted while lying wounded on the ground by the rascally Russians, who showed no quarter to wounded officers; many of those wounded were killed in this way, as the ground was so hardly contended that sometimes they were for some minutes in possession of the field, and when again driven back we found all our wounded stuck through and through, and stripped of everything. We took ample revenge, for that day we killed and wounded 25,000; the dead on the ground defended by the Guards were so thick that it was impossible to move over it without

treading on dead bodies. I escaped in the most wonderful way—many of my brother officers were shot close to me. We were all mixed up together—Coldstream, Grenadiers, and Fusiliers; the Brigadier and our Colonel were both wounded during the first minutes, and we were completely without commanders.

The French at last came to our support. Never were men more welcome, as we were quite exhausted with withstanding column after column. Up came the French, delighted to show their courage, and into the middle of it they went certainly with the greatest pluck. This was just the sort of thing for them, plenty of spectators, and after a short dashing charge, and a tremendous volley, the enemy were driven straight down the heights and the French were in their glory following them up and killing numbers. We had more than once driven them, the enemy, down these heights, but they had always been supported by columns from the left, and our work had to be begun afresh.

The battle of Inkerman is more fully described in the "Notes" from which extract has already been made, written by Lindsay when he revisited the Crimea with his wife in 1888.

To understand the geography of Sebastopol you must master the numerous ravines by which alone she is approached on the land side. At the head of the main harbour there enters the small river of the Tchernaia. Although the river is small, the ravine along which it flows is exceedingly deep, wide, and in parts precipitous. The village of Inkerman is situated about three miles up the river, and a bridge called Inkerman Bridge spans the little stream. Ravines and again ravines are the order of geological formation. Anyone who wishes to understand the siege of Sebastopol and its battles must

grasp the fact that the ravines exercised a very material influence on the operations. As you proceed up the Tchernaia, the plateau of Inkerman lies to the right, and on the plateau the first division of the British army lay encamped. Various smaller ravines run down from the plateau and meet the Tchernaia. These, although their tendency is to approach the small river at right angles, yet in point of fact approach it in a very tortuous and circuitous manner.

Along one of these a main road is now constructed. It leads down to Inkerman Bridge and hence to the north side of Sebastopol, the Battery, Eupatoria, &c., and a very bad road leads into Sebastopol itself. At the period of the siege the important road now spoken of did not exist, but a track there doubtless was. Along this track and up the tortuous ravines the Russian attack of November 5, 1854, was made. These ravines are covered with oak scrub, and to find your way amongst them is no easy task. When the Russians attacked Inkerman heights their force was divided into various columns, each column approaching the plateau by a different road.

This mode of attack was doubtless ingenious and theoretically clever, but in point of fact it proved disastrous to the Russians, for columns missed their way, as well they might do, especially as a dense fog covered the hills. When visiting the ground with Harriet on October 17, I endeavoured to find the little ravine, at the head of which I was on picket during the night before the battle. The picket looked towards Mackenzie heights, and consequently was not in the line along which the Russians advanced. It was to the right and probably half a mile or so in that direction. Out of precaution the new picket always came on an hour before daybreak, and the old picket and the new picket remained an hour or so together to post the sentries and for the officers to confer together, but

chiefly in order that during the most critical part of the day, namely dawn, a double force might be on duty in case of the picket being attacked.

On the morning of the 5th, a company of the Coldstream Guards relieved the 1st company of the Scots Fusilier Guards, which was on picket, of which I was in command. Lieutenant Disbrow commanded the new picket, and we spent the usual hour together chiefly in cooking our rations of salt pork and eating it with biscuit soaked in the dripping. Disbrow and I had been schoolfellows together at old Burns', and we had kept up friendship ever since. We had a friendly chat and ate a most hearty breakfast together. It was the last he ever ate; for as the battle waved backwards and forwards it doubtless came very close to his picket, and he thought it his duty to call in his sentries and to take his company to join the rest of the battalion on the field of Inkerman, where he was killed.

The first company of the Scots Fusiliers—of which Sergeant Gordon was colour-sergeant and my right hand and even more—went into action a few minutes after the main body of the regiment. While on picket a musketry fire on our left front plainly indicated what was taking place, and as we were all on the *qui vive* for fighting in those days, I put my company to the double and never stopped till we were in the thick of it. Once, about half-way, I called a halt, for the men, myself included, were impeded and prevented from doubling as fast as we desired, so I ordered my men to take off their greatcoats and to throw them into a hollow place covered with brushwood. We started again, and all through the battle No. 1 Company was conspicuous through being in red, while the remainder of the battalion wore their grey greatcoats.

The battle of Inkerman has been called a soldier's battle, but few battles have been fought in which the personal influence of the company officers has had so

much to do. Harriet and I wandered over the battle-field, and then went over the brow and down the little ravine up which the Russian column marched on the morning of the 5th. Amongst the oak scrub we came upon the Sandbag Battery where the battle raged backwards and forwards. As no guides help you, or pester you, as the case may be, the researches on the field had to be carried on by help of memory aided by the excellent maps attached to Russell's "History." The main features are unchanged, and the chief landmarks, such as the Sandbag Battery, the Windmill, and, of course, the contour of the ground remain as they were.

During the battle of Inkerman no divisional, brigade, or even regimental order was given. The men, headed by their officers, fought in companies and half companies. My own company, or most of it, held together during the day. An instinctive but undeviating rule guided the tactics, if tactics they could be called; these were, to drive the Russians back down the ravines up which they had come, and when the enemy got more on to the plateau, as they did towards the middle of the day, then to interpose the defending force between the enemy and the British camp, and so to drive the Russians back towards the besieged city.

In the course of the performance of these manœuvres many a personal adventure took place. Two incidents in which I was concerned are fresh in my mind. Two sections of the 1st Company got lower down in one of the ravines than they probably intended, and found themselves cut off from the English camp by a stray detachment of Russians, who facing about, adopted a position precisely opposite to that which naturally belonged to the opposing forces. A short council of war, in which the colour-sergeant and I took the chief part, decided at once to dislodge the Russians and re-establish ourselves on our rightful ground. I and Gordon headed the charge, and swords and bayonets crossed each other

in the little ravine as they did in a hundred different places during the battle.

Another incident has probably been told a hundred times in the Russian camp if the Ruski who was the chief actor in it lived to reach Sebastopol. A Russian of apparently high rank and distinguished appearance wore over his shoulder a strap to which was attached a bag full of money. The officer, who had got in advance of his men, had fallen into the hands of four or five Guardsmen, who, with bayonets down, were making short work of him, evidently for the sake of his money bag, which one of them had laid hold of. If the officer had had no money I should probably have allowed things to take their natural course on a field of battle. But the idea of killing a man for his money struck me as outside the scope of warfare, so sword in hand I interposed, and throwing up the muskets of the men I released him from his enemies and in less than a moment I saw him striding away towards Sebastopol, making signs of gratitude as he fled.

The battle was frightfully prolonged, and seemed to me never to come to an end. I was truly thankful for the good breakfast which I had eaten in the morning. Many of my comrades had eaten nothing all day, as they flew on parade and were marched off without a moment's delay, at the sound of the musketry.

It is difficult to say whether the mist which enabled some of the Russian columns to reach the Inkerman plateau unseen, on the morning of the 5th, was beneficial or the reverse to their chance of success. The confusion in which the Russian columns reached the high ground was due partly to the mist and partly to the intricacy of the roads up which they came—their columns were clubbed, and so far as I could see, they were never able to deploy into line and so obtain the benefit of an extended front from which to deliver their fire. At the same time, the column formation in which they

mostly remained subjected them to a fire which can only be compared for destructiveness with slaughter by firing into a herd of deer or flock of sheep—and this became more and more frightful as the columns retired down the ravines and back to Sebastopol.

The inexpressible miseries of the Army during the winter of 1854–5 began almost immediately after the battle of Inkerman, with the tremendous hurricane which, on November 14, blew over or flooded great numbers of tents, including those used as hospitals, and wrecked vessels in Balaclava harbour, containing stores of the utmost importance for the comfort and even the existence of the troops. These sufferings are described by Lindsay in the following letters.

To his sister, Mrs. Holford, November 30:

The last few days I have been down here on board ship. After the battle of Inkerman we had such hard work, being continually on out-lying pickets, that I got knocked up: the last night I was out was the night of that tremendous storm in which you may have heard we lost fourteen ships on the rocks off Balaclava. The wind and snow were tremendous, and we fully expected the picket would be attacked; not a single tent could stand during the whole of that day, and consequently everything was drenched. I had a slight attack of ague, very slight, indeed. I remained in camp some few days longer, but afterwards came on board ship, where I have been the last five days. I am going back to camp to-morrow, as I am quite well again. I dare say you wonder at our being so badly off, but since the day we landed in the Crimea with just what we could carry on our backs, we have never been able to get at our baggage. This is the case with nearly every regiment here. Some few by good fortune have met

with their ships in the harbour here, but merely by chance. The men are even worse off, as their things are all in rags. Unfortunately a large steamer, with a cargo of winter clothing, was lost on these rocks the day of the tremendous storm.

To his mother, December 1 :

The road up to camp is now almost impassable, the mud a foot deep. The oxen are all dying and the Arabas all breaking up. In fact the commissariat difficulties are immense, and our position most serious. Half-rations are frequently served out, the cavalry horses frequently go without forage and are dying twenty and thirty a day. They are, I believe (that is, the remnant of them), to be brought down to the town here. Lord Cardigan has resigned his command, Lord George Paget has thrown up his commission (he commanded the 4th Light Dragoons) and gone home, and Lord Raglan has, I believe, received upwards of thirty applications for leave to sell, nearly all from cavalry men, none from the Guards. These, of course, have been refused ; this is certainly not a time when a man can retire from the service with honour. Shell and round shot and large guns choke up and are lying all over the place without the slightest chance of ever being got up to the heights, and yet they are very much needed. Still, when the rations cannot be got up, one can hardly hope for big guns. In fact, never was an army in such distress or so badly off for everything.

The cholera has broken out amongst the drafts of troops just come out from England, but it has not spread to the other troops. Really, if we don't take Sebastopol soon I don't know what will become of the army. The men frequently eat their salt pork raw, being too fatigued to cook it. Fancy a man in the trenches for twenty hours ; he comes home quite done ; he has then to go a good mile for water, and then another hour's job to

collect brushwood, which is now getting scarce, then to make his fire and cook his pork or beef. The strong ones do it and the weak ones just throw themselves down on the ground in their tents and content themselves with a little biscuit or eat their meat raw. Usually each company has two cooks who always remain behind, and with four big mess kettles they cook the dinners for the company, but on landing in the Crimea, these kettles were left behind from the difficulty of carrying them, and they have never been recovered from the ships. So each man has to cook for himself in a little tin containing two pints of water. He, of course, can only cook one day's provisions at a time, so in the trenches where no fires are allowed the men are without food, except biscuit, all day.

I suppose you have seen by the *Gazette* I have got my promotion to lieutenant and captain without purchase, by the death of poor Charlie Seymour, who was killed at Inkerman.

December 11 :

I have no news to give you of camp. The siege goes drearily on. When it rains the rain comes through our worn-out tents, and when it blows the pegs give way and the tent shuts up. I don't care much now what happens, as since I have been on board ship, I have got a change of things, and all flannel, and a great pair of sailor's boots, besides Papa's shoes.

The fire now is much slacker than it used to be, but the wet and cold amply compensate for this. The weather the last few days has been finer and the roads are no longer two feet deep in mud. They are endeavouring to drag up some great mortars and guns and 13-inch shells, but they don't get on at all. Twenty horses, each with the strength of an ordinary-sized English sheep, are harnessed to one carriage, and then they only suffice to drag the guns to the bottom of the first hill, where

they stick in the mud. These they leave and apparently think they have done great things in dragging them 500 yards. The guns and mortars will soon have a very pleasant party at this spot, for unless they mend the road, they will never get them beyond it. The French, they say, are making a very good road. I have not seen it myself. They are capital good fellows, and work so cheerily, everything goes easily with them. Their bands play continually, and the men sit and jabber and gesticulate round their fires, and each upholds some particular way in which the siege ought to be conducted. But then they are not worked like our men, who are on duty every night and sometimes oftener, and who are naturally surly and sulky, but no less determined to stick to it till the last and turn out in a moment for any duty in any weather without a word.

The cavalry have all moved into Balaclava. The horses are skin and bone, and all their tails are eaten off; sometimes they went two days and more without any food. An officer in the 4th Light Dragoons assured me solemnly that a horse in his troop died, and that before morning the two horses on each side had eaten all the hair and skin off his side; they certainly eat each other's manes and tails, for not a horse has a bit of hair left. The French horses look plump and well, and though they have but a small transport service compared to ours, everything is in plenty. The reason is they make store-houses, and everything is landed and under the care of store-keepers. We have scarcely a store-house in Balaclava. A ship comes in with everything that is most wanted; she lies with her cargo untouched for a fortnight in the harbour; a ship is wanted to take away sick and wounded, and she is sent off with all these things for want of which men are dying. At this moment the "Cleopatra," just out from England, laden with clothing and camp-kettles—things the men would go mad with joy to obtain—is

quietly going down to Scutari with sick, with her cargo untouched, though she has been here ten days.

The enemy's loss (at Inkerman) was very much greater than ours ; our prisoners alone amounted to 5000, and very much in the way they have been, the wounded requiring surgeons and the others guards. They are a curious set of creatures, apparently indifferent to anything. They seem to have no merriment or conversation amongst themselves, but sit moody and silent. I had often wished to talk to one, but never had an opportunity till I met a pilot of one of the ships who, I believe, is half Russian. We questioned one, but he seemed to know nothing about things in Sebastopol, so the pilot asked him about himself, and whether he was married. He said yes, and that his wife, he believed, was at Moscow. "And have you any children?" said the pilot. "When I came away no, but since that I hear from my wife and thank God I have two." I thought his thankfulness on this point appeared rather strange, but the pilot seemed to think it all right, because he explained to me that the children, if boys, draw their rations like little soldiers. The Turks and the prisoners appear to hate each other most cordially. As some prisoners were being landed the other day a fat Turk thought he would do the popular thing, and placed himself just at the landing place and stood with his hands in his pockets, and as the first prisoner stepped ashore, spat full in his face. However, he had quite mistaken popular opinion, and a big Irishman of the Connaught Rangers who stood by straightway knocked him down, and a brother Pat rushed at him with a howl and picked him up, as he expressed it, with a tremendous kick in rear which placed him full on his feet, and the fat Turk scuttled away in his slippers with every hair on his head standing on end.

The Turks and our men were formerly very good friends, and it was always "bono Johnny" and "bono Turco" whenever they met, but since they bolted from

the trenches at Balaclava it is no longer "bono" but a shove or a poke, or else some pantomimic show of running away.* Another thing which makes our men very angry is that the Turks get all the rice which otherwise would be served to us in rations. Poor creatures, they are dying very fast, and are, I believe, very much ashamed of themselves for what really is not to be much wondered at—I mean their running away—considering they were unsupported and their officers took a good hundred yards' start on the way home.

December 20:

The "Royal Albert" has arrived at Balaclava, but I have not yet been able to go down there, and the troops are not yet landed. Poor fellows, they land to-day, and a shocking day it is to welcome them to the Crimea. Since last night there has been a continual storm of wind and rain, the road knee-deep in mud and eight miles to walk in it, and then when they arrive they will have to pitch their tents and lie down in it. The sudden change from a comfortable warm ship to this sort of thing is what makes these drafts die so fast. The 19th Regiment in ten days buried eighty men. You will hardly believe this, though I assure you it is quite true. All the clothing in the world is no use to men in tents in this weather, for the things on your back and in your tent are equally wet; a dry house is the first thing, and then dry clothes. I have dug my tent down three feet in the ground and built a wall all round the outside. Some Zouaves have built us a chimney which does very well in fine weather, but smokes violently when there is any wind. This morning we lighted our fire, but Francis Baring and I were obliged to stand with our heads outside the door till the fire burnt down. However, the smoke dried the things in the tent. I will tell you pretty

* *Vide supra*, p. 47.

nearly how we live. Our tent, now it is dug out, is a good deal larger than it was, I suppose about twelve feet in diameter. Opposite the door is the Zouaves' fireplace. I live on one side of the tent and Francis Baring on the other. On my side I have a bed which belonged to poor Colonel Blair (killed at Inkerman), a camp-stool, and a little table. Baring on his side has no bed, but a waterproof rug, a wash-hand stand, and a stool. In the middle of the tent there is a small altar of stones which supports the tent pole and does for a small table. You come down into this abode by two stones for steps as if you were descending into a pit. The tent is pitched round the top of it and a wall is built round the outside. We have a kitchen now in process of being made in which cookery will be able to be carried on in bad as well as in fine weather. This is another and extensive work, and will not be finished for some days, as the stones and planks have to be carried some distance. Gustave (my servant) and Baring's servant are to live in this. It is to be roofed over and covered in.

Christmas is close at hand, and we have not been able to get a turkey. I saw one at Balaclava the other day, but the man wanted one pound for it, and it was very thin, so I would not have it, but next morning repented and sent my servant for it, but it was gone. I have been very much abused for this by the mess. I had received an invitation to dine with Goodlake in the Coldstream on Christmas Day in a very splendid house he has been building, but unfortunately the house is not finished, and the house-warming will have to be put off. You see by my account that we are much better off than we were, but the poor men are as bad as ever. I am afraid they won't help themselves, and prefer lying in their muddy tents to doing anything to them. Certainly they are very badly fed and hard worked, and when they come home from night duty and find nothing dry or warm, they seem quite heartbroken, and have not pluck to fetch

wood and make a fire. The men frequently eat their rations raw.

To his father:

Camp before Sebastopol, Christmas Day, 1854.

A happy Christmas to you all at home. Ours here, too, has been very pleasant. The weather was determined to do its best for us, and a most beautiful morning dawned after many days' rain and sleet; a hard frost has dried up the mud, and the ground is hard and crisp. Our kitchen was finished yesterday, and to-day we cooked, not our turkey, but our goose in it. This morning the battalion paraded for Divine Service for the first time for some weeks, and you would have been glad to see the number that remained for the Sacrament out in the open air. We have just got a new clergyman, the one who had been with us all along having gone to Scutari quite worn out with his hard work. He was an excellent man, and the soldiers were so fond of him that he had not a moment to himself. Many of the officers, too, read with him. Poor Pakenham, whom you knew, was frequently with him, and Mama might write this to his mother, whom I believe she knows. Since June he has buried over twenty officers of the Guards. He says he has seen much religious feeling and goodness both amongst men and officers. Indeed, men are much altered, and those that were careless before are thoughtful now. God grant that it may remain so with all of us, and for myself, too, I particularly pray, though I often feel that it is yours and my mother's prayers that are answered, and it is to them that I owe God's goodness to me.

All of us here are anxious to know how this rumour of peace is going to terminate. I suppose Russia is only playing the same game she did last year. Sebastopol can't hold out much longer, I should think, and during this frost we ought to get all our guns up. Lord

Raglan still continues to be very much abused in camp, but I suppose all commanders-in-chief share this fate, and I heard an old officer say the other night that it was just the same with the Duke in the Peninsula. Was this the case? I think Lord Raglan certainly did not behave very well to the Guards at Inkerman. We were entirely unsupported, and the regiment with which, in his dispatch, he says we were reinforced, consisted of but two companies of the 20th. It is generally acknowledged that we saved the army from defeat, which was much nearer than people imagine. Had our brigade given way the position was turned. Another thing very unfair is the way the staff are regularly mentioned in his dispatches and regimental officers never. Neither at Alma nor at Inkerman did the staff particularly distinguish themselves.

On January 6, 1855, Lindsay writes to his mother:

We are now fighting with what Menschikoff calls his best allies, General January and General February. General January has commenced by opening four days of rain and two of snow upon us since he took command, and the ground is two feet deep, and the roads will soon, I am afraid, be impassable. Neither the winter clothing nor the huts have been given out yet, but the huts are being landed now, as the soldiers say, to store the winter clothing in. Anyhow, we never expect to see either of them, nor any of the other good things sent out. You know that the "Royal Albert" has come in. She stayed

* The feeling that Lord Raglan's dispatch on Inkerman did very scant justice to the part played by the Brigade of Guards in that battle was very strong among the officers and men of the brigade, and was strengthened, rather than diminished, by the fact mentioned in a letter from Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) the Hon. Charles H. Lindsay, of the Grenadiers, to his cousin, General Lindsay, that in his *private* letters the Commander-in-Chief was understood to have paid enthusiastic tributes to the behaviour of the Guards on that terrible day. "Like heroes," he is known to have said that they had behaved.

two days in harbour, shipped her goods out into ten different small ships, and went to Scutari. I have been twice to Balaclava and on board all the ships to endeavour to find my box, but without success, though I hear it arrived safe in the "Albert."

The seven hundred men sent out as reinforcement for our brigade are now doing their share of the duty; four hundred for the Grenadiers, and a hundred and fifty for each of the other two regiments; they are mostly young recruits, and are much smaller than the old soldiers. I am afraid the Guards are spoilt as far as looks go; they certainly will never be so fine as when they paraded under the Queen's windows at Buckingham Palace. This reinforcement has done us no good as far as alleviating our work, for the Adjutant-General has pounced upon us and made us furnish other duties; the guard for the trenches, for instance, which we for the last month have not been able to furnish, has again come upon us. The party has just paraded and marched off. They will remain there till five o'clock to-morrow morning, and you may believe me that few things are more disagreeable than standing in a ditch, full either of snow or water, all night; lie down you can't, the cold is too great. But few of these young recruits will get through the winter, I am afraid.

To-day I attended the funeral of a poor fellow in the 97th who died from the effect of using charcoal in his tent. He came home from the trenches, laid himself down to sleep with a brazier in his tent, and never woke again. At the same time we buried three men of our regiment who actually died last night of cold. You will be shocked, perhaps frightened, at this for my sake, and think that my condition and that of my brother officers is not much better. But this, I am sometimes sorry to think, is not the case; there is too wide a difference between us and the men. The army starves within reach of plenty. Balaclava, where the utmost profusion

prevails, is the scene of reckless waste ; potatoes and onions—the most valuable of all food for our poor fellows —lie rotting on the beach, and no means of conveyance, except private, to the camp. Officers with some difficulty procure this, and by degrees surround themselves with comforts, warm clothes, and good food, But the men, my dearest mother, it would make you cry to see them.

Amongst the many stories that people write in a reckless way, there is, of course, much exaggeration, but on my honour I assure you that the men have nothing this fearful weather but one blanket each, an old worn-out greatcoat, their red coat, a tattered linen shirt and in some cases a jersey to put on. An extra blanket has been furnished to about half the battalion, and then you must remember they have to make their bed on the hard or muddy ground, generally three nights out of seven in the open air on picket or in the trenches. Their food consists of salt meat and hard biscuit, nothing else, neither tea, sugar, or any little comforts that warm men up. A large ration of rum they receive, which they are forced to drink on the spot, and a small quantity of unground, unburnt coffee, which is useless from the difficulty of cooking. You may think me what they call here a croaker, but when I see the finest men in my company sunk and shrunken to half their size, and with tears in their eyes when they speak of their changed condition, I can hardly refrain my indignation against all those who humbug Lord Raglan and soothe him in his fool's paradise. He gives the most benign directions, and we read in orders that in future potatoes and onions will be served out to the men, but devil a bit do we ever see them. He puts me in mind of the Lama in Huc's "Travels in Tartary," who announced his intention to send horses to travellers in distress, and forthwith proceeded to the top of the mountain, from which he scattered to the winds small

paper representations of these animals, which he was persuaded would become most useful steeds. One might write pages on these subjects, but I hope it will be properly represented some of these days that when you kind people are doing everything at home, you should know why we receive no benefit from it out here.*

January 12 :

My box, to my intense joy, I found the day before yesterday, and you may imagine the pleasure of unpacking it. The first thing I came to was a large blue uniform coat, lined all through with flannel, then a red coat, also lined, two pairs of trowsers, flannel drawers and waistcoats, and splendid stockings, two pairs from Lord John Scott, and also a most kind letter from him. Most kind it has been of Cust to arrange all these things, and most kind of you to send them me. I wish you knew what pleasure they have given. I forgot to mention the boots which also came in the box, and which I wore last night, great boots that reach up to the middle of the thigh, and which keep one perfectly dry.

The frost still continues in camp, though we have had an intermediate thaw of two days, which made us very uncomfortable. A considerable number of men have had their feet frost-bitten, but this arises from the want of clothing more than from the cold, which really is a good deal exaggerated. Furs are, I think, quite unnecessary, though of course they add to one's comfort when sitting in one's tent, which is the coldest thing one can do. Now that my box has come I assure you I want for nothing, and don't care how long the winter lasts. These rumours of peace set everyone talking.

* This and other letters, with their grave and positive statements as to the privations and sufferings of the men, were shown by Lord Overstone to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for War.

I hope they won't let Russia off too easy. I shall be rather sorry if we don't have a summer campaign: it would be far pleasanter than anything we have yet had.

January 15:

The last few articles in the *Times* directed against headquarters have had some effect there. The staff are very sulky and complain of private letters. Lord Raglan is evidently going to bestir himself. He is indignant with our brigade, who, he fancies, have circulated reports. We are to be moved from the right of the position to the centre, where we shall have less hard work. The move is a great loss, as we have collected a number of things which it will be difficult or impossible to move.

An important change was at this time made in the allotment of duties between the allied forces. The number of the French had risen very largely, until in January it reached nearly 80,000, not far from four times the number of the English, whose losses, so far, had been much more severe both on the field of battle and from disease in their camps.

On January 18 Lindsay writes to his mother:

Since last week the French have taken all the pickets out of our hands, and now our only duty is furnishing guards for the trenches. This, though the most disagreeable of all, comes round to each man only about once a week—the remaining six nights we have in bed. The French have, by degrees, taken the whole position out of our hands, and we are now but a drop in the bucket.

You say you intend giving me a present of 20*l.* for the men. Many thanks for it, and I assure you it is well bestowed. I intend to spend it all on my company,

about fifty men, of whom twenty are in hospital—not in a regular hospital, that is to say, but lying in their tents, excused duty. I have consulted my sergeant, and he thinks 5*l.* spent in potatoes and onions is the first thing—this will be about eight good-sized sacks full; 4*l.* spent on tobacco (this you will think a great waste, but the men would any day sooner go without their dinners than their pipe, particularly in wet weather and in the trenches). The rest I shall spend in tea and sugar and such things when the Patriotic Fund opens, as things will be a quarter the price then from what they are now. Abel Smith, a friend of mine and the son of an old friend of yours and papa's, has come out in charge. He expects the first ships in immediately. Those sharks of suttlers who have been coining gold these last months will have to decamp with their spoils—no slight thing, I imagine, for they have been extortionating now a long time without any tariff or superintendence of any kind. When the Patriotic Fund is expended, I hope they will come back even with their long prices, for an army depends a great deal on its suttlers. I see that your mind, and also dear dad's, is occasionally made uneasy with the thought of our becoming what old Admiral Elliot calls "topers over our pints," and I see all the papas write on the same subject; but though it sounds likely, it has never become the fashion in our camp, and I am certain that not a bottle of spirits is consumed in a month amongst the lot.

Coutts would be very much shocked if he came here expecting to find all his friends. The Prince, Montressor, and Higginson are about the only remaining ones of his lot. Poor dear Pakenham and Henry Neville, killed at Inkerman, were both great friends of his; also Cox, who died on the march to Balaclava; Jolliffe and poor little Rowley, who was in his company, I think. The Count (de Horsay) has gone home sick

to England, and Maitland the same. My mess is, I think, almost the only one that has gone through the campaign since Alma without having anyone sent home ill or wounded out of it.

Jocelyn, who commands the company, has been obliged to go down to Balaclava on board ship, so that now I command. Yesterday I was on a court-martial to try a man for attempting to desert. He had evidently got stupid on his rum and lost his way, and was found close to the Russian sentries. We have had about four cases of desertion in the whole army ; last time I was in the trenches a man in a line regiment, who had been schoolmaster, but had been reduced, got over the parapet and began to run with all his might to Sebastopol. The sentries fired on him but did not hit him till he got close to the Russians, when one shot brought him down. He tried to crawl on his hands and knees, then his own comrades fired a volley at him on the ground. Some men were told off to try and fetch him in, but the Russians opened so hot a fire that it was impossible to cross the parapet, so there the wretch lay till nightfall, when the Russians got him. He was supposed to be dead, however.

On January 28, writing to his father, Lindsay refers to the effect of letters from the Crimea, private as well as public, on public opinion at home, and the echoes of those letters at the seat of war :—

As you say, the cry of indignation at home runs very high against our Commander out here. The *Times* has but one theme—the misrule and want of system of the army in the Crimea, but things are mending every day. Certainly nothing like public opinion to stir people up. Fresh comforts arrive daily, but one can't help thinking that they are too late, for the harm has been done, and I fear very few of those

who have gone through the winter will be able to take the field in the spring. Lord Raglan's personal staff are furious with the letters in the papers. Lord Raglan is also greatly annoyed. These letters are mostly attributed to officers in the Brigade of Guards. In two cases friends of mine have had extracts of their letters home returned to them and desired to substantiate facts therein mentioned. What you said in one of your letters is quite true—it is very dangerous writing upon these matters, particularly in a careless, unguarded way. Perhaps you may have seen a very stupid letter in the *Times* of the 4th from an officer in the Guards, abusing Lord Raglan. The Brigadier and Commanding Officers have done all they can to find out the individual, but without success.

The weather lately has been beautiful, the sun already begins to gain its power. The nights are still very cold, and many men die every night in hospital from the variation of temperature. The day before yesterday two of our men had their legs smashed by a shell in the trenches. The advance works are now close on the Russian works : less than a hundred yards now only divides the sentries, but they have not the courtesy which the French are said formerly to have had, for before day breaks they have to run to cover for their lives : the first glimpse of day, sharp-shooters spring up from behind every stone. Lord Raglan was in the advance work yesterday afternoon. He is wonderfully cool, and walks about without bending his head in places where others mostly pass stooping. The soldiers were delighted to see him ; it is curious how fond soldiers are of looking at a General. Lord Raglan, however, does not understand this, and when he does appear, takes off greatly from the effect by being dressed in a pea-coat and a great comforter round his ears and mouth, attended by one aide-de-camp, whereas Canrobert never moves without a large staff

and half a cavalry regiment. This has an effect upon common soldiers.

Expectations of peace gain ground in the camp. We have seen nothing beyond the announcement in the *Times* of the 8th, that Russia had accepted the four points.* James (afterwards Admiral the Hon. J.) Drummond I saw to-day, and he says he thinks the war at an end. Who knows?—we may slip into Sebastopol yet before things are arranged. Peto's navvies have arrived and are going to commence making a railway at once. It appears to me an absurdity making a railway now, which can't be finished till the fine weather begins, and the road will be passable again. Our poor clergyman, Mr. Parker, has been obliged to go home. He, like his predecessor, has knocked himself up with hard work. The chaplains, both here and at Scutari, have set a noble example to all classes by the way in which they have done their duty. The stores sent out from England are beginning to arrive in camp; enormous quantities of gin and whisky, some dozens per man. I can't think what people at home can be thinking of: spirits, till now, were scarcely touched in camp.

To his father, February 2:

Every mail now brings me one or two long letters, and you can fancy what a pleasure they are. Letters in camp take the place of every other pleasure. Since I last wrote the weather, thank God, has been wonderfully fine. The snow has been melted these ten days, and a warm sun and clear sky have helped us a considerable way through the winter. There has been a

* The "four points" were: (1) Abolition of the Russian Protectorate over the Danubian Principalities; (2) Free navigation of the Danube; (3) Limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Black Sea; (4) Renunciation of Russia's Protectorate of the Christian Churches in the dominion of the Sultan.

general expectation of an attack. The garrison are said to be short of powder and are dreadfully put to it for want of provisions. Their numbers are believed to be greatly decreased. Their defence of Sebastopol has certainly been very gallant ; their sufferings have probably even exceeded those of our men. It is very amusing watching the Russians from behind a parapet as they walk about the town. Chapman's battery, the nearest work to Sebastopol, overlooks what is called the sailors' quarter, a number of irregular huts with a large public building in the middle of them. Close to this is what we call their garden battery, and again to the left is the Redan, a magnificent earthwork. Both these are manned and worked by the sailors, who are by far the best troops in Sebastopol. In advance of Chapman's battery are two parallels, the farthest about four hundred yards distant from the main work, neither of them yet gunned, though of course they have to be manned. Entering this farthest parallel is by no means an easy business on account of the lowness of the parapet of the covered way. When once there, as long as you sit quiet and don't show your head you are safe enough, and the cannon-balls pass over from Chapman's to the garden battery and Redan and back again, making a tremendous row and ploughing up long furrows in the ground as they skip up the hill and finally bury themselves in the work.

The shells at night are beautiful, looking like shooting stars till they burst with a vivid light. They always fire about twenty at once, but they're not well cut and do but little damage. Slowly but surely we are dragging up our 13-inch mortars, and each time we go to the battery we see a fresh enormous mortar standing like a horse in its stall and gaping out of its embrasure. Not one of the shells have yet been thrown into the town : they are being kept till all are ready for a pleasant surprise. Unfortunately, a spy walked all through the place two days ago. He was an Englishman dressed in a

shooting coat and wide-awake, and with his hands in his pockets walked about the battery the whole afternoon. At last someone asked him who he was, and he answered that he belonged to the Medical Staff, but he excited some suspicion, and he was watched, but not close enough, for presently he passed out of the work and made off best pace to Sebastopol. Two or three rounds were fired, but without effect. One can hardly imagine so miserable a being—an Englishman, a spy on his own country—to exist.

The "St. Jean d'Acre" came into Balaclava two days ago with Rokeby and General Barnard on board. I have seen them, but not Harry Keppel yet. General Barnard seemed very well and eager for a battle. I laid out 10*l.* of Mama's money on cheeses for the men, as I found they were more anxious for that than anything. Potatoes and onions I had also got; the tobacco I shall have in a day or two; it takes some time to bring things up from Balaclava.

To his sister, Lady Lindsay, February 4:

Rokeby * came on parade this morning for the first time, and made us a speech, but burst out crying in the middle of it. He said the sight of the brigade in their present state broke his heart. He read us a letter from the Queen about the Guards, which made everybody feel they would like to die for her. Some mittens worked by her own hands are coming out; they are for those who have been through the whole campaign. The Queen told Lord Rokeby that she entrusted him with the finest command in the army.

We really begin to think something is going to be done in the way of taking Sebastopol. The fleet have plucked up their spirits, and they say the barrier at the mouth of the harbour has been greatly shaken by the

* Lord Rokeby had been sent out to take command of the Brigade of Guards.

frequent storms. Harry Keppel longs to charge it. The "Princess Royal," ninety guns screw-ship, is daily expected, and then our steam fleet will be magnificent. I am very glad of this, as our army is now quite insignificant compared with the French, who will soon have three complete *corps d'armée*—one they say will shortly take the field. The Imperial Guard are being landed on the north side of the town. The remnant of our brigade is to be moved down to Balaclava in a few days. Huts have been put up for us. This will give the men a great chance of recovering themselves, as they will have little or no work. Were it not for this I should be sorry, as we shall not be present at the final affair at Sebastopol. However, something of the sort must be done if they mean us to take the field in the spring.

You can't think how miserable it is being confined to this range of hills. In fact, we are the besieged instead of the besiegers. Just under our noses is a valley full of wild ducks, swans, and every sort of fowl, but one daren't go down to them, for the Cossacks are all over the place on their little horses, and the report of a gun would bring them all round one.*

To his mother, February 16:

It is very seldom in this camp-life one has half an hour alone, and when I get your letters from home I do like to read them all by myself. Last mail brought me two, one from yourself, and one from my dearest father. I don't know which I think most beautiful, your letter or his. They both have the same effect in making me

* The above letter was shown to Queen Victoria, as also one to Mrs. Lindsay, dated February 9, in which Captain Lindsay says: "I have had a comfortable pair of mittens worked by the Queen given to me by Lord Rokeby. You may suppose how carefully I shall preserve them, and how much I value them. The mess has also now an enormous pie from Windsor Castle and two gigantic plum puddings, besides brandy and coffee, and other things."

feel better and more as I should wish to be. They take one away from the camp and everyday things and lead one to other thoughts. I have learnt the 46th Psalm, and think it very beautiful. No wonder it is a favourite with my father: it is, indeed, a soldier's psalm.

We are still waiting for orders to move to Balaclava. Fresh men continue to go into hospital. Three hundred is the number now of our brigade fit for duty, and if we don't move soon, the Guards in the Crimea will no longer exist. They say our 2nd battalion at home is 900, fine, strong, young recruits. In five months' time they will be well drilled and fit to come out. The winter now is, I think, nearly over, the cold much less severe. There is a good deal of wind, but latterly there has not been much rain. The French continue to advance their batteries towards the town, and are now close up to the head of the harbour. Their batteries on the right are armed with our guns and mortars. I see they are going to give a clasp for Balaclava, which was as near a defeat as anything could be, the Russians remaining in possession of the ground and the high road.

February 24:

This, I think, will be the last letter I shall write from these heights of Inkerman, for we are under orders to move to Balaclava. The order came two days ago, and the Grenadiers marched this morning, but we have been countermanded for the present. The authorities, as usual, don't know their minds. I had already dispatched some of my things, which I shall have to bring back. When the order does come they will probably only give us a few hours' notice, and then half the things will have to be left behind. All these sort of things add greatly to the discomfort of the men and to the difficulty of getting on under difficult circumstances. The strength of the Brigade of Guards is now 300 duty men. We came upon this ground, nearly five months ago, 2000

men. Many of them are dead and lie buried here under the hill ; it is very sad to have lost so many fine soldiers. We hope to save our remnant down at Balaclava, where they will have much easier work, no trenches and no night duty, plenty to eat and warm huts.

The weather the last few days has been colder than ever, the snow is on the ground, not deep, but the winds are most cutting. The snow drifts into the tents, and latterly I have twice had everything inside covered with it. The tents are nearly worn out, and afford but very little shelter from the weather.

A letter of March 12 was the first written after the migration of the remnant of the Brigade of Guards to the ground above Balaclava :

We have nothing more now to do with the siege business. Our care is to feed up our weak men and re-form our shattered battalions for the summer campaign. Already you see sick men creeping about like flies when the warm weather begins, and the general improvement amongst all is most remarkable. Never were men more comfortable or happier, that is to say, if plenty of food, plenty of sleep and warm huts can make them so. The weather, too, is everything that could be wished, beautiful sunny days with a fresh sea-breeze. Occasionally a horrid black fog rises from the sea and advances like a great wall upon the high cliffs of Balaclava. Slowly it creeps up all the valleys and in at the harbour mouth, and sits upon the town and the shipping and all the low lands round, but is too sluggish and heavy to get at us. These fogs, I believe, are peculiar to the Black Sea. I certainly have seen nothing like them before. The other day, walking on these beautiful sunny hill-tops, we could see our figures reflected far away upon the mist below.

Our settlement here is as perfect as anything can be, the men in huts all scattered along the hillside, most

comfortable locations, as the Yankees would say ; Rokeby and his staff on a small plateau just above them, the whole overlooked by a small mound on which are pitched our three tents. The rest of the officers' tents are pitched about as fancy dictated, no regular order as in a regular camp. Everyone is happy, the beautiful weather, the returning health of the men, and the smart appearance of the new clothing now taken into use, all contribute, and I think, my dearest mother, we all feel deeply grateful to God for these as well as His past mercies. I can so well now imagine the delight of the poor at the return of spring and fine weather. Those who live in houses never know how dependent one is on the weather and the seasons ; however, we must yet expect some cold winds, and as up here we always have a fresh breeze, a high wind might carry off our tents entirely.

Lord Raglan sent on the news of the Emperor's death to Sebastopol, which they refused to believe. They have since apparently heard it, as there was a great commotion in the town the other day. The railway goes swimmingly on, a large portion is already finished ; the navvies work like men and feed like fighting-cocks. An attempt was made to give them salt meat, but they steadily set their backs up, and they were quite right, for it is impossible to make men work on unnatural food. The poor soldiers can't help themselves. In my father's last letter but one he mentions 20*l.* he wishes to give to the men. As far as our men are concerned I should hardly know how to spend it, as they are now better off than they ever were in their lives. Provisions of all sorts are to be purchased below cost price, they have plenty of money, and they can't do better than spend it. Their money has, of course, accumulated during the winter months, when they could spend nothing. I therefore shall not draw upon Cox for the amount.

CHAPTER IV

SERVICE ON THE STAFF—DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN

1855

An important change in the nature of his military duties is announced by Lindsay in the next letter to his father. The Duke of Cambridge had expressed his opinion that "should young Lindsay at any time wish for the Adjutancy he ought to have it, for both at Alma and Inkerman he greatly distinguished himself." When, however, General Simpson, an old Peninsular officer and a friend of General Lindsay's, came out in March to act as Chief of the Staff to Lord Raglan, he at once offered Robert the post of Aide-de-camp. The latter feared that the acceptance of a staff appointment would prejudice his claim to the Adjutancy of his regiment. But his father made a suggestion which solved the difficulty, and enabled Lindsay to accept the appointment.

Camp at Balaclava, March 15th, 1855.

Sir John McNeill and General Simpson, he writes, arrived within two days of each other this week. I called upon them and found Sir John, but General Simpson had gone to headquarters. However, next day I received a message desiring me to call upon him, which I did, and he offered to take me on his staff as second Aide-de-camp. He is entitled to two paid. I had that morning read your letter sent by Sir J. McNeill, in which you speak

of a staff appointment with the Adjutancy in its rear. I thought of this, though I hardly hoped to arrange it. I mentioned it to the General, and he fully agreed with you, and advised me against accepting his offer unless I could come to an understanding on this point. He also promised to speak to Lord Rokeby on the subject, which in the afternoon he did, and they both agreed that my being on his staff need not prevent my remaining next for the Adjutancy. So having obtained a promise to that effect from Walker the Commanding Officer of this battalion, I accepted, and you may fancy how delighted I was when it was settled. Being on his staff I consider will be the greatest advantage to me. There will be a great deal to be learnt, and his position is not like that of a General of Brigade or Division. His appointment is, I fancy, almost independent of Lord Raglan. The army expects great things of him, and are ready to be pleased. He is at present staying at headquarters. I shall join him there to-morrow.

Writing on March 24th to his mother, Captain Lindsay mentions that the railway from Balaclava had now reached "within a quarter of a mile of the top of the hill, and that a week would see it finished to Lord Raglan's." For the first few days at headquarters he lived with the Commander-in-Chief, but now he and Colville, General Simpson's other Aide-de-camp, had a tent to themselves, close to their chief's. "Yesterday," he goes on—

there was a sharp affair in the trenches, the Russians made a general attack on the whole of the advance works. Our force, owing to a great number of men having been employed on a working party on the left, was very small. The Russians had the work to themselves for a considerable time, our covering party having been forced to retire.

Our men rallied shortly afterwards and drove them out at the point of the bayonet; they had succeeded, however, in pulling down a considerable part of the trench. The French works were attacked at the same time, and the battle must have been very sharp from the number of dead lying there—some three or four hundred, I should think. To-day at twelve there is to be an armistice for two hours to bury. Our loss is four officers and some five-and-twenty men. Captain Brown in the 7th Fusiliers was killed close to the mortar battery. His body was lying there beside the man who killed him, a Greek, an officer in the Russian service. This man must have been a brave fellow, for he had penetrated into the work far beyond anyone else, and in his hand was a hammer and two nails to spike the mortars. I have got his pistol. The man's face was handsome, and he was dressed in the Albanian costume. The siege, I think, goes on in a very unsatisfactory way. The Russians seem to be gaining confidence. The French show very little enterprise and our force is so small. The Russians have constructed a new battery on a hill which commands all our works, and from which they can shell us in our camp. They already mount 14 guns, and every day the work becomes more formidable. It, however, must be taken, or the siege must come to a standstill.

General Simpson has a good deal to do, though not much detail. I think he finds things in a much better state than he expected. He has already made some beneficial changes which are on all hands acknowledged. He is far the fittest man the country could have sent out, his manners are so gentle and conciliatory, yet his views are so decided. He has a difficult part to play, for in fact he supersedes both Estcourt and Airey. He often speaks of my father, and his manners put me a good deal in mind of him. Next Wednesday we are to play a great football match, the Brigade of Guards against the cavalry. It will be very exciting. We are

all in very good training, but the cavalry have been practising a good deal lately.

To his father, March 30:

I have now been ten days at headquarters. I like the business of A.D.C. very well. One sees a great deal more of what is going on and has an opportunity of making the acquaintance of all the General Officers and Colonels of regiments, which I suppose is a good thing. Besides, General Simpson's staff is the best to be on of the whole army from the nature of his duties, independent of his being so good a man. It is curious that your two greatest friends should both have high commands out here; General Simpson is thought most of, of all the Generals with the army. Barnard is very much liked in his brigade, but I think too easy-going. They both in their way often talk to me about you, and say how little chance I have of succeeding so well in life, though with better advantages. However, I see my advantages in the shape of two General Officers, who, for my father's sake, are willing to do a great deal for me.

I really think we shall open fire upon this devoted city now very shortly. Shot, shell, and ammunition have been brought up in enormous quantities by the railway, now *finished* to the top of the hill; the mortar batteries are made and the guns laid; ten unexpected mortars arrived a few days ago. . . I think the town must fall, if a vigorous attack is made, after forty-eight hours' bombardment. The General has but little hopes, however, but then he persists in excluding the 80,000 French entirely from his calculations when he enumerates our attacking force, and says he thinks 16,000 men insufficient. The French have certainly done very little lately to inspire us with confidence in them. They have been checkmated on their right attack by the Russians, who have occupied a hill and erected a work now called the Mamelon, which overlooks and commands all their works.

This hill the French ought to have occupied long ago. They have done their best to induce us to do it for them, but it is not our business.

The second great bombardment of Sebastopol is referred to in the following letter to his father, April 9:

We opened fire shortly after daylight. At about eight o'clock the cannonade was tremendous, the Russians doing their utmost to silence our fire. Gradually, through the day their fire has slackened, ours continuing steady, and our practice excellent, the French firing furiously. Shortly after eight o'clock a Russian powder magazine blew up. The evening report from the engineers is very good. They say we have done great execution, and received but little damage in our work. The casualties are not many. The mortars continue shelling through the night, and to-morrow the fire will re-open the same as this morning.

The General says the continued firing puts him in mind of the siege of Cadiz, when you were together. The shells, however, he says are not half so large here. Our 13-inch are pretty, though.

On April 14 he writes:

This is the fifth day of the bombardment, and the results are, I am afraid, not very great. The weather has been uninterruptedly bad since Monday, and our old enemy the mud has been in great force, so much so that our two most advanced batteries—an eight and a five gun—could not be armed till yesterday night. In the morning they opened, and great expectations were formed, but only to be disappointed, for the five-gun was crushed immediately, and the eight-gun has this morning shared its fate. Lord Raglan is greatly incensed with the artillery, but they are worked to death. An officer told me that his turn of duty was this—from four in the

morning till ten, from one in the afternoon till ten at night, but they no doubt miscalculated their strength. Colonel Dacres * fancied he could subdue the batteries in forty-eight hours. One thing is certain, we can't relapse into inactivity again, we must do something. I am fully convinced that if the generals could make up their minds to storm, we should wonder how on earth it was that we spent the whole winter outside. It is like a great jump—the longer you look at it the worse it looks. The prisoners and deserters all say that their retreat is organised over to the other side of the harbour. Now, when the retreat is made so easy, you can't expect men to fight long.

This bombardment lasted ten days. The fact that the allies did not organise a grand assault as a sequel to it appears to have been largely due to the influence exercised at the French headquarters by General Niel, the most trusted military counsellor of the Emperor, who held very strongly that the right course for the besieging armies to pursue was to effect the complete investment of the town, after which it would inevitably fall without the expenditure of life involved in storming. This opinion had been adopted by the Emperor of the French, who was also anxious that extensive operations should be undertaken against the Russian forces on the lines of communication to Sebastopol, and desired—though the project happily broke down—to take command himself of the French army designed for that service. It is not very surprising that, these things being so, General Canrobert, who, though a fine soldier, was not of a masterful disposition, failed to push the siege with full vigour.

* In command of the artillery; afterward Field-Marshal Sir Richard James Dacres.

Writing on April 20, Lindsay says:

I was afraid at one time that the brigade was likely to be sent home, but as I saw yesterday in a letter from the Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards that a reinforcement of seven hundred men had left England for the Crimea, this will not be the case. Reinforcements for the army are sadly wanted. We struggle on, doing every day the same work with always diminishing ranks. The men are worked to death.

Yesterday there was a very sharp affair in the night attack. The sap, which every night is pushed on towards the Redan, had to pass by some rifle pits held by the Russians, which, of course, it was necessary to take. This was effected by a party of the 77th, commanded, I believe, by Lempriere, who was killed—poor little fellow, I was at Eton with him. However, the loss on this occasion was not great, and the party was reinforced from the battery under the command of Colonel Egerton, who himself came down. About two in the morning the Russians in immense force advanced from the Redan, determined to repossess themselves of the pit; you may be sure they took care to outnumber us well. After a most determined attack they were repulsed, but, alas! with great loss on our side. Egerton himself, perhaps one of the best soldiers with the army, was killed. The loss of the 77th, of which he was Colonel, is about thirty-six killed and wounded. The pit was immediately connected with the trench, and the sap pushed steadily on towards the Redan. This affair, though causing so sad a loss, will have a good effect. The *morale* of both our army and that of the French has certainly been low. The men, particularly the French, have been dispirited, for the Russians, since February 10, have constantly gained some slight advantages, and were consequently greatly inspirited. The apparent failure of the second bombardment has been a great disappointment to everyone.

A CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE

Yesterday a reconnaissance took place by Omar Pasha and some Turkish infantry, accompanied by our 10th Hussars and Heavy Dragoons, and some Light Cavalry from the French. They advanced from Balaclava across the plain, driving in the Cossack vedette, which went scampering in to alarm the Russians who lie outside, some four miles in the country, near the village of Camara. We rode over the most beautiful green country, which I had not seen since the day of the flank march upon Balaclava, and close up to the village, the Cossacks hovering round and watching us from every peak, ready to cut off any incautious straggler. We were accompanied by amateurs and skippers of merchantmen, running about and wondering with their mouths open. One luckless individual, bent upon gratifying his curiosity, suddenly found himself the object of attention of two Cossacks who, lurking like spies, now darted upon him with their lances. The poor little man was seen to go down on his knees and clasp his hands together; he was hurried off supported by the scruff of his neck between their two ponies. Many saw him and heard him holloa. I think if any Guardsman had been there, he would have ridden forth to his rescue. Charlie Fox has been in despair ever since, not so much, I am afraid, on account of the poor little inquisitive captive, as that he should have missed so fine an opportunity of single combat. Jim Drummond, late of the "Retribution," is constantly here: he looks as happy as a king. You know his marriage with Kate Elliot is settled; never was a better fellow than he is.

The breakdown of the Conference held at Vienna with a view to peace is referred to in the following letter, of April 28, to General Lindsay:

Since my letter last week, affairs have taken a very different turn from what we then expected.

Peace, though not much talked of, was then fully believed in. Now the Conference at Vienna we hear has broken up, and there is every probability of a long war.* Lord Stratford arrived yesterday from Constantinople; he says he can in no way account for the break-up at Vienna. The allies before Sebastopol are certainly in no position to dictate terms to Russia or to anyone else. If we made peace we must just satisfy ourselves with what they choose to concede; and as for demanding the destruction of part of their fleet, they naturally say, "Come and do it yourselves." I hope those at home will now entirely dismiss the idea of peace from their minds, and set about vigorously sending us out fresh reinforcements. The Duke of Newcastle, if you remember, promised that Lord Raglan's army should be 40,000 by the month of May. It now appears that 25,000 will be its utmost. If England is to carry on the war, Government must take some more decided steps. The recruiting, we hear, goes on but slowly, and the Militia seems to be falling. Conscription, or a much larger bounty, will have to be adopted. And what do you think? They are sending out our draft of 1000 men for the Guards with the old musket, though thousands of the Minié rifles have been sent home from the Crimea only requiring slight repairs.

Writing on April 30, Lindsay alludes to his father's retirement from the important position he had held in county administration in Fifeshire:

I did not tell you how admirable I thought your address to the Commissioners on your resignation of the convenership of the county, and though I cannot

* The Conference did not actually close till June 18, but Lord John Russell's departure from Vienna on April 21 robbed it of all prospect of achieving the immediate termination of the war.

agree with you as regards your feeling yourself unequal to the duty, or that advanced years are telling on you, still after seventeen years' service you have well earned your retreat. Your address must, I am sure, have greatly pleased the public, it was so graceful and courteous. What you say about some of your companions living too long in the foreground may be true, but certainly our old Generals out here have done the best service — Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, and the much-abused Sir George Brown.

Last week Canrobert reviewed the *corps d'armée*, under Bosquet and Pelissier. Some 70,000 men marched past, and if marching past and looking soldier-like was all that was required, would be magnificent troops. Canrobert sat on his horse looking like a mountebank, dressed in an enormous cocked hat and feathers. He made a theatrical speech, and said that 80,000 comrades would shortly join in the Crimea, and that in fifteen days we should be in Sebastopol, that if we did not enter by the door, *nous passerons par la fenêtre*, and having said this about a dozen times to the officers of the different divisions, he waved his enormous cocked hat, cried "Vive l'Empereur," and rode off. I dine to-night with Lady Stratford de Redcliffe on board the "Caradoc" at Balaclava. Lord Stratford has gone to Eupatoria in the "Royal Albert." His visit to the Crimea is a subject of great speculation with the army, and the news from Vienna is very warlike.

The draft of the 1100 men for the Brigade of Guards arrived in the harbour this morning. Rokeby is to keep the brigade a month at Balaclava to bring them into shape.

The following letter to Mrs. Lindsay refers to the Kertch expedition, designed to interrupt the arrival of supplies to Sebastopol, and to Sir George Brown, who,

it will be remembered, commanded the Light Division at the battle of the Alma.

May 6.—Our life in camp is highly monotonous, and this week, I think, nothing of any excitement has occurred except, by the bye, the sailing of an expedition of 10,000 men under the command of Sir G. Brown, with the supposed destination of Kertch. The force is made up of 7000 French and 3000 English (Highland Brigade, 600 Marines, and four companies of Rifles). For a time I was on the *qui vive*, hoping that the General might go, but he, of course, cannot leave head-quarters.

Sir G. Brown has got the command, and very proud he is. It certainly is a complimentary thing, both to him and the English, for the force is chiefly French. Our allies have a great opinion of Sir George: his downright English appearance imposes on them, and his incivility they think quite natural in a Briton. When they receive him with low bows and fine speeches all he returns is a little nod and *bong jour*, pronounced as broad as he can. He is a very large and handsome old man, and speaks like a book, except always when he is in a rage, and then his language would find no parallel in print. His Aides-de-camp lead a miserable and precarious existence. Sir George, they say, never divests himself of his tremendous stock, but lies down fully accoutred. Any unusual firing during the night instantly rouses his anger, and from the flat of his back he pours forth a torrent of language at the sleepy Aide-de-camp, and ends by sending him out to see what the matter is. But the worst nights are those when there is no firing, for then Sir George never tastes of sleep, or his Aide-de-camp either, you may be sure.

The Kertch expedition returned without effecting anything, in consequence of an order from Canrobert

recalling the French Admiral (Bruet) which was received just before it reached its destination. The English Admirals (Lyons and Stewart) protested, but Sir George Brown held that there was "nothing for it but to obey orders."

So back they came, consoling themselves with the reflection that there must be some very good reason, perhaps intelligence of peace, but fancy their mortification on hearing that Canrobert had received an order from Paris to send all available transport to Constantinople to bring up troops, and consequently did not feel himself justified in employing them elsewhere.

Canrobert has completely broken down. He refuses to take the smallest responsibility. No wonder with a man of that sort at the head, an army of 120,000 men should be unable to take Sebastopol. The general opinion is that we might go into the place to-morrow, but of course our small force can do nothing without the sanction of the French.

Lindsay writes to his mother, May 14:

I have looked about to find you a flower to send home, but can find nothing but an ugly, coarse, yellow flower with pulpy leaves, but you shall have him if I can find nothing better. Some extraordinary-looking lilies are beginning to sprout in the middle of my hut between the boards of the floor. The hut is built in what was the flower garden just in front of Lord Raglan's house, which once was a pretty villa, but its owners would not know it again now. All the fruit trees and poplars with which it was surrounded have long since been cut down and rooted up. One tree alone remains, and this was guarded with the utmost difficulty through the winter, the Tartars and the few remaining country people professing the greatest love for it and kissing it. It stands

by and overshadows the headquarters fountain, and I daresay in the summer it will prove its gratitude by keeping the water cool.

With regard to water, the sanitary commissioners, who are great snobs, say there will be plenty, and though the "harmy" were four times its size they will undertake to supply abundance; "the hearth is full of it and only requires judicious tapping." This is very consoling, though, considering the quantity of rain, I should think it very odd if the "hearth" was not full of it. Just the other side of the vineyard (at the bottom of his garden) runs the high road to Kamiesh, passing by the French headquarters and their great military depôts, and one is daily reminded of the different way in which their army and ours is provided for, by seeing the long train of military wagons, each with two and sometimes three pairs of strong sturdy horses harnessed; forty and fifty frequently pass of a morning carrying every sort of store. Our land transport, now being organised under Colonel McMurdo, at no doubt an enormous expense, is, compared with the French, utterly trumpery. Every sort of rascal under the sun are congregated in its service as drivers, Croats, Bulgarians, and Spanish mule drivers, all receiving pay equal to that of a sergeant-major in the army, and prepared to bolt should the slightest difficulty or danger arise. Why, the same amount of pay that these fellows receive would induce any number of Englishmen to come forward, and if you must squander money, much better that our own people should get it. I daresay you think this mismanagement arises out here, but not a bit of it. Colonel McMurdo is appointed from home and received his orders from the Horse Guards. If Lord Raglan is to blame, it is for not insisting on being master in his own house.

The general impression is that Canrobert will be recalled for his stupidity in stopping the expedition, and I am sure he deserves it. Pelissier will probably succeed

him—*homme brutal*, as the French call him, and he must be if the story of his smoking the Arabs to death in a cave is true, and I can quite believe it from the expression of his face.

Miss Nightingale has arrived and taken up her abode somewhere near headquarters. Miss Shaw Stewart has come with her. Both ladies are attended by a staff of nurses.

Lindsay's next letter to his mother, on May 18, describes a visit to his relative Captain Henry Keppel,* on his ship the "St. Jean d'Acre":

I have just come back from visiting Harry Keppel. Four of us rode down, Wenny Coke, Baillie, Thynne in the Rifles, and myself. We found Uncle Harry (he calls me his nephew, so I call him my uncle) at Keppel Villas superintending improvements and laying out fresh gardens. The Keppel Villas, you must know, are a collection of huts by the sea shore, with a magnificent approach leading up to them, and green fields all round, quite an oasis in fact, though unfortunately without trees. Some of the huts are used for a hospital, but the Captain has his own hut and his five-stalled stables, where we left our horses when we went on board. The gardens are more useful than ornamental, growing salads, lettuces and all these sorts of delicious though rare luxuries. On board, the magnificence and size of the *Jenny d'Acre* I am quite unable to describe. The captain's cabin, which, if you have ever been on board a man-of-war, you know is about as large as a moderate-sized drawing-room, and which on most ships no one presumes to enter except on business, is here open to any of the ship's officers who may like to read. The small midshipmites, under this pretence, come in and make an uncommon row, though I never saw nicer or more gentlemanlike

* The late Admiral of the Fleet Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, O.M., G.C.B.

boys. I have just heard that Canrobert is recalled and Pelissier takes command. I am delighted, and so is everyone. I hope *l'homme brutal* will do something. He has just reported himself at headquarters. The thermometer in our huts is 85.

As a matter of fact General Canrobert had not been recalled, but had resigned, by telegraph, and requested that he might be re-appointed to the command of the division which he had previously commanded, and that General Pelissier should be appointed in his place, which was done.

On May 25 Captain Lindsay rode with the French force which, with the Sardinians who, under General La Marmora, had lately joined the allies, took part in the occupation of the Tchernaya Valley. They met with no opposition, and Lindsay regretted that instead of being content with letting the river become the boundary of the allied position, the French had not pushed on and secured the heights on the other side at McKenzie's Farm, so helping towards the investment of Sebastopol. Even as it was, however, an important improvement had been effected. On May 26 he writes :

Yesterday we were out from the first thing in the morning till half-past seven at night. We rode over the whole of our new territory. I felt as if I was riding over a magnificent estate just left me, with beautiful parks, fine trees and villages, and a river running through the middle of it.

What has been done is a great step, and before long I hope we shall make another. It, however, is very painful that the English army is unable to move, principally from want of transport, but also from the strong force it requires to guard the trenches. Coming

back to these dusty old lines was like going back to school in the winter.

On June 5 Lindsay writes to his mother with much satisfaction at the result of the Kertch expedition, to the renewed dispatch of which General Pelissier, on his accession to the chief command, had at once agreed.

You have, of course, heard, he says [for since April 25 London had been in telegraphic communication with the Crimea], all the good news from Kertch and the Sea of Azov, how four war steamers and 245 merchantmen of the enemy have been captured and destroyed, besides great stores of corn and herds of cattle, sufficient to have lasted them six months. This, together with the great advances we have made upon the town itself and the reduced state we hear the garrison are in, gives us great hopes of terminating the war in this country. The day that Sebastopol falls will be a happy one for both us and the Russians.

I was nearly being made a Major. I was recommended from out here, with some others, and received congratulations and imagined it was all right, but, unfortunately, Lord Hardinge refused to allow it, as I have not been long enough in the service.

Under Pelissier the siege was pushed with greatly enhanced energy, and on June 8 Lindsay sent his father a graphic account of the combined assault on the works known as the Mamelon and the Quarries, of which he was an eye-witness from a point of vantage :

The day before yesterday the fire opened for the fourth time this siege. The bombardment was to be carried on with the utmost vigour till six o'clock on the following evening, when a general assault was to take place—the French on the Mamelon, our troops on the

quarry in front of the Redan. So you may fancy yesterday was passed in considerable excitement till six o'clock, when Lord Raglan, with the whole of the staff, rode to a point in front of Cathcart's Hill, where there is a commanding view of the whole operations. The French had, at the last moment, declared their intention of delaying the assault half an hour on account of the heat of the sun, so at half-past six all eyes were anxiously turned upon the Victoria redoubt, from whence three rockets were to rise as the appointed signal. Below us were our two attacks—Gordons on the right, Chapman's on the left—each attack, or battery in which are placed the large 68-pounders and the heavy mortars, putting forth its advanced parallels and zigzags like the branches of a tree, extending almost up to the enemy's works. In the most advanced of these, and crouching close under cover of the parapet, lay the 47th, 49th, 7th, and 88th, like tigers ready to spring over the parapet and rush upon the enemy at a signal given by Lord Raglan when he judged that the right moment had arrived, which could not be till the French were fairly engaged in the Mamelon.

This moment of suspense was awful. At length one, two, and the third rocket shot up, and in a moment the hill side of the Mamelon was alive with Frenchmen rushing up to the embrasures, from whence poured a storm of grape, canister, etc. For a moment they were checked; another minute we saw four or five spring on the top of the parapet and drop into the side, where they must have been instantly destroyed, but their example was speedily followed by the Zouaves, who now swarmed into the work. Here they were lost to our view, and the Russians must have fought desperately for their stronghold, for not one did we see driven out till some time later. At this moment Lord Raglan gave his signal, and in an instant the hundred yards that divides our trenches from the enemy's was

cleared—a tremendous volley, a cloud of smoke, and our men were upon them with the bayonet. Five minutes' desperate fighting, during which our suspense was — you may fancy—and the enemy gave way. Another moment the men were digging for their lives to get cover, and then came an Aide-de-camp announcing we were fairly established.

Now came a moment of relief, and we drew our breath, but on our right strong columns of Russians were again advancing upon the Mamelon. They came on with a steadiness which surprised and frightened us, without any rush but with the greatest order. They advanced straight into the work, though the head of the column was repeatedly mowed down. Three minutes after out rushed the French helter skelter, flying down the hill for their lives, and the Russians had retaken the work. Lord Raglan's coolness at this moment was quite supernatural, for we were in a most critical position, as the quarries we had just taken were, by this misfortune, completely exposed to a flanking and nearly reverse fire from the enemy. However, nothing, I suppose, could be done, for he turned to Colville and said that "Indigène would make a good sketch"—pointing to an African Zouave who had joined our party. A few minutes later the French retook the Mamelon in most gallant style, and when night set in we had gained all our ends. We remained till 12 o'clock, and then Lord Raglan rode home to dinner. During the night the enemy made another attempt to retake their position, but were driven back, though with, I am sorry to say, considerable loss on our side.

On June 14 he writes to his sister, Mrs. Holford:

Mother says you intended to write to me, so I will take the will for the deed; and, in fact, I am kept so well up in the news of the family by the dear little mother's three leaves, which blossom twice a week, that

I am independent. I only don't want her to tie herself down to their production regularly, as I am convinced it must be sometimes a hard task. Yet, to me, they are the greatest possible pleasure. Since the excitement of taking the Mamelon and the Quarries comparative peace has been established, but only to break out again in more determined strife next Saturday, when, if we have any success, we shall enter the town. The day after the fight we had a general flag of truce to bury the dead. It was, as usual, a most extraordinary sight. The Russian officers were very civil and gentlemanlike, and we walked about and talked for two hours during the time that the dead were being mutually given over. The French loss turns out to have been very severe, principally on account of the men rushing to take the Malakoff tower without orders. The consequence was that they found themselves without ladders or any means of scaling the work, and while they made frantic efforts to tear down the palisades with their hands the Russians coolly shot them down from behind the parapet. Miss Nightingale has left the Crimea on account of her illness. Lord Ward sent her down to Constantinople in his yacht, he himself remaining in our camp. The Brigade of Guards moves up from Balaclava to-day to be present at the assault, which will probably take place Monday, the 18th.

The combined assault failed lamentably. Late on the night before, as he used to tell in after years, Lindsay was ordered to ride to all the divisional commanders to inform them of the alteration—to which his letter refers—in the hour arranged for the attack. All through the short midsummer night he rode from camp to camp, obliged to press his pony so hard that it was never good for anything again. When he returned, as dawn was breaking, to headquarters and entered Lord

Raglan's room, he found him and the staff receiving the Holy Communion before the assault. On June 19 he wrote to his father:

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Yesterday, June 18, the allies made their long-delayed attack on the town. The plans were well made and the assault fixed for 5 o'clock. Late at night the French sent to headquarters desiring that the attack might take place two hours earlier, at 3 o'clock. Pelissier said his reasons were incontestable, though he never gave them. Lord Raglan gave in to him, and the Generals of Division were all warned. Shortly after 3 o'clock the French sallied from their trenches in large numbers but in great confusion. Lord Raglan delayed our attack a short time till he should see how matters fared with them. We could see them unable to cross the abattis and being shot down in great numbers, the Russians standing on the parapet of the Malakoff. At this time Lord Raglan gave the order for the Light Division to advance on the Redan, which they did, but in very insufficient force and with no dash. They also found themselves unable to cross the abattis. There appears to have been some confusion, and the party told off with axes, etc., to clear the way were not at hand. This feeble and ill-conducted assault was soon driven back, leaving great numbers of dead on the ground and a terrible proportion of officers, General Sir John Campbell amongst them. No further attempt was made on our side; the French, after being driven back, made a second effort, but without success.

And now to account for this unfortunate 18th of June. The French lay the blame openly upon us, and I think they have some reason to complain. Our attack was not made simultaneously, nor in sufficient force, nor did we make any second attempt at the time they did. On the other hand the real cause of failure lies with General Pelissier changing the hour of attack at the last moment

and with Lord Raglan for giving in to him. The four hours of daylight should have been employed in as heavy a cannonade as could possibly be brought to bear, by which the abattis would have been broken down, the parapet kept clear of men, and under cover of it the assaulting party should have advanced. The French are very bitter against us, and we no less against them.*

The repulse of June 18 preyed on Lord Raglan's bodily strength as well as on his spirits, and though the cholera with which he was attacked a few days later was not of a malignant type, he sank under it and passed away on the 28th. "His face, after death," Captain Lindsay wrote to his mother on June 30:

was very much changed, though perfectly calm, and had a strange likeness to the old Duke of Wellington. He died well prepared, for he was a fine religious old man, a perfect gentleman, and all those that knew him well were wonderfully attached to him. Pelissier, when he heard of his death, cried like a child. He said he felt that he had lost a friend of fifty years' standing.

Sir George Brown had four days previous gone on board ship sick, so General Simpson remains in command, and I don't think a better man can be found, though he has not much dash, and I daresay things will be carried on in the same jog-trot sort of way. After all, the fate of this campaign lies with the French and not with us. A General of 20,000 men certainly cannot dictate to a Commander of 120,000; he can

* It is probable that a contributory cause of the abortive assault, so far as the British share in the attack of June 18 was concerned, lay in a circumstance referred to by Sir E. Hamley in connexion with the failure of our attack on the Redan on September 8, "the want of a place of arms (that is to say, a covered space in the advanced trenches of sufficient extent to harbour large bodies of troops), the construction of which was forbidden by the rocky soil."

only agree to help him in anything he undertakes. People at home hold our Commander-in-Chief responsible for not taking Sebastopol. They might just as well hold Bosquet or any other French General of Division responsible. I think it would have been better had they done as my father proposed long ago *—placed our army under the command of the French Commander-in-Chief. The greatest of Lord Raglan's difficulties was to keep on terms with our allies, and to him, from his position, age, etc., it was easier than it will be to any other man. They have always been inclined to bully, and Pelissier is a queer-tempered fellow, and heartily hated by his dependants. I have a very poor opinion of him, and hope he will be recalled, as he fully deserves to be, for his blunder on the 18th.

* General Lindsay's opinion as to the advisability of placing the whole allied forces under the French Commander-in-Chief had been expressed by him to many influential persons at home early in 1855. He wrote from London to his wife on February 9: "There is certainly a great struggle making for our poor soldiers, but I cannot get any but soldiers to see my view of placing all under Canrobert. *All old soldiers* quite agree. But all ladies consider it the opinion of a traitor, I believe! Overstone said to-day he agreed with me." And again, on February 14: "I dined at a very large dinner yesterday at the Cannings—an agreeable party. I met those I wished to meet, renewing and strengthening friendships. The Sidney Herberts—I sat next *her*—Lord Clarendon, Lord De Mauley, Lady Stuart and half-a-dozen others. A good deal of politics was discussed, and across the table I was asked if I still asserted the opinion that Canrobert should have the command. I saw immediately that it had been told, as all eyes turned towards me. I said 'yes,' and that I thought the reasons for it were daily *manifesting* themselves, that it was *virtually so* just now, and we should be found to acknowledge it soon, losing all the credit we might acquire from France; then it dropped."

22231

CHAPTER V

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—DEATH OF GENERAL LINDSAY—
END OF THE WAR

1855-1856

On July 4 Lindsay writes to his mother, respecting a telegram from Lord Panmure announcing to General Simpson that in a few days he would be confirmed in the command: "This was what I expected, though the prevailing opinion in the army was that Lord Hardinge would have come out."

And on July 8 he tells the same correspondent that:

Since I last wrote to you we have moved from our huts into the house, and exchanged a mode of living of the utmost frugality for one of great luxury. Lord Raglan always kept a most excellent table with covers for fourteen or fifteen, so that while we were living almost on our rations—boiled mutton and rice—a French cook in the house was exerting his utmost efforts. Since the General became Commander-in-Chief, he has thought it right to continue the same practice, and has purchased all Lord Raglan's plate, dinner-service, etc., so that now breakfast, luncheon, and dinner present a formidable array of temptations which it is by no means prudent to give way to during this hot weather. Our party consists of the General, myself, and Colville—the other Aides have not yet been appointed—Tom Steele and Curzon, military

and assistant military secretary, Colonel Vico, the French Commissioner, and Count Revel the Sardinian, General Airey, Quartermaster-General, and Calvert, head of the Secret Service Department—in other words, Chief Spy, interpreter, etc., a very clever, amusing fellow, speaks all languages and has been everywhere, was born in St. Petersburg, and twelve years Consul at Kertch. . . . Tom Steele goes home shortly, and the General has appointed Colonel Stephenson military secretary. Ben Stephenson is in my regiment, and the very best fellow in the world. I have the greatest respect and love for him. He was ten years our Adjutant, so you may fancy he is pretty well up to his work. The General knew nothing of him except by reputation, so the appointment was a very flattering one to him. He is a poor man, and was long unable to purchase his company in the Guards.* Harry Keppel intends giving up his ship and taking command of the Naval Brigade in the trenches. It is a great sacrifice giving up so magnificent a ship as the "St. Jean d'Acre," but I think he is right, for there will be nothing for the fleet to do, and he is sure of promotion when we take Sebastopol.

On July 10, two days after the last letter, he has to write to his mother:

On Sunday at dinner-time Vico and Calvert were taken with cholera. The violent symptoms soon showed that there could be no hope. Curzon and I remained with Calvert till his death, which took place this morning at one o'clock. His cramps were terrible, and we rubbed him continually for eight hours when the cramps ceased, and we took watch about, during which time the doctors were trying every sort of remedy without success. At

* Colonel (now General Sir Frederick) Stephenson was unfortunately invalided home, and could not take up the appointment above mentioned. He was, however, destined to serve his country with much distinction in other wars, and to hold, 1883–1888, the command of the forces in Egypt.

ten o'clock last night he was so exhausted that it was necessary that he should have sleep at any price, and the doctor gave him strong doses of morphine, which produced so quiet a sleep that we had some hopes for him, but gradually his breathing became less and less, and at one o'clock he was dead, having been ill thirty hours.

Half-past two. Vico is just dead. Four others of his compatriots had come to see him; fine, handsome sailors. The sergeant of Zouaves (who had nursed him carefully) when he saw he breathed his last, kissed him on both cheeks, and said "Adieu, pauvre ami," and they all burst into tears. Vico has a wife and two children.

On July 15 Captain Lindsay comments upon Lord Panmure's contradictory dispatches and on the irritating use of the telegraph made by the War Office:

This mail brings the papers announcing Lord Raglan's death. The article upon him in the "Times" is very fair. We are still in the dark here as to who is to command the army. Lord Panmure's dispatches are very contradictory. First came one congratulating General Simpson on being Commander-in-Chief. Next one announcing General Barnard Chief of the Staff. The following day a dispatch came to delay General Barnard's appointment, and a fourth stating that a new Commander-in-Chief was coming out from England. Between the intervals of these more important communications come a host of trifling stupid questions from the War Office, one last night causing the General to be roused up out of bed, an orderly to ride eight miles, and a dozen people to be disturbed. "Captain Jervis, 13th Light Dragoons, has been bitten by a centipede. How is he?" On obtaining a doctor's certificate upon the health of this interesting dragoon, we hear that he had a boil on the seat of honour which is now doing

favourably. Never was such a misfortune as this telegraph. The General received by last mail a most beautiful letter from the Queen upon Lord Raglan's death, evidently written under great emotion.

To his mother, on July 19, he writes:

Harry Keppel has succeeded to the command of the Naval Brigade by the promotion of Captain, now Admiral, Sir Stephen Lushington, K.C.B., who goes home. Two nights ago one of Harry's seamen undertook a most perilous enterprise. He built a little skiff not bigger than a Thames outrigger and almost level with the water. In this he engaged to go into Sebastopol harbour and blow up the great three-decker called the "Twelve Apostles." For this purpose he carried with him an iron chest filled with 70 lbs. of powder and fitted with screws so that it might be attached to the side of the ship. He was to fire a slow match and make the best of his way off. The explosion would doubtless have driven in the side of the ship, but, unfortunately, he selected a bad night, and when he got into the middle of the harbour he found a long string of boats passing from the south to the north side. He waited nearly two hours, but the boats still continued to pass, and then, as he feared being overtaken by daylight, he was obliged to make off.

The camp is now very healthy, little or no disease, the cholera nearly disappeared. In this lovely climate I can't fancy there being any sickness. Still diarrhœa is prevalent. For myself, I never was better, or so well, in my life. The heat, though great, is by no means oppressive. There is always a cool breeze which springs up about ten o'clock in the morning. The nights, too, are cool. General Markham has just arrived in the Crimea from India. A great reputation has preceded him, and I must say I was not disappointed in his appearance. He is small and slight, and everything but

nerves and sinews seems to have been dried up in him. He has a black beard and a grizzled head, and is perfectly unlike your regulation General, who can do nothing without a precedent. I hope he may do well, but I see he has already shocked some of the old gentlemen by his off-hand way. Yesterday at dinner, talking about the men not being able to carry their packs, he said, "Ah, I'll soon see if my division can't carry sixty pounds on their backs. My men in Canada carried seventy-five, and so they did in the Peninsula, and so they shall here." It certainly is very extraordinary why our men cannot march.* You read in the papers that they are overweighted, but the French carry a *very* much heavier load, and the Turks carry almost as much and march all day. I believe the Turks in many points are the finest soldiers possible. They march well, they endure almost anything, and live upon anything, and sometimes fight well. This is the only point they are uncertain in.

To Mrs. Lindsay on July 28 :

The Duke of Newcastle has arrived in the Crimea. He probably comes up to headquarters to-morrow. He is staying at present with the Admiral. I wonder what he has come out to do. He will see some of the difficulties that have had to be contended with. Two days' rain will introduce him to a little of the Crimean mud. The road now used to Balaclava will, after a week's bad weather, be just as impassable as it was last winter, and the railway, the engineers say, four days' rain will wash away. So I really sometimes think that this winter we shall not be much better off than last.

Percy,† you may have heard, has got command of the Italian legion being raised at Genoa. He started from

* The marching capacity of the British soldiers in the recent South African war showed a marked superiority to that referred to by Captain Lindsay as exhibited by our men in the Crimea.

† Lord Henry Percy.

the Crimea two days ago viâ Marseilles. He will command about 5000 men, a very fine appointment. It would be great fun for Coutts to go out and visit him at Genoa. I dare say he would be very useful to him in recruiting men. I don't suppose the force will be effective in less than a year, so perhaps Percy will have all his trouble for nothing.

The following cheery note from Captain Hugh Drummond, who had been for some time absent through sickness from the Adjutancy of the Scots Fusilier Guards, was preserved by Lindsay for the sad reason which will shortly appear:

H.M.S. Tribune, 3rd August, 1855.

Dear Bob,—I came back to-day with Jim Drummond, and thank goodness am quite set up again, diarrhœa gone, etc., etc., and mean to come up to camp to work again on Monday. I wrote you a line this morning in a deuce of a hurry to be sent by the Admiral's secretary, but as I know how uncertain these *cross posts* are, to make sure of your getting this I send it up by my servant to-morrow morning to tell you to come down with the mail to-morrow (or without it) and at 5 or half-past 5 P.M. you will find the "Tribune's" boat waiting to bring you off to dine with dear old Jim Drummond and myself. (Fresh meat and vegetables) so come if you can. I want to talk to you about dear old Ben, who looks very bad. In fact, I am convinced, from having known him so long and so well and seeing such an alteration in him, that he will not be fit for work for some time, and that change of air is now the only thing for him.

Rodney's Villas at 5 P.M.,
Yours most truly,
HUGH DRUMMOND,
Lt., Capt., Bt. Major and Adjt.,
Pluralist.

On August 7 Lindsay writes to his father:

I am very glad to say Hughie Drummond has come back quite well: his going home would have been of the utmost inconvenience to me, as I should have had to resign my chance of the Adjutancy or my position on the staff. It required a good deal of consideration to make the choice, but I had made up my mind to go back to the regiment and leave the staff—though the chances of promotion on the latter are greatest, still the knowledge of your profession is not so well learnt. Ben Stephenson leaves the Crimea to-morrow for England—he is very ill, and could not be expected to live if he remained. He does not lose his appointment, as Steele remains on to do his work till he shall be able to return.

And again, on August 10:

I must retract some of the compliments I paid to the Crimean climate. Our last experiences have been rather disagreeable—hot sultry days with what little wind there is blowing over the steppes and bearing dust and hot exhalations with it. This wind is said to bring with it ophthalmia, and that some years many hundreds of the Russian soldiers lose their eyes, so fearful is the prevalence of this disease. I must say I was rather alarmed at the thought of its spreading in our camp, but up to the present time not the slightest symptom or sign. I have a large pair of green spectacles with which I ride armed, but my eyes are at present all right.

The army here is in the position of a man who has got himself into a mess and whom everybody feels himself privileged to advise and abuse; Lord Panmure particularly, who wishes to have the patronage, promotion and direction of everything in his own hands in his office in London. He receives daily his telegraphic message, and transmits nightly his telegraphic orders. He gives birth and execution to his schemes, although in direct

opposition to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief out here. For instance this new "Army Works Corps," composed of civilians and raised at a cost of 85,000*l.* per annum, he proposed to Lord Raglan and was begged by him to discontinue, and add rather to the Corps of Sappers and Miners, perhaps the most efficient body of artisans in the world, but no, the next communication on the subject is, to make preparations for the arrival of the first detachment of the "Army Works Corps" and their Commandant, a gentleman with a salary of 1500*l.* per annum with his secretary at 1000*l.* I only mention their pay to contrast it to that of officers of the army, who in the highest grades receive nothing like this, but it is no use grumbling. I hope some day we shall have a proper War Minister, or better still none at all.

The following letter of August 14, telling of the death of Captain and Adjutant Hugh Drummond, is a mournful sequel to the note from that much-beloved officer already quoted:

The death of my dear friend, Hughie Drummond, you are doubtless aware of, as it was telegraphed this morning to Lord Panmure, who will communicate it by private letter to his father. I regret extremely that the bare fact of his death should be thus abruptly made known without any of the circumstances which would so much alleviate the blow to his father and mother, but it is an order from the Horse Guards to telegraph all casualties. Hughie, as I told you in my last letter, had just returned from a cruise with Jim Drummond in the "Tribune," his health quite restored and in the highest spirits. The day before yesterday he went into the trenches as Adjutant, and was brought out the following afternoon with his head shattered with a splinter of shell. He was never afterwards sensible, though he continued to breathe till a quarter past nine at night, having suffered

apparently no pain during that period. Poor fellow, the universal regret that is felt for him cannot be described; he was the best-hearted, most charmingly dispositioned man I ever knew; he was the life and soul of the regiment, his high spirits and good humour never failing him. The men loved him greatly, and at his death there was hardly a dry eye in the battalion. However, he has died the death of a soldier, and I know he hoped that if it should so please God that he should die, it might be in the performance of his duty, and if his life has been short it has also been happy, and those to be pitied are his friends and relations who have lost him. His father and mother and sisters all thought there was nothing like Hughie. I send you the last note I ever had from him, announcing his return and his intention of joining. I should like you to give it to my mother to put away for me.

Upon my own affairs I shall not write to-day, except to say that I return to my regiment to-morrow to commence the duties of the Adjutancy. I regret extremely leaving the General, with whom no man can live without growing fond.

It will be remembered that the Duke of Cambridge had expressed his strong opinion that whenever the Adjutancy of the Scots Fusilier Guards became vacant, Lindsay should have the option of taking it. The vacancy having now occurred through the death of Captain Drummond, Lindsay gave up his staff appointment, notwithstanding the greater opportunities of promotion, and returned to his regiment. He wrote as follows to Colonel Moncrieff on August 16:

I begged Colonel Walker to announce to you my return to the regiment, and to inquire of you whether my appointment as Adjutant would be confirmed, so you see that I have left the General and have started afresh

with the regiment. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that I have done right, though it is not the general opinion. However, one must judge for oneself in these cases. One thing which gives me great satisfaction is that Georgie Gordon has been taken by the General on his staff. It certainly was rather painful for me to think I was depriving him of what he had so well worked for, but he is provided for, and I am sure he will obtain your leave to remain. I am very glad to find by your letter that four ensigns are on their way out. I see already by the roster that the duty is not easily carried on by so few officers. You will see in the papers the account of a sharp affair * that took place yesterday morning—for some days we had been in expectation of an attack. We had received continued notice of it from deserters, and yesterday morning at five they advanced in great force upon the Tchernaya Bridge. They were received with great coolness and bravery by the Sardinians and French, particularly the former, who are said to have fought like tigers, after two determined attempts on the part of the Russians to force the bridge, in one of which, I believe, they partially succeeded. They retired, leaving many killed and wounded, and I believe some two hundred prisoners, who were marched into camp to-day, looking by no means sorry for themselves. By the new order the Brigade of Guards have been separated from the Highlanders, and in conjunction with a battalion of Rifles, the 13th Regiment and the 34th, will form the one division, the Highlanders forming a division by themselves.

Lindsay's letters home at this time are full of concern at the condition of his father's health. To his mother he wrote on August 30 :

Your letter with such an improved account of my father quite put me in spirits ; very shortly I shall expect

* Battle of the Tchernaya.

to hear of his being as well as ever, and his account of the dogs and partridges at Leuchars will follow soon, I dare say. The battalion is now dreadfully hard worked in the trenches, and our casualties are, I am sorry to say, very great. For the last ten days we have continually had officers wounded, F. Baring, Coke, Seymour, Campbell, Forbes, Hay-Drummond and Farquharson. Most of them slightly, however, except Hay-Drummond, Seymour and Farquharson. Drummond's wound is very dangerous, the ball went right through him, passing through one lung and breaking two ribs. He was not expected to live through the day, but it is four days now since, and he is going on wonderfully. Seymour has been wounded in the head, and goes home. Farquharson, shot through the right hand, he goes home too. Farquharson, who was wounded last night, makes the sixty-eighth officer of the Guards that has been wounded since the war began.

Yesterday in the trenches it was unusually disagreeable. I was Adjutant of the trenches for the first time. The Russians kept up a perpetual shower of bullets from daybreak till sunset, and in the night there was the most fearful explosion I ever heard. No one knew what had happened, the whole ground shook, great stones and beams of wood fell in all directions, killing and wounding fourteen of our men. The explosion was in the Mamelon, some two thousand yards away from our trenches, and you may fancy what it was when I tell you that a part of a tree 12 feet long and a foot and a half in diameter fell in our trench. The magazine was an old Russian one, sunk low under ground and roofed over with great beams of wood and portions of trees; the whole thing went up into the air like a volcano; 400 French were killed and wounded, and I am afraid it will delay their operations some time, though they make as light of it as they can. In the morning a party of the enemy sallied out of the Redan, surprised our work-

ing parties and carried off the tools they were working with. Only five were wounded, but they managed to take some prisoners.

The complete defeat of the Russians at the battle of the Tchernaya, referred to in Lindsay's letter to Colonel Moncrieff, had killed the hope which the garrison of Sebastopol had cherished, of effective relief from the mainland; and the Kertch expedition had largely reduced the flow of stores on which they depended for the maintenance of the defence. Yet, even deprived of the inspiring presence of General Todleben, who, some weeks before, had been compelled by severe wounds to leave the city, the defenders were to give one more demonstration of their obstinate courage, so desperate that even the fall of Sebastopol was, for the English army, clouded by the memory of a reverse. The following letter gives Lindsay's account of the crowning effort of the allied forces :—

Guards' Camp, September 11, 1855.

My Dearest Father,—Sebastopol is at last in the hands of the allies. For eleven months have we been within a mile of a town which we dared hardly look at, much less approach, and now it is ours to do what we like with, at least, so much of it as remains, for the fire has been raging three days, and is still burning.

At twelve o'clock, on the 8th, the assault took place. The French carried the Malakoff with small loss, and as soon as they were in possession we attacked the Redan. The Rifles and the assaulting regiments behaved admirably, and carried it with very small loss. However, the supports were not at hand, and, after holding it some time, they were driven out again, and a third time it was taken, but with like results, owing to batteries on the flank and rear having complete

command of it, for the Redan is open in rear. These continued efforts have swelled our loss up to a terrible amount, particularly in officers. I believe 150 are killed and wounded. At five o'clock in the afternoon we marched back to camp, the French being in possession of the Malakoff, but the Russians still holding the Redan. You may fancy we were not in particularly good spirits, for we felt we had met with a reverse, and a heavy loss. The Malakoff turned out, as we expected, the key of the town, and during the night the Russians vacated the place in perfect order, passing over a bridge of boats, which they had some time previously made to the north side. Bravo! They certainly are worthy of our greatest admiration.

They left the town on fire in fifty places, all the public buildings and barracks ruined, and with trains laid. During the following day after their departure the most tremendous explosions took place in all directions, barracks, museums, churches, etc., all going up into the air like fireworks. At five o'clock in the morning we sent a party down to the Redan to bury the dead, who were lying there in hundreds; the Russians had carried off nearly all their wounded. From the Redan I walked into the town, at that hour entirely deserted, for the French and English soldiers had not yet been able to get in. The size and magnificence of the houses astonished me, but in the part I was in they were riddled with shot, and appeared not to have been lived in for months; all the furniture and interior fittings had been moved out. It was a curious feeling walking about this desolated town, which for months we had longed to enter. I was obliged to go back for church parade, but immediately after I started with an order, for without, no one was allowed to enter. However, the town was at that time pretty well filled with French and English, who had managed to evade the sentinels.

I rode through all the principal streets, which are, or rather were, very fine, the public buildings equal to anything in the provincial towns of England or France. The explosions becoming rather frequent, I felt rather nervous for the top of my head. At length one great house going off within a hundred yards of me, and scattering large splinters of stone all round, decided me to gallop out of the place, which I accordingly did, as hard as ever I could. The panic in the main street became general, and the rush of the crowd tremendous, drunken soldiers and sailors, French and English, tumbling over one another, and those on horseback riding over them. I put my head down and my spurs in, and scoured up the street as hard as ever I could go, regardless of everyone except myself, for one mine was connected with another, and after the first explosion a succession of smaller ones followed. I got out all safe, though covered with dust and powder. The last twelve hours it has been raining in torrents, so I hope the fire is a little moderated, and I shall venture in again to-morrow, and give you a better account of the town in my next letter.

The fall of Sebastopol may make us meet sooner than we anticipated. Poor Buckley, of my regiment, was shot the night before the taking of Sebastopol, while posting his sentinels in front of the Redan. Poor fellow, it is sad to think he should be so near running safe into harbour, and yet just miss it.

The following letter to his mother, of September 27, describes the wreck of Sebastopol, in the possession of the allies indeed, but still open to fire from the Russians, who had returned to the north side of the harbour. Their forces now practically constituted a field army, resting on the heights on the right bank of the Tchernaya, which at every suitable point were strongly fortified and armed with artillery.

All thought and expectation of active operations for this autumn seem to be abandoned, and our only care now is to prepare for the winter, and a good deal of energy is displayed in all quarters. A large proportion of the army is employed daily in making a road from Balaclava to the camp, with branch roads going to the different divisions; each brigade has a piece allotted to it, and in a month's time as good a road will exist as there is from London to Hounslow. The road runs close alongside of the railway. A good many in the brigade have got three months' leave of absence, and are going away daily. I certainly do envy them rather, but the weather is now very charming, and of all the seasons most endurable in camp this is the most; and if it were not for the longing I have to see you all, I should be quite happy. I like Adjutant's work a great deal better than being Aide-de-camp. There is a great deal to do, and to me very interesting, though other people I dare say would think it a great bore. I live in a marquee that was given me by General Barnard. We mess in a hut which we made ourselves. Our mess is capital; the servants have become admirable cooks, the whole housekeeping and foraging is managed by Charlie Hay,* who has a natural talent for the thing. The members are Adolphus Vane Tempest, Scarlett,† Charlie Hay and myself. We have had two guests staying with us lately, Calthorpe and an Italian, Duke of Vallombrosa his name is; he is a very good fellow and has a great admiration for everything English.

The whole army is to commence hutting within the next ten days. I daresay this won't be completed for two months; in the meantime I have carried away every sort of thing movable from Sebastopol—boards, roofing, fireplaces, caldrons, chairs, etc. A gleam of the old

* Hon. Charles Hay.

† Col. the Hon. W. Frederick Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger.

misrule broke out after the taking of the place. An order was issued that not a thing was to be touched by private individuals, but that the public transport service would bring everything up and that it should be equally divided. However, they were so long about it that the Russians placed mortars in position and shelled the town so that it became a service of danger to go in, so they rescinded the order and brought nothing up, so now we shift for ourselves, but the French have had the pick. Everything of value has of course long ago disappeared—in fact the Russians carried nearly everything away—but it is very interesting walking through the deserted rooms of the houses, and some streets have been entirely spared by the fire.

Walking through Sebastopol early in the morning, when no one is moving but the French and English sentries over the public buildings and deserted streets, gives one most melancholy thoughts. Some parts of the town are completely grown over with shrubs and grass—the inhabitants must have deserted them months ago, and no one could have entered into them from their being commanded by our batteries. The dry docks and dockyards are magnificent. They are said to have cost the Russians five millions sterling to build. A great portion of them are of green granite, and the great aqueduct, which we cut off some months ago, brought water to them from the Tchernaya. We have sunk shafts under them in all directions, and with an hour's notice this work of years can be blown into a mass of ruins. I have just received your letter of the 13th. I am sure your pleasure at the fall of Sebastopol must have been quite equal to ours out here, but your hope of the Russians evacuating the north side will, I am afraid, not be realised. They are working away hard, throwing up works and making batteries. I am going to send home to Papa by Vane,* who leaves to-morrow for

* Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest.

England, all your letters, a very large packet; they have been to me my greatest interest in the Crimea. I have read them over often enough, and he will take care of them for me.

During the next few days Lindsay heard from home that, for the benefit of his father's failing health, the family were about to spend the winter at Florence, and the following letter, dated October 8th, is addressed to General Lindsay at Marseilles.

We are settling down into winter quarters, building kitchens and huts. Plenty to do but not of a very exciting nature. The Russians, as usual, have been working and burrowing like moles, and have thrown up earthworks and placed eighty guns and mortars in position on the north side. Every day makes it more improbable that we shall move now, but the prevailing opinion lately has been that we should have attacked them from the Balbec, and a great pity I think it is that we have not. But of course this fine weather has not been thrown away, and it was of great importance that the troops should be well prepared for the winter, which they will be now. I see the papers have already begun to abuse General Simpson, but I don't think he cares much about it. He was rather annoyed at being made full General and placed over so many old General Officers' heads. The Sultan sent him a present of a magnificent sword, the hilt all covered with diamonds and precious stones. He said to the Pasha who presented it, that he was not able to accept it without Her Majesty's leave, and there was rather an amusing scene, for neither of them talking French very well, the Pasha thought the present was not good enough, or not suited to the General's taste. At last the sword was made over to Pelissier, who is to keep it till the permission to receive it arrives.

To his mother he writes on October 16:

An order came out yesterday that the army is to be under arms every morning an hour before daylight till further orders. I suppose they have reason to expect an attack, but it appears to me very improbable. We have just received a fresh draft of men from England—200. They are short but very thickset and strong, and a good deal older than our former drafts. This is a great advantage, for the young boys generally sicken and go into hospital very soon after their arrival.

The news of General Lindsay's health showed improvement. To him his son wrote on October 22:

I was indeed very glad to receive your last letter from Grosvenor Square, written in your usual strong, steady hand. I am glad you wrote to General Simpson; I am sure your letter must have been a great comfort to him; and I think he needs it, for those vile papers have treated him most disgracefully. Those about him say he does not care; he certainly does not show it, but I think he feels it all the more. There is a very strong and affectionate feeling for him in the army, and one of universal disgust and contempt for the Press.

We still continue to be turned out under arms before daylight, but the Russians don't come. I suspect they never will. We are making a battery on Fort Paul, the nearest spot in Sebastopol to the north side. The Russians have not yet discovered our intention. As soon as they do they will commence shelling the working parties, who at present work in peace. The town is uninhabited, except by the various guards, who are relieved every day. We are gradually making ourselves pretty comfortable with the wood and planks that we carry off out of Sebastopol.

You should see the magnificent roads we are making over this part of the country! The only fault is, per-

haps, that they are too good and too broad; nearly the whole of our men are employed upon them daily. The authorities began by allotting to each brigade a certain distance of road to make; so when we had finished ours we were congratulating ourselves upon having some time for drills, etc., in order to get our men into something like soldierlike shape, when, to our disappointment, Mr. Shaw, the civil engineer, wrote to General Simpson to say, that unless the Brigade of Guards were made to work the roads would never be finished before winter, for the Guards did more work than any other three brigades; so we were put at it again, but our spirits were flattered by having the letter read out on parade. It is very hard work, and this fatigue takes nearly all the subalterns every day. The officers are obliged to be walking about and keeping the men at their work from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon.

We have at present a fearful amount of drunkenness amongst both sergeants and men. I don't suppose ever there were so many courts-martial in the regiment as there are now. It arises from this extra sixpence a day field allowance, which I dare say you may have heard of having been given the men. It is a great mistake. They had quite enough money before, and every farthing they get the men spend in drink. At the beginning of the month each man had 2*l.* 10*s.* back field allowance paid him, and for two days discipline was at an end. Every man was drunk; it was really quite alarming. However, in three days all the money was gone, and champagne, claret, and sherry bottles were lying about the camp in quantities; the canteen men could not supply wine fast enough. However, thank Heaven it is all gone now; and I don't suppose out of the 2000*l.* which was paid to the battalion that night there is a hundred pounds in the possession of the men. Such is Lord Panmure's admirable arrangement!

To his mother he writes, October 26:

General Simpson keeps his health wonderfully. I think there is now as strong a feeling in his favour here as there appears to be at home against him. I dare say, however, he won't remain to command in the next year's campaign. I am delighted at the idea of Coutts going to the Italian Legion. If he gets the command of a regiment it will be an immense interest to him. I heard Percy was likely to throw up the command. I hope he won't meet and dissuade Coutts from trying his hand. The Sardinian troops out here are very fine fellows. I should envy Coutts his command uncommonly; if the war goes on it may lead to anything. The weather here still continues beautiful; the nights cold, but the days cloudless and with a warm sun. The country out by Balbec is charming, large woods, and green fields and orchards, with magnificent large oaks. The few hamlets and cottages are mostly deserted by the Tartars, though some still remain, who must have a difficult game to play between their alternate masters, the Russians and ourselves. I think they are more friendly disposed to us than to the Russians. Adieu, my dearest mother. Give my love to the dear father. I am so glad he is getting well and strong again. I can't fancy him ill.

On November 5, 1855, Lindsay wrote the last letter his father lived to receive from him:

This time last year the battle of Inkerman was just at its conclusion. How many poor fellows were now breathing their last! Yesterday, the 4th, was set apart for a thanksgiving to God for the success at Sebastopol; and thankful every one of us felt, not only for that, but for having been spared through a year of warfare and sickness. Pelissier this morning reviewed the Imperial Guards, previous to their return to France. He made them a most flattering speech when they marched past—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, Zouaves de la Garde

together with their artillery, horse and foot—in fact, a little *corps d'armée* complete in itself. General Clere has just been appointed to the command. During the winter he was Colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Zouaves, and was encamped at Inkerman with us, and was very friendly. He is one of the finest fellows in the French army.

I breakfasted with General Simpson this morning. He said he had not heard from you for two mails; he said he liked very much hearing from you, for you gave him more news than anyone. I hope you will write to him, for it certainly cheers him up. I can see that he is very anxious to get away; he hates the command now, for they behave so badly to him at home, giving him no support, and sending him paragraphs out of newspapers, etc., and asking explanations. The report in the camp here is that General Knollys is the new Commander-in-Chief—a capital man, but the Press will blacken his reputation in six months, and Government will recall him, as they will General Simpson. It must be a bold man to take command of this army if he has any reputation to lose.

On November 16 he tells his mother:

General Simpson has left the Crimea, having voluntarily resigned the command of the army. He sailed last Monday, and I believe experienced more pleasure in resigning the command than ever man did in accepting it. I think he is generally regretted; all those who knew him had a very great admiration for him.

The anniversary of the storm of last November passed off quite calmly, but the following day (yesterday) a most dreadful explosion took place about four in the afternoon, the whole ground shook and a great column of smoke burst up into the air and hundreds of shells burst in the midst of it. The roar like thunder continued some minutes, for one magazine after another caught fire and all the shells piled in the neighbourhood ignited and

exploded in all directions, causing dreadful destruction. The whole French siege train was a mass of ruins, and our own right siege train adjoining to it is in very nearly as bad a condition ; our loss in killed and wounded is said to exceed a hundred men. The French have probably lost many more. They take good care, however, that their loss is never known by the curious. It is fortunate this accident did not happen during the operation against the town. The Russians opened every gun they could bear upon us from the north side immediately they saw what had happened, and I have no doubt cheered lustily. There was an apprehension in the minds of our Generals of an attack, for the army was kept during last night with their accoutrements on, and turned out under arms at half-past four this morning. It is difficult to conjecture what the Russians intend doing. They had a grand review a few days ago on the heights opposite Inkerman ; they had dispensed with their long grey coats which they always wear, and were in short green tunics, so it is generally supposed the Emperor was present. Our new Commander-in-Chief (General Sir William Codrington) published his general order to the army the day after General Simpson's departure. The next day he had a review of the whole of our artillery, a sight to make every Englishman proud, for in this branch of the service we certainly surpass our allies : the magnificence of the horses, the size of the guns, caused the admiration and also the envy of the French.

The Crimean weather was delightful up to the middle of November 1855, but then broke, with the result that the ground became knee-deep in mud while the greater part of the men were still in tents. Well might Lindsay say, writing to his mother November 23 :

It is curious that with the enormous number of huts said to be sent out from England, they could not have

served them out before the bad weather set in. We have now a little more than a hundred men hutted, the remaining five hundred are in tents. Last night our hospital hut blew down, and all the unfortunate sick had to be huddled into tents. I am so glad at Coutts' good fortune in receiving the command of a regiment in the Lombard Contingent. He will have no easy task in forming his regiment by all accounts, however, if he ever gets them into shape, and on service it will be a fine thing. I am now the only one left in camp of those who originally left England with the battalion.

On December 6 he writes :

We have another hut issued to us to-day. This makes the ninth men's hut we have received, each hut holding twenty-five men. We have as yet only one officers' hut, which is seventy-two feet long and divided into eight partitions, two officers in each partition. I have not moved into mine, for it is too small for two to be comfortable in it, so I still remain in my tent. I am building myself a little house of stone with doors and windows brought out of Sebastopol, and when it is finished it will be very comfortable. The roads are now finished, and the men are no longer working every day, but the weather is so bad that it is seldom we can employ them working and setting our own camp in order. The mud is knee-deep. I wish the frost and snow would come. We have sometimes great difficulty in putting up our huts, from the pieces being mixed and often altogether missing, but I believe we can't accuse the authorities at home of this, for the huts were sent out complete, and all the pieces numbered, but when the ships containing them arrived at Constantinople, Admiral Grey, who was in want of transport, ordered the huts to be transferred to other ships, and so they all got mixed, but the mistake the Government made was not ordering all the huts of one pattern instead of six different sizes and shapes.

On December 22 he again writes to his mother :

Our weather here has lately been most extremely cold—I think colder than it ever was last year, but now, of course, we are much better off, and consequently feel it less ; still the men are not hutted, though it wants but three days to Christmas. My house is now comfortable, though I have not yet moved into it on account of the walls being damp. I shall be very glad to get out of a tent, for I find it impossible to sit still in it for any length of time either to read or write. The snow has been on the ground about a week now, and is about a foot deep, but frozen hard over. The Grenadiers have built a large redoubt, which they defended against us and the Coldstream. The day before yesterday we gave the assault, and really a most serious engagement took place ; in about an hour we overpowered them and threw them all out into the ditch. Some fine poems and sonnets have been written upon the subject and upon the deeds of daring there done. Our life is, as you may imagine, particularly dull and monotonous just at present. Before the frost came, an attempt was made at amusement by having paper chases on horseback, and every Monday and Saturday the hunt met at headquarters and either ran towards Kamiesh or Kamara, the Highlanders' camp, jumping over any little walls that might be met with. This amusement caused the utmost astonishment amongst the French, who consider it the very height of folly riding after little bits of paper.

During the autumn of 1855, General Lindsay's health had given rise to much anxiety. He was, however, able to start on a journey to Florence, but at Avignon he was taken seriously ill. He recovered sufficiently to reach Genoa, but his strength finally failed, and he died there on December 4, 1855. The poignancy of his anxiety concerning not his son only, but the whole

army, during the dangers of the campaign and the hardships of the previous winter had told upon him, and lessened his power to struggle against illness. He had followed his son's military career with intense interest, and with a pride in his gallant deeds which is touchingly expressed in the following extracts from a letter to his wife, written from London some months previous to his illness.

I did not know till this morning that I was troubled with tender feelings, or delicate sympathies, or liable to make a fool of myself from such causes. But I went to-day to see the Panorama of the Alma, and as I first looked on the representation of that bloody field, the Guards in the foreground, and so many of them lying prostrate, soldiers and officers, and our gallant boy the prominent figure in the foreground, raising the Standard of England in the midst of the fight, looking boldly aloft in contempt of the danger surrounding him, I began to see *indistinctly*, and walked away to the other side of the room. This episode of the Standard seems to be the favourite portion of the showman's story, and which he seems to have taken from Mr. Burford, who was anxious to make this *the point*. Before leaving the room I told him I was the boy's father, at which he almost fell down to worship me, and followed me downstairs to tell Mr. Burford I was there, but he happened to be out, so I promised to return.

Immediately on hearing the news of his father's death at Genoa, Robert Lindsay obtained a month's leave, and left the Crimea to join his mother at Florence, where she was staying with her son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Lindsay. He arrived there on January 14, 1856, and spent a few weeks with his family. The delight of seeing him again after the perils and hardships

of two years' campaigning greatly cheered his mother in her sorrow.* On his way back to the Crimea he called on Lady Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, and heard the news just received at the Embassy of the signing of an armistice which was to last till March. On arriving in the Crimea he found that the docks had been all blown up and Sebastopol levelled to the ground. The last explosion at the docks had taken place only five days before, and unfortunately a British Engineer officer had been blown up and buried in the ruins. Writing on March 17 to his mother he says:

On the 14th of this month the armistice was signed, just beyond the Tractir bridge, on the part of the allies, by the Chiefs of the staff, Wyndham and Martin Prez, and for the Russians by a General whose name I forget. The Russian came attended by a large staff, most of whom spoke English. They were very merry and good-humoured, exchanged cigar cases, etc., said they had heard of the theatre at Kamiesh and hoped soon to have the pleasure of being present at it. Our boundary by the agreement is the left bank of the Tchernaya, and the Russians confine themselves, or rather do not confine themselves, to the right, for many of them have walked right up into our camps—but the greater numbers of course remain on the banks of the river, and there every day most friendly meetings take place. I was there most of this morning and in conversation with some officers; one was very anxious to exchange swords with me, but as his was very inferior to mine I could not consent. Many of them are decorated, and point with great pride to their Balaclava crosses and Sebastopol medals. All that I have seen, both officers and

* The photograph which forms the frontispiece of this volume was taken during this visit to Florence.

men, are particularly fine-looking, strong, healthy men, and give you by no means the idea of a sickly camp.

On March 30, 1856, the treaty of Paris was signed. The news reached the allied camp on April 2. Lindsay says to his mother on April 4 :

Everybody expected it, and consequently it caused no great excitement—we fired a salute of 100 guns, the French did the same, and so ends the Russian campaign just two years after the declaration of war. I wonder how long peace will last. I have a notion that very few of us will ever hear another shot fired. It is curious that so great a war should terminate so shortly.

A letter of April 14 describes the great strength of the Russian position on the heights which Lindsay had then visited; he also sketches a scene of international good feeling, aided by champagne, in which England was represented by several officers of the Brigade of Guards.

The day before yesterday I rode up the McKenzie heights and saw the position and batteries we had so long watched from a distance and speculated on the possibility of taking. I had forgotten since the day of the flank march when we came down from the McKenzie farm how very steep and inaccessible the hills are, and since that the Russians have carefully fortified every weak spot. I counted twenty-four batteries with six or eight guns in each, and so skilfully placed that from a dozen points at once along the line of heights these batteries could be brought to bear upon one point, producing a tremendous flanking fire, so that I don't believe a rabbit could have found cover. When we got on the top of the plateau we found Lord Rokeby sitting and evidently reflecting upon the amount of nonsense he had talked for the last six months, for he was the great advocate for storming the heights. After the fall of the city he

used to talk and think of nothing else. It certainly was very fortunate no one listened to his advice.

The Russian Generals give the allies the greatest credit for not moving after the fall of Sebastopol. Supposing we had carried the heights at a great loss we should have gained a fruitless victory and have driven the enemy nearer to their resources. On the top of the hills we found a very small camp and evidently from the appearance of the ground they had never had a large force there. The scarcity of water is very great, it having to be carried upon horses' backs from the ravines; great quantities of brushwood and roots of trees, so the Russians could never have been badly off for fuel. Their huts are built with mud plastered over brushwood wattled together, not such a thing as a tent or a hut built with planks. A Russian soldier has to thank his country for very little; a long grey greatcoat and trousers and a certain amount of linseed bread and oil, which together with his musket and belts sum up the total of his worldly goods. Not so expensive an animal as the British Grenadier.

From the plateau we rode with Romilly towards the Balbec along the Corales Pass. There we found a strong force of Russians encamped close by the village. We stopped to listen to a band that was playing, and an officer invited us to come into the general quarters. We walked in and were received most cordially by the General and his staff. The General's name was Peterenikoff. He was sitting surrounded by his staff drinking punch. He was a particularly jolly old fellow, though one of his Aides-de-camp told me he was not much thought of by the authorities because he would tell the truth. By degrees the old General became very loquacious, and he and Rokeby *clinquaient* their glasses and pledged each other every minute. Presently we all went out into the open air, where great numbers of the men were standing in

front of the huts. The band played and the men sang Russian songs really extremely well. The General pursued us with drink at every moment. A glass of punch or champagne was civilly forced into your hand, and as there were no tables you had to carry this about until you could manage to drink it up. All these little things combined had such a pleasing effect on the company that the very best feeling reigned throughout. I was not the least surprised when the old General danced off in a polka and was speedily followed by his guests. This phase in the proceedings soon wore off, and was followed by the sentimental business, in which Rokeby and the General shook hands and embraced. The band played "God save the Queen" and "God save the Emperor."

Robert Lindsay's Crimean correspondence practically closes with the following account, written to his mother on April 25th, of a week's riding tour which he and some brother officers made to the southern coast of the Crimea:

I came back yesterday from a tour in the Crimea, having been absent seven days. Our journey was very successful. We had eight days' leave of absence, but the weather was so bad the first day that we did not start. However, the following day we made up our minds to start, fair weather or foul, so with two carts containing tents and provisions, etc., our party, consisting of Berkeley, Dolly Vane, Hay and myself, set out. Our first day's march was to Backshesarai. We sent our carts on before with orders to pitch our tents just outside the town. When we got there, however, it was raining so very hard that we were glad to find that our interpreter had persuaded a Jew for the sum of two pounds to allow us to occupy a room in his house. After stabling our horses in an empty shed we walked

about the town, which is certainly not worth seeing. Luders has his headquarters here at present, and the town is full of Russian soldiers, who are all extremely civil. Backshesarai was the old Tartar capital of the Crimea, but there is nothing of interest left except the old Palace of the Khans, now converted into a hospital. In the courtyard of our house were a number of children with their unfortunate mothers, who, the master of the house told us, were wives of soldiers killed in Sebastopol, and whom he allowed to live in his yard, where they were endeavouring to get shelter from the rain under some empty waggons and carts. The women said they intended to go back to Sebastopol and find their homes. We left some money for them, but the Jew appeared so anxious to have the distribution of the money that we suspected he meant to stop it for their miserable lodging, so we gave it at once to the women.

Next morning we were not sorry to leave our quarters, and send our carts on early to Simpheropol, while we ourselves went to visit a gorge we had heard the Russian officers talk of with great admiration. We rode along certainly a most magnificent pass with great cliffs on each side, rising, I should think, 800 or 900 feet perpendicular; half-way up the rock and hollowed out in it is a Greek monastery with three frescoes of saints of enormous size looking down the gorge. At the head of this pass, which is called Souchoup Kaley—Jehoshaphat Valley—there is a most curious old walled town inhabited entirely by Jews. We visited it and walked about its almost deserted streets. The houses are built of stone, and are much superior to those of the Tartar villages. We were taken to the house of the Rabbi, who received us with very good manners, and said his people had lived here for 2000 years. They left their country before the time of our Saviour, and had first migrated to the Caucasus, and from thence to the Crimea. In the time of the

Empress Katherine their city contained one thousand families, but since that time many had left and were dispersed over Russia, and that now there were only two hundred families.

We rode into Simpheropol about half-past five, and found our carts at the Hotel Odessa, where, however, we did not alight. The coffee room was full of Russian officers smoking and drinking. At one end of the room was a picture of the Emperor, at the other a gigantic musical snuff box bigger than a piano grinding away all the oldest polkas and waltzes. We shortly afterwards hired a large empty room, where we deposited our things and sallied out to dine at the best coffee house we could find, which we were told was near the theatre. We ate a most infamous dinner but met some very agreeable Russians. One, Count Edgar Hamanaroffsky, who was introduced to us by a little brute of an American in the Russian service who took upon himself to do the honours of the place, ordered our dinner and sat down to it with us; he was on the medical staff, and spun some tremendous stories. He told us their loss in sick had been enormous, Crimean fever and typhus, closely resembling the old plague, carrying off men in a few hours. One hundred thousand sick are said to have been at Simpheropol, and as we walked along the streets at night we could see every other house lighted up and beds ranged in rows.

Count Edgar invited us to come and have tea with him after the theatre, at his lodgings. He told us he was one of a Commission sent down by the Empress to distribute a charity of a million and a half of francs amongst the sick and wounded of the army. He also told us that the Russians had intended to evacuate the town, and had the assault been delayed three days, we should have marched in without opposition. The next morning we started by cross roads to the south side of the Crimea. On Monday night we slept at a Tartar

village near the foot of the Chatir Dag at the house of the head Tartar, who treated us particularly well. While we were sitting there a little German gentleman walked in, said he heard there were some English officers in the village, and begged we would come and breakfast at his house the following morning, and even asked us to come at once and sleep there, but we would not leave our Tartar. So the next morning he sent his son to conduct us to his house, a very pretty place at the foot of the mountains, where we breakfasted with him and his wife, a most intelligent, clever little woman. They talked French and a little English, and had been settled in the Crimea twenty years. The husband has been a *négociant* at St. Petersburg, where he made his money and purchased this estate, where they have lived ever since.

Our next march was to Yalta on the south coast, from whence we visited Orianda, the villa belonging to the Empress, a large square building without any beauty, though in a lovely situation close to the sea, with immense rocks at the back and trees growing down to the water's edge. Numbers of villas are strewn along this coast. Prince Woronzoff has his palace at Aloupka —beautiful gardens, and I suppose what a cockney would call a beautiful house, but how Prince Woronzoff could have had it built I can't think, for it certainly is the most snobbish erection I ever saw, something between the Pavilion at Brighton and the new Houses of Parliament on a small scale. One more night we slept out in a deserted house by the wayside, about five miles from the French outposts, and the next morning we came in by the Phoros Pass, when we had to take our carts to pieces and carry them over the barricade across the road which the French still persist in maintaining, though both the Russians and ourselves have long since levelled ours.

The Scots Fusilier Guards did not get away to England so soon as they might reasonably have hoped.

Once again our soldiers had reason to envy the superiority of the arrangements that the French authorities made for theirs. On May 7, nearly six weeks after the conclusion of peace, when the French had shipped 40,000 men to their homes, only two British regiments had been dispatched from the Crimea. The postponement of the withdrawal of the British doubtless served to strengthen the delusion which Lindsay said "the poor Tartar peasants" had been cherishing "from seeing so many English riding about the country—namely, that we had remained masters of the Crimea. They will be grievously disappointed," he adds, "poor people, when we go away and leave them to the tender mercies of the Russians, who by no means look upon them with a friendly eye because of their assistance to the allies. A good many Tartar families have been shipped to Bulgaria, where the Turkish Government gave them grants of land. It was said that the rest of them were to be removed to the interior of Russia."

The delays in their start for England naturally caused some irritation among the British soldiers, which compliments from the War Office did not soothe. "Lord Panmure," wrote Lindsay on May 18, "has sent out a most offensive order, expressing his satisfaction at the conduct of the army during the campaign, as if anyone cared for approbation from him." But this annoyance was soon forgotten in the joy of welcome home from family and friends, and in the sense that England was not ungrateful to those who had fought and suffered for her, but was proud of their heroic daring in action and of the patient fortitude with which they endured the hardships and sufferings of the dark days of the campaign.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN TO ENGLAND—VICTORIA CROSS—EQUERRYSHIP TO THE PRINCE OF WALES—MARRIAGE—THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—VISIT TO BELGIUM

1857–1866

On June 11, 1856, Lindsay finally left the Crimea. Troop-ships moved slowly in those days, and it was not till July 3 that the Scots Guards landed, and proceeded the same day to Aldershot, where they were inspected by the Duke of Cambridge. On the 9th, the Guards made their public entry into London, marching through the streets to Hyde Park, where they were reviewed by the Queen. "I saw the entry of the Guards from the Carlton Club," wrote Mrs. Holford to her mother. "Robin looked very handsome, and unlike anyone else, he was on horseback."* His cousin, Lady Augusta Keppel,† adds:

* The horse Lindsay rode on this occasion had served throughout the Crimean campaign, beginning with Varna. He was owned by a succession of officers, one of whom, Colonel Hunter Blair, was mortally wounded on his back at Inkerman. After this he passed into Sir George Higginson's possession, from whom he was purchased by Lindsay on joining Sir James Simpson's staff. He lived to a ripe old age, and in his latter days was ridden by Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay. Owing partly to this early association, Lindsay and his wife had a predilection for chestnuts, and among their best hunters were the red-roan Punchestown winner Stilton, and Oakball and Pitsford, both Northamptonshire bred, the latter a horse of great power and courage, who carried his master for some fifteen years with the Pytchley and the Old Berks.

† Afterwards Lady Augusta Noel.

You can't imagine what a touching sight it was to see those noble fellows march in, many of them in their old worn-out uniforms; there were the colours Bob carried at Alma, pierced through and through with shot, and there he was himself, just the same quiet, calm, noble-looking fellow as ever, as the men passed through cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and laurel leaves thrown down upon them; I wish you could have heard the sound of that welcome! The streets and windows were crowded, the bands playing "Highland Laddie home again." Some of our party went to the park to see the review, and saw Bob and shook hands with him. They say he was the only calm and quiet one of the whole lot. The Queen drove through them all; cheer after cheer for her at the end rose from the whole brigade, all the bear-skins were thrown into the air.

During the years that followed the Crimean campaign Lindsay was quartered partly in the dirty old barracks of Portsmouth and partly in London, where he soon became a conspicuous figure in society. His beauty of face and figure and distinguished bearing marked him out in any assemblage as no ordinary man. Mrs. Cameron, whose artistic skill in photography was perhaps at its best in her impersonations of the characters of Tennyson's "Idylls," was wont to say that he was nearer than anyone she knew to her ideal of King Arthur.

He returned from the Crimea with the well-deserved reputation of a hero, but he also came back as simple and modest as the day he left home, although widened and deepened in character by his training in the greatest of all schools. Those two years spent face to face with the sternest realities of life and death left a deep and lasting impress on him. He seldom

spoke of these things, for his nature was one of reserve and restraint, but they set their mark on him and taught him to view the facts of life in their true proportion, to estimate character, and to pitch his own standard high. This steadfastness of thought and purpose enabled him to pass unscathed through the ordeal of social adulation in London; for with Lindsay through life, in war or in peace, it was not the "glory" but the "thing" upon which his heart was set. Some people, men and women, are not to be spoilt, let fortune do for them what it will; they are not too numerous, but assuredly Lindsay was one of them. A quotation from a sermon of the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), jotted down at that time by him in a pocket-book, gives the keynote to his inner life: "*For in the hearts of those who retire often from the littleness of common things into the greatness of God's presence, there does, of His mercy, grow up day by day a nobleness of aim, a quick steadiness of purpose, and a greatness of conduct, which makes them other than what they were before.*"

As Adjutant, he was necessarily in close touch with the men of his regiment, and in his letters references occasionally occur to his work among the soldiers, a work he rarely alluded to, but which he carried on with zeal and energy, holding Bible-classes, and reading and talking to the men. About this period he came, together with other young Guardsmen, under the influence of Miss Marsh, whose name is still held in honour in connexion with the remarkable missionary work carried on by her among soldiers and navvies. She was a woman of strong character, possessing great gifts of

sympathy and influence. These drew towards her many young men to whom Crimean experiences had given a serious turn. She held weekly meetings at her father's rectory at Beckenham, and among the Guardsmen who frequented these gatherings were Lindsay and his brother officer "Bob" Anstruther, who ultimately married one of Miss Marsh's nieces. Lindsay's religious convictions and serious views of duty remained with him through life, but the Evangelical phase proved a passing one.

On February 24, 1857, his name appeared in a special supplement of the "London Gazette" among the first recipients of the newly formed order, the Victoria Cross, in the following words:

Robert James Lindsay, Brevet-Major, First Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards.

When the formation of the line of the Regiment was disordered at the Alma (20th September, 1854), Captain Lindsay stood firm with the Colours, and, by his example and energy, greatly tended to restore order.

At Inkerman (November 5), at a most trying moment, he, with a few men, charged a party of Russians, driving them back, and running one through the body himself.

He thus enjoyed the unique distinction of having the Cross conferred on him for two separate acts of valour in the same campaign, one at Alma and one at Inkerman. This should have carried with it a double clasp, but by some oversight it was omitted. On June 27 he received the Cross from the Queen's own hands, and his mother thus describes the function:

VICTORIA CROSS

Yesterday the Queen gave away the Victoria Crosses. We got tickets for places just behind her, so could see beautifully. There were thousands and tens of thousands of spectators, but except a lucky few, among whom we were, everyone had to stand on the most uncomfortable sloping platforms, their toes lower than their heels, under a burning sun. The excitement to get tickets was furious. The sight was as beautiful as a sight could be. The Queen looked pretty and rode well, and smiled as she attached the Cross to the little loop made to receive it. She said a few words to Bob, but he could not make out what they were. He looked particularly handsome. He came afterwards to luncheon, bringing with him Lieutenant Knox, who had been his pay sergeant in the Crimea, and received a commission in the Rifles; he was one of those decorated yesterday.

Early in the following year a course of musketry was opened at Hythe for the special instruction of Adjutants of the three Regiments of Guards, and in that capacity it was attended by Lindsay, Frederick Keppel, Robert Anstruther, Alexander, Fremantle, and Fletcher. Lindsay always looked back on this as a specially happy time; the little coterie of Adjutants were close comrades: Anstruther had been his intimate friend in the Crimea; his friendship with Keppel and with Fletcher was of more recent date, but none the less close. During the ten weeks he spent at Hythe he worked hard, and writing to his mother, says:

We plunged at once on my arrival into musketry, and have been immersed in it ever since. Theoretical principles and the whole history of small arms, from the first invention of gunpowder down to the latest invention of modern days, occupy our whole time; at present we

have not advanced beyond the Middle Ages before the time of Galileo, who wrote a book on projectiles, and was the first to discover the effect of gravity upon them; before his time it was supposed that a bullet flew for some distance in a straight line, and then dropped suddenly. If Lindsay (Lord Lindsay) can recollect any *entertaining* piece of information connected with the early invention of small arms or cannon, I wish he would write it to me, as it all works in usefully in lecturing to the men. All sorts of new inventions are daily tried here; breech-loaders of every description and pattern, different-shaped bullets, and different degrees of powder, etc.

In the spring of 1858 he was selected by the Prince Consort for the post of Equerry in the newly formed household of the young Prince of Wales. The Prince Consort, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, says:

The Prince of Wales is to make a run for fourteen days to the south of Ireland with Mr. Gibbs, Captain de Ros, and Dr. Minter, by way of recreation. When he returns to London he is to take up residence at the White Lodge in Richmond Park, so as to be away from the world and devote himself exclusively to study and prepare for a military examination. As companions for him we have appointed three very distinguished young men of from twenty-three to twenty-six years of age, who are to occupy, in monthly rotation, a kind of Equerry's place about him, and from whose more intimate intercourse I anticipate no small benefit to Bertie. They are Lord Valletort, the eldest son of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who has been on the Continent, is a thoroughly good, moral, and accomplished man,

* The lectures alluded to were a course of eight, which he had to deliver to the men, upon the properties of the newly introduced rifle, which he describes as "possessing a hundred parts, each part having two ends, and each end a different name."

draws well and plays, and never was at a public school, but passed his youth in attendance on his invalid father; Major Teesdale, of the Artillery, who distinguished himself greatly at Kars, where he was Aide-de-camp and factotum of Sir Fenwick Williams; Major Lindsay, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who received the Victoria Cross for Alma and Inkerman (as Teesdale did for Kars), where he carried the colours of the regiment, and by his courage drew upon himself the attention of the whole army. He is studious in his habits, lives little with the other young officers, is fond of study, familiar with French and especially so with Italian, spent a portion of his youth in Italy, won the first prize last week under the regimental Adjutant for the new rifle drill, and resigned his excellent post as Aide-de-camp to Sir James Simpson that he might be able to work as Lieutenant in the trenches. Besides these three, only Mr. Gibbs and the Rev. Mr. Tarver will go with him to Richmond.

In informing his mother of the appointment, Lindsay writes:

I think the contents of the enclosed will surprise, and I hope, please you. Nothing could have been greater than my astonishment. I must say I am very much flattered at the proposal, and I should like to have your opinion as soon as possible. If the humblest mother in the kingdom had picked me out to be with her son I should have been flattered. How much more when the offer comes from the Queen.

Before taking up the duties of his post, Lindsay had a long interview with the Prince Consort, who went fully into the principles which should guide the training of the young Prince, impressing him greatly by the earnestness, thoroughness, and sagacity which underlay

a curious shyness of manner. Lindsay's first impressions of the Prince of Wales are thus recorded:

I am just back from the White Lodge, where I have been spending two days, quite delighted with the Prince and much pleased with the whole thing. He is most desirous to please, very simple, with nice eyes that look you straight in the face, decidedly good-looking though small, very anxious to show me all his belongings, his horses, his dogs, the little prints he has collected, his books, etc., and to tell me all his plans. He is very modest, and does not seem at all to have a high opinion of his own importance. He is treated exactly like any other boy, not a bit more attention paid to him. He listens with interest and attention to conversation, and appears most intelligent, and his manners are very good. His principal talent evidently is in quick observation, learning more from what he hears and sees than from books. Those about him hardly seem to realise how intelligent he really is.

During the year 1858 Lindsay spent between two and three months in attendance on the Prince of Wales, but his period of service was not destined to be of long duration. On June 30 he became engaged to Harriet Jones-Loyd, the only child of Lord and Lady Overstone, and his connexion with the Prince of Wales terminated in the following year.

Young as they both were, the acquaintance between Lindsay and his bride was an old one, dating from the winter spent in Rome and Naples in 1851–52, and there had been subsequently frequent meetings both before and after the Crimean War. Lord Lindsay wrote as follows to Robert Lindsay's mother:

I do, indeed, congratulate you on the news of Robin's acceptance by Harriet Loyd. It is pleasant to think she

knew and will remember Bob's father, and will feel, as you have probably ere this told her, that he wished for her as a daughter, not on account of worldly advantages, but for her own sake and that of her father and mother, whom he esteemed and loved so highly. How often he used to talk of her, of Harriet! Well, they will be a happy pair; for I think, without prejudice, that each has drawn a prize, or rather, that God has guided each of them in the choice of partners for time and eternity. A fair prospect they have before them of mutual love, of filial duty, and of doing good to others.

The following words addressed by Lord Overstone to his future son-in-law shortly after his engagement show how cordial was his approval of the marriage and how warmly he welcomed him into his home life:

Many thanks, my dear Robert, for your kind note, which has reached me this morning. It is the one remaining source of comfort to Lady Overstone and myself in our declining years to see you and our dear Harriet happy in your mutual affection and in the active discharge of the duties, not unimportant duties, which will await you through life. You will be surrounded by many new circumstances calculated to smooth the path of life and to diffuse around you the glow of enjoyment; but, after all, each person's true happiness must depend on his inward character, and not upon the advantageous circumstances in which he is placed. Happiness comes not by courting it, but as the silent and unexpected companion of duties faithfully discharged. This principle you must have found to soften the hardships of Crimean services, as it will assuredly lighten the difficulties and enhance all the joys of your future career.

In Harriet, I am sure, you have an invaluable companion and helpmeet. You may trust the soundness of

her judgment as much as the fidelity of her affection. May you both be useful in the important position which you must occupy, and may you be happy in the resources of your house and your hearts. You may be well assured of my sympathy and affection.

Owing to various circumstances, to Major Lindsay's duties at the White Lodge and the recent death of the bride's grandfather Mr. Lewis Loyd, the marriage was delayed for some months. It took place on November 17, 1858, at the parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The honeymoon was spent at Overstone, after which the young couple went to join Lord and Lady Overstone at Sir John Shaw Lefevre's hospitable home at Sutton Place. Here the young wife remained during her husband's Christmas term of waiting at Windsor, whence he writes to her with reference to the life that lay before them :

I see before us an immense happiness if we only know how to secure it. Think of the extended duties that come upon us so much earlier in life than to most people, and if properly fulfilled giving endless happiness and enjoyment. At present, I confess they are all before me in a maze, but we must endeavour to shape them out by degrees, and there is no one better able to help us than your father.

In the words of a writer in the " Edinburgh Review " :

The marriage was for Lindsay a great one, yet none could look on it as an unequal match. He had found a wife who, through their forty-two years of married life, strengthened his own innate feeling, that wealth and position are trusts that are held on behalf of

others, and that their own truest happiness would be found in making the best and wisest use of the vast opportunities that life had given them.*

To Major Lindsay (henceforth to be known as Loyd-Lindsay) marriage brought a complete change in mode of life and in its aims and aspirations, involving the substitution of civilian for military spheres of action. Lord and Lady Overstone were proud of their gallant son-in-law, and gave him warm and hearty welcome. But they could not relinquish the exclusive possession of their daughter without a struggle. Born eight years after their marriage, and three years after the death of an infant son, this only child was the very apple of their eye, and in her centred all their hopes and interests. She was moreover the close and constant companion of her father, who devoted much time and thought to her training and instruction, the influence of which remained with her through life.

She shared eagerly in all her husband's pursuits and work, his pleasures and amusements, from hunting and volunteering to estate management and politics. He relied much on her judgment and opinion; everything was discussed and worked out between them, and she herself used to say that she had filled the post, not altogether unsatisfactorily she flattered herself, of confidential private secretary both to her father and her husband.

The young couple lived chiefly with Lord and Lady Overstone, and a close bond of affection soon sprang up between Lindsay and his father-in-law. Having no sons

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1902.

of his own and but few youthful relatives Lord Overstone was unaccustomed to living with young men, and some forbearance and tact were needed on both sides in the new position they occupied towards each other. But as time wore on, confidence and affection increased between them, the older man grew to appreciate the younger's strong nature, while the latter in his turn sought counsel from his father-in-law in every action of life, and learnt to rely on his large experience and far-seeing judgment. Lord Overstone entered heartily into Lindsay's pursuits, watching with keen pleasure the development of his natural capacity for all the duties of his new position, county business, politics, and agriculture.

The Christmas term of waiting at Windsor was the last, but the friendly relations between the young Prince and his Equerry continued through life, the Prince always treating him with heartfelt cordiality and kindness. The first spring and summer of their married life was spent by the Loyd-Lindsays at Forest Farm, a small house on the edge of Windsor Forest, taken for the months during which the Scots Guards were quartered at Windsor. Life there they enjoyed to the full, exploring on horseback every nook and corner of the park and forest, as well as joining freely in the society of the neighbourhood and the pleasant parties given at the Castle by the Queen and the Prince Consort. There also began their lifelong friendship with Colonel Sir Francis Seymour (afterwards Marquis of Hertford) and his family. Graceful courtesy and charm of manner were with Sir Francis the outward expression of a singularly

generous and genial nature. Sympathy of mind and character combined with community of interests drew the two men together, and he became the Loyd-Lindsays' close friend and constant guest, privileged to drop in at all times uninvited both in town and country. Friendships such as these are the salt of life, and to the Loyd-Lindsays they were granted in fullest measure.

Soon after leaving Windsor, and within a year of his marriage, Loyd-Lindsay left the army with the rank, at the age of twenty-seven, of Lieutenant-Colonel. Thus early terminated the career in which he had already won fame, and which held out to him bright prospects of future distinction; but his marriage necessarily changed the current of his life. Long-cherished hopes and ambitions could not, however, be relinquished without a pang of regret, and the soldier-spirit within him could not die. Fortunately, one phase of his military life had hardly closed before another began for him through the Volunteer Movement, in which he was destined to play so leading a part.

Interests and occupations of other and varied natures were also opening out before him. At the time of their marriage, Lord Overstone settled on his son-in-law and daughter not only a considerable fortune but also his extensive landed estates in Berkshire. Lindsay's love of the country, and of everything connected with it, rendered this a most welcome gift. Lord and Lady Overstone spent much of their time with the young couple at their Berkshire home of Lockinge, where the even tenor of the joint family life was broken only by the death of Lady Overstone, who in 1864 closed her loving life of devotion to husband and daughter after a

short illness. It had been the desire of her life to make her home at Overstone, and with this view a new house had been erected there under her supervision; but she did not live to see her wish accomplished, and the house, which was barely completed at the time of her death, brought to Lord Overstone a sense of unfulfilment and of hopes frustrated. Nevertheless, he occupied it shortly after his wife's death, and for many succeeding years usually spent the winter there. To Lindsay hunting with the Pytchley formed the chief attraction of Overstone. A bold and accomplished rider, with a fine seat, a light hand, and a good eye for the country, he soon became known among the foremost in the field, and his wife frequently joined in the sport. Pleasant memories were associated with those hunting days, and with members of the Pytchley, such as Mr. Isted, the deaf and dumb squire of Ecton, Whyte-Melville, whose novels immortalised the hunting set, Jack Anstruther Thompson, prince of riders, and last but not least, Lord Spencer, who kept open house at Althorp, making it a centre of hospitality and gaiety, where a brilliant circle of fair women and brave men were wont to forgather at the court of his "Faery Queen."

The Volunteer Movement, which found in Loyd-Lindsay one of its earliest and most vigorous supporters, came into existence the year following his marriage, and scarcely had he severed his connexion with the regular army when he became enrolled in the new civil force. The movement originated during the last premiership of Lord Palmerston, a period which, though marked by political repose, was disturbed by a storm of alarm at the supposed

Lt Colonel and Hon. Mrs Lloyd-Lindsay
From a photograph by Mrs Cameron
1865

danger of foreign invasion, and by a consequent outburst of patriotism that banded together all classes and all parties in a joint effort to avert impending peril. National panics are usually but the exaggeration of national danger, and in this instance the instinct of the nation rang true, although the likelihood of actual invasion was probably more remote than the strongly stirred imagination of the people led them to believe. Notwithstanding the apparent friendliness of our ally in the Crimea, the nation was, rightly or wrongly, convinced that the revived Napoleonic *régime* must ultimately result in hostility towards England and revenge for Waterloo. The warlike and threatening language used by certain bellicose French Colonels added fuel to the smouldering fire; men's minds were excited by rumours of warlike preparations in France, and the possibilities of an outbreak of war were gravely discussed between ambassadors and Cabinet ministers. The Government resolved to meet the danger by increasing our forces to such an extent as to make the French Emperor hesitate to break the peace; and the nation on its side took the matter into its own hands by strengthening the bonds of commerce and by arming the population.

The idea of a Volunteer force was not a new one. In the early years of the nineteenth century, during the great war against the first Napoleon, invasion panics had been rife; hundreds of thousands had enrolled themselves, and regulations of those days were in existence in our statute books, ready for adaptation to new requirements. A yet older Volunteer force existed in the ancient Honourable Artillery Company of London,

which dated from the days of the Tudors, and of which Loyd-Lindsay later on became the Colonel Commanding.

In May 1859 Lord Derby (who had succeeded Lord Palmerston a year previously) determined to encourage the formation of Volunteer corps on the condition that no expense should be imposed on the country; he therefore refused to supply them with rifles, asserting that the Government desired a drilled, but not an armed, population. In June of that year, however, Lord Palmerston (who had meanwhile returned to power) took a broader and more generous view. In response to the popular demand, he undertook under certain conditions to supply the Volunteers with arms, and he subsequently made further concessions, including a grant of thirty shillings per man. The movement spread with astonishing rapidity. In June 1860, within a year of its commencement, the Queen reviewed 20,000 Volunteers in Hyde Park, and by May 1861 the force amounted to 160,000. It was no passing wave of enthusiasm that thus stirred the heart of the nation to its depths, but a deliberate conviction that not on her regular army, still less on conscript troops, but on voluntary enlistment, voluntary zeal, and voluntary self-sacrifice, must England rely for the defence of her shores. It was the nation's answer to foreign threats, and it silenced them.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay very early perceived the possibilities of the future. He believed in the "staying power" of the young citizen army; he threw himself heart and soul into the movement, and he lived to see his faith rewarded and his hopes fulfilled when, nearly half a century later, the Volunteers, over whose birth he

had presided and whose footsteps he had guided, shared with the regular army in the hardships and the dearly won triumphs of the South African campaign.

The movement was in infancy fortunate in its leaders, who included men such as the Duke of Westminster, Earl Spencer, Viscount Bury, Lord Elcho,* Lord Ranelagh, Sir Frederic Leighton, Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay. These, with many others, worked together in perfect harmony, imparting their own enthusiasm to both officers and men under them. Drill and rifle practice became the fashion of the day, supplanting other sports and pastimes. In Berkshire, men naturally turned to the soldier whose Crimean reputation, together with his experience as Adjutant of the Guards, and his position as a large county landowner, pointed him out as one of the foremost leaders of the new movement. Volunteer companies were formed in various parts of Berkshire as early as 1859, and in the following year they were united into a regiment with Loyd-Lindsay as Colonel Commanding.

In the regimental order which he issued he explained the method and the spirit in which he proposed to carry out his new command, ending with an appeal to every member of the corps to promote the common effort by cordial co-operation. He made a point of visiting each company throughout the county, making himself personally acquainted with both men and officers. The latter were chosen from leading squires and county gentlemen, many of whom were also to be found in the ranks. This intermingling on equal terms in the intimacy of work and recreation broke down dividing barriers, and led to

* Afterwards Earl of Wemyss.

mutual appreciation and friendly intercourse between men of widely differing classes, united by enthusiasm for a common cause. Among those in the ranks of his regiment, Loyd-Lindsay was proud to number Professor Max Müller, a private in the Maidenhead Company of which his father-in-law, Mr. Riversdale Grenfell, was quartermaster. He drilled and marched with his company, and soon became an excellent marksman, though the drill-sergeant used to complain of his drill, and declare that "those gentlemen who think are a difficulty." He much enjoyed the free and open-air life of the annual camps, and in after years, when a frequent guest at Lockinge, he had many a talk and laugh with his Colonel over their military experiences on the Berkshire Downs.*

A Review was held by the Queen in Hyde Park on June 23, 1860, when 20,000 men of fine physique and soldierly bearing marched with steady, well-trained step past their Sovereign. Both our own people and foreign nations realised that day how great a work was being accomplished, and from that time forward it was felt that the Volunteers would, to use the Queen's own words, "become a most valuable auxiliary to her regular forces for the defence of the country."

Foremost among the largest and best-organised regiments that came up to the Review from the country was the Berkshire, already 400 strong. They made the Portman Square barrack-yard their headquarters for the day, and there a dinner was provided for them by Lord Overstone, who addressed them in stirring words,

* "Life of Rt. Hon. Friedrich Max Müller," edited by his wife, 1902, vol. i. page 246.

expressing his opinion that the review held that day, and described in a foreign newspaper as "the spontaneous demonstration of a great and free people," would be "a solemn warning to any power that considered our shores could be invaded." Lord Overstone was keenly alive not only to the importance of the movement but also to the gravity of the causes whence it sprang. In October of the previous year he had been summoned to give evidence before the Royal Commission on National Defence. The evidence given was not published until a few days before the June Review, and was thus placed before the public at a peculiarly appropriate moment. The questions put to Lord Overstone were of a somewhat startling nature, and assumed the possibility of the occupation of London by a foreign invader. He was asked to state what effect a successful invasion of England would, in his opinion, have upon British commerce.

We may be well assured, he said, that under the most favourable supposition, the general confusion and ruin which the presence of a hostile army on British soil must produce, will be such that it would be absolute madness on the part of the Government and people were they to omit any possible measure of precaution or to shrink from any present sacrifice whereby such a catastrophe may be rendered impossible. As to the question of my opinion of the probable effect of the occupation of London, even assuming bankers' books, securities, and public property to have been previously removed, and private property being respected by the invader, I cannot contemplate or trace to its consequences such a supposition. My only answer is "*It must never be.*" An invading army occupying London will be in possession of the centre of our Governmental system, of internal communications, of our financial

system, of our central depot of military resources at Woolwich. Can any doubt exist as to the effect of this? We have every inducement to make our system of National Defence complete and effectual, because the calamities and misery which a successful invasion must produce would be far more serious than any which the world has yet experienced. . . . Negligence alone can bring about the calamity under discussion. Unless we suffer ourselves to be surprised we cannot be invaded with success. . . . We have means for defence of every kind, national wealth, engineering skill, personal courage amply sufficient to secure our safety. If we prove too apathetic or too short-sighted and selfish to submit to the necessary sacrifices, we must bow to the fate which the whole world will declare we have deserved.

The simple but significant words "It must never be made a deep impression, and became as it were a rallying cry. The Volunteer Review in Hyde Park was the nation's answer, setting the nation's seal to the declaration.

Not many days after the review, the Queen opened at Wimbledon the first meeting of the National Rifle Association, of which Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was from the beginning a prominent member; he maintained his active interest in it through life, being a constant attendant at the annual Wimbledon Camp meetings and being President of the last three held there and the first held at Bisley; he was a good rifle shot, and frequently took part in the Lords and Commons matches. He was also untiring in his efforts to expand and perfect his Berkshire regiment. In the early autumn of 1860 a great gathering and rifle competition took place in the woodland glades of Windsor Park, to which the Queen,

and the Prince Consort as Ranger, gave every encouragement. This inaugural meeting proved that the Berkshire Volunteers were a force worthy of the royal county.

The hope expressed by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay in his "General Order" that a few days might be found in each year when the whole force might be brought together was realised the following year, when the first camp meeting was held on the White Horse Down near Uffington, the scene of many a legend of prehistoric days and of the earliest recorded deeds of arms of the British people. Here, where Alfred had fought to repel the Danish invasion, British troops met ten centuries later to prepare for a possible similar emergency. Lindsay and the officers under him formed as it were a family party united in a common work; the meeting proved highly successful; it partook more of an impromptu and social character than the subsequent and more strictly organised camps which continued during a long series of years to be held in various parts of the country; by the riverside,* on the open downs, in shady parks, or at military centres, in co-operation with regular troops, such as Aldershot, Portsmouth, and Salisbury Plain.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was from the beginning a firm believer in Mounted Infantry, and in those early days he raised from among the farmers of Northamptonshire,

* In the summer of 1869, when the tents had been pitched on a low-lying meadow beneath the hanging woods of Nuneham Park, the Berkshire Volunteers were honoured by a visit from Prince and Princess Christian, who came over from Lockinge where the completion of extensive alterations and enlargement was being celebrated by a house-warming. A large party gathered together to meet the Prince and Princess. A touch of old-world life was given by a revival of ancient Berkshire games and sports, which were held on the summit of the Downs, where all the country-side assembled to welcome the Prince and Princess, who rode up on horseback.

and members of the Pytchley Hunt, a small corps of mounted men whom, in their scarlet Norfolk jackets and grey breeches, he used personally to drill and exercise in the park at Overstone, giving in this and other ways an initiative to that branch of the service, the importance and utility of which he never ceased to advocate.

In 1866, Lindsay added to his Volunteer duties by accepting, at the request of the Prince of Wales, and in succession to Lord Colville, the command of the Honourable Artillery Company, and as he retained the command of the Berkshire Volunteers, he thus became Colonel of two separate regiments. There was much to attract him in the Honourable Artillery Company; the historical traditions connected with it, the prestige it enjoys as the oldest Volunteer organisation in the country, the ancient privileges it possesses, the splendid drill ground and stately armoury house it owns, and the large funds at its disposal.

He threw himself with energy into the task of developing these resources, endeavouring to organise the various branches of the corps into an improved system, and to bring it up to the standard of modern requirements. In these efforts he was cordially supported by their "Captain-General," the Prince of Wales. The Company holds a peculiar position, being to a great degree independent of ordinary military regulations and partaking of the nature of a club for social purposes as well as for military training. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay did his best to grapple with these difficulties, but the task was no easy one. He found himself compelled to address a minute to the Secretary of State for War (Mr. Cardwell), in which he said that "considering the

great advantages and privileges which the Company possesses, I hold that as a military body it fails to comply with what is required of it by Her Majesty's Warrant which authorises it to make laws for its own government except when inconsistent with the Royal Warrant. It therefore becomes a matter for serious consideration how far the ancient rules and orders are adapted to modern requirements."

His object was to introduce into the existing constitution and practices of the Company such changes as would tend to prevent what he considered to be the first military Volunteer body in England being reduced to the level of a mere Club; and he desired to see its funds devoted to military rather than to social purposes. On these lines he worked assiduously during the fifteen years he held the command; but though his efforts were crowned by a considerable amount of success, the feeling of the regiment in favour of the old order of things proved too strong to be efficiently broken through. Nevertheless he achieved many improvements, and always looked upon the regiment, in which three separate branches of the service are represented, as a unique body of men possessing great capabilities for utility and expansion.

In the autumn of 1866 Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was requested to take the command of a large body of British Volunteers about to visit Brussels in response to an invitation from King Leopold; and a letter from Monsieur Van de Weyer (Belgian Minister in London) assured him that his so doing would be acceptable to the Belgian Government. It was not the first exchange of visits between British and Belgian Volunteers; there had been

previous rifle-shooting competitions at Brussels and at Wimbledon; but on this occasion, the twenty-sixth anniversary of Belgian Independence, the fêtes in connexion with the *Tir National* assumed larger proportions, and became the pretext for an international demonstration not without underlying political motives.

On October 5 he writes from London to his wife:

I was at Basinghall Street this afternoon till two o'clock. Volunteers still come in for the expedition; a thousand names are entered. The War Office say they can give me no authority, as out of the country the Volunteer Act ceases to exist. Will you ask your Father to put on paper a few observations in short sentences which I can make use of in any speeches which I may have to make about the peaceful expedition, and the advantages of friendship and cordiality amongst nations, in short, anything appropriate to the friendly visit of a thousand Volunteers to the capital of another nation?

His staff consisted of the following Volunteer officers: Viscount Bury, Major Sir Paul Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel McGregor, Captain G. J. Burgess, Captain Furley, and Surgeon-Major Ward. On October 11 the party reached Brussels, and two days later he writes to his wife:

This is the first moment of leisure which I have had to write. The opening of the *Tir* is just over and well over. All is going right. Yesterday was a day to be remembered, and most remarkable was the reception we received. The whole town was lighted with different coloured electric lights. Regiments of men were told off with pine torches, with which they stood and lined the streets and afterwards joined in the procession and marched to the square of the Hôtel de Ville, where we

were received by the Burgomaster, who gave us a speech and the everlasting *vin d'honneur*. We then fraternised, drank champagne, and separated at one o'clock in the morning. All sorts of pleasures and delights are being prepared for us: we are to dine with the King, to go to the races, balls, and everything that can be done for the English, who are tremendous heroes, the French being quite thrown into the shade. . . . The review by the King and Queen yesterday was a great success. One thousand and seventy-eight men marched past, the King and Queen having previously ridden down the ranks twice; at the second turn it was arranged that when I put my shako on my sword as a signal to cheer, the whole thousand men should go off together. The whole line had been perfectly immovable till then, and at the signal the cheer which arose was astounding. The King and Queen quite trembled with emotion or fear, I can't say which. The march-past was spoilt by the crowd of *braves* who pressed upon us on all sides, but still all say that such a *défilé* was never before seen in Brussels. In the evening I again dined with the King and went again to a ball, which was choked up with Volunteers. I danced four dances with ladies that I picked up at random, and whose names I never discovered. The heat was frightful and the champagne unlimited.

October 16: All is going on swimmingly. The Belgians do nothing but talk of the wonderful steadiness and discipline of the Volunteers. Their appearance on parade and in the town is most gratifying; I have not seen a single man walking in the streets in a disorderly manner. Our best friend here is the Burgomaster, who devotes himself to our interests and has been in the most intense excitement ever since our arrival. Our great difficulty is getting out of invitations. We have twenty for every evening and have to be very circumspect in accepting and declining. Our chief friends are amongst the bourgeois class, the King putting

himself at the head of it. The aristocracy are away from town, and take no notice of us. The whole movement is political, and intended by the King to draw the sympathies of his subjects towards us rather than towards the French. This has been quite successful so far, as the people make a marked difference between us and the French.

October 21: Now that it is all over I look back upon the past ten days with some satisfaction, for they have been well and usefully spent and the fine phrases of the speeches have more truth in them than is mostly the case. Besides all this, there has been complete success in the management and discipline. There has been no failure in the carrying out of orders, and we have shown ourselves in the best light to our foreign entertainers. Many things have been troublesome and disagreeable, but they were all minor matters affecting individuals.

On the eve of their return home Lord Bury wrote to Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay:

I shall tell you when we meet how Bob won all hearts in Belgium. It was by no means an easy task, for there were many jealousies and difficulties, but he disarmed the first and smoothed the second, as few but he could do.

In the following summer a return visit was organised, in the arrangements of which Loyd-Lindsay took a leading part, and fêtes and receptions on an extensive scale were given to some 2400 Belgians at Windsor Castle, at the Agricultural Hall, at Stafford House, and at Wimbledon, while many of the officers were entertained at Carlton Gardens.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay V.C.
Viscount Bury
Major Sir Paul Hunter Bt.
From a photograph taken at Brussels 1866

CHAPTER VII

ELECTION FOR BERKSHIRE—FIRST SESSIONS IN PARLIAMENT

1865–1868

FROM the time that he took up his residence in Berkshire, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was naturally looked to as a future candidate for the representation of the county in Parliament; both parties competed for him, and anxiously awaited his declaration of political faith. Of staunch Conservative descent, but married to the daughter of an equally staunch though moderate Liberal, the matter naturally gave rise to much speculation. Loyd-Lindsay's own convictions, however, never wavered, and he early announced his willingness to stand as a Conservative candidate whenever an opportunity should arise. Lord Overstone, always desirous to give his son-in-law a free hand, fully sanctioned this decision. Moreover the burning questions which had determined Lord Overstone's political opinions in bygone days were no longer to the front; fresh questions had arisen, on which he kept an open mind, and many things had occurred to mitigate his allegiance to the Liberal tenets of his youth. The experience of age had taught him to appreciate the truths, and duly to estimate the merits, that underlie both political parties. The divergence of opinion between the two men soon became little more than nominal, and never interfered with the cordiality

and interest with which Lord Overstone entered into his son-in-law's political career.

Early in the year 1860, Sir Charles Russell wrote to Loyd-Lindsay on the subject, and in reply was authorised by him to inform the Berkshire constituency that his principles were those of reasonably moderate Conservative policy. In the spring of the same year, the sudden death of one of the sitting members, Captain Leicester Vernon, caused a vacancy in the county representation. Many leading Conservatives, especially in the northern part of Berkshire, were desirous that Colonel Loyd-Lindsay should come forward in his place. But the claims of Mr. Richard Benyon of Englefield had already been put forward, and in the Reading district a general understanding existed that he was prepared to represent the Conservative party. In consideration of the seniority of his position in the county, Mr. Benyon was unanimously selected, and Lindsay allowed his name to be withdrawn in order that no possible shadow of division might interfere with the other's prospects. This self-denying course strengthened his position and gained for him the respect of the electors, to whom he was at that time personally almost unknown.

The matter thus remained in abeyance until the latter part of 1864, when the approach of a general election stirred both sides to action. Berkshire was represented by three members, one a Conservative, the aforesaid Mr. Benyon, and two Liberals, Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the *Times* and a large landowner, with the Rt. Hon. Edward Bouverie as his colleague. At a county meeting at Reading, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was duly proposed as a Conservative candidate.

It was his first appearance as a speaker upon a political platform in Berkshire, and he explained that hitherto he had been unwilling to seem desirous of superseding claims anterior to his own. The leading questions of the day were Parliamentary Reform and the Malt Tax, and in regard to these he was in agreement with his party. An allusion to the Army and the Volunteers brought out a flash of the soldier spirit: "a sound military system," he said, "is no mean school for virtue, and war has in its vicissitudes, and much more in the moral qualities it calls into action, a deep and abiding influence for everyone worthy of the name of man." As a result of the meeting he and Mr. Benyon were unanimously chosen as the two Conservative candidates.

In his address to the electors he expressed his readiness to welcome any measures that might be calculated to strengthen our electoral system by a cautious admission of intelligent voters. He advocated the reduction, with a view to ultimate repeal, of the Malt Tax, which he considered to press unduly and unfairly on the agricultural community. That community was the most influential class in Berkshire; farmers in those days were prosperous; agriculture was a paying industry; the yeomen, in North Berks especially, were among the best men of the county, and many of their names appeared on the long and comprehensive list of members of the Conservative Election Committee. The Liberals, meanwhile, in view of the impending resignation of their sitting member Mr. Bouverie, had selected the eldest son of the Earl of Craven, Viscount Uffington, to contest the county as

colleague of Mr. John Walter; but ultimately Mr. Bouverie withdrew his resignation, and three Liberal candidates were thereby placed in the field. In reply to this challenge the Conservatives determined likewise to start a third candidate, and their choice fell on Sir Charles Russell of Swallowfield, Colonel in the Grenadier Guards and a bearer of the Victoria Cross for Inkerman.

The election tactics on the Conservative side were carried out by an indefatigable band of workers; foremost among whom was Mr. George Cherry, one of those men who form the backbone of English provincial life. Too modest and retiring to stand himself for Parliament, he guided and controlled county politics and county business with unerring tact and judgment, winning the confidence and respect of all with whom he had to deal. His task was indeed no easy one, for party politics ran high, and many a delicate question was solved, and many a difficulty smoothed over, by Mr. Cherry's wise and conciliatory counsels. A cordial and intimate friendship grew up between him and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay.

Parliament was dissolved on July 6, and on the 7th the six Berkshire candidates were nominated. Elections in those days retained much of the old spirit and the old customs; and, however beneficial may be the changes and reforms since brought about, there is something to regret in the loss of the humorous incidents and time-honoured ceremonies which attended the nomination, and the declaration of the poll. The latter function took place at the old county capital Abingdon; the three Conservatives were announced as duly returned, and girded on their swords as knights of the shire.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay stood at the head of the poll with 2227 votes; next came Benyon and Russell; Mr. Walter heading the three defeated Liberal candidates with 1813 votes.* The contest had been long and hard fought. It was a great victory for the Conservative cause in Berkshire, and was considered by the Liberals as the most important reverse sustained by their side in an election the general result of which was a substantial increase of the small existing majority pledged to the support of Lord Palmerston and his policy.

Parliament did not meet till the following year, when it was opened by the Queen in person, for the first time since the Prince Consort's death. The moment at which Colonel Loyd-Lindsay entered the House of Commons was fraught with interest and importance. Lord Palmerston, who had been Prime Minister since 1859, died in October 1865, in the interval between the general election and the meeting of Parliament. With his death ended the long reign of older statesmen, men of the pre-Reform-Bill era, and politicians of a younger generation took their place. For a short time Lord Derby and Lord Russell still continued to be the prominent leaders of the two parties; but power soon passed virtually into the hands of Gladstone and Disraeli, and a prolonged duel for supremacy between these two statesmen became the dominant note of party politics.

Lord Palmerston's influence had arrested the movement for reform in Parliamentary representation. Under his successor, Earl Russell, the question came to the

* Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, Loyd-Lindsay's cousin, was at the same time returned for the borough of Abingdon.

forefront, but during the first months of the session of the Parliament of 1866 the attention of the House was diverted to a matter of domestic importance, which appealed especially to members representing agricultural constituencies. The summer of 1865 had been marked by a severe outbreak of cattle plague, imported apparently from Holland, which spread with such rapidity that by the beginning of the following year more than 14,000 cases had been officially reported. The matter was one that largely affected the Berkshire farmers, and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay took a leading part both in county meetings called to discuss remedial measures and in the debates that ensued in Parliament.

Measures of wider interest, however, were soon to engross public attention. In May 1866 Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his Bill for the Extension of the Franchise. The debates that ensued were marked by an outburst of oratory which has hardly been rivalled before or since. Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Cranborne, Bright, John Stuart Mill, Gathorne Hardy, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Horsman, and Robert Lowe, all put forth their strength. Lowe's speeches, especially, made a great impression on Loyd-Lindsay; he considered that no one approached him in depth and strength of thought and power of reasoning, and he looked upon him as the man who made himself most prominent in opposing the Reform movement, though in no other point was he, nor could he become, a Conservative.

Gladstone and his supporters had strained every nerve to carry the measure, he himself going to Liverpool and other places and inciting the people by the eloquence of his appeals, while Bright got up meetings

and promoted agitation throughout the country. Lord Overstone became much alarmed at the course taken by Government, and deemed Gladstone's action unworthy of the dignity and position of the leader of the House of Commons. The second reading of the Bill was ultimately carried by the small majority of five. On June 18 the Government were defeated in committee by eleven; Earl Russell resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Derby, with Disraeli as leader in the Commons.

When Parliament met in February 1867 the Queen announced that attention would again be directed to the state of the representation of the people in Parliament. After long and sharp discussions and dissensions both in the House and in the Cabinet, which resulted in the resignation of three leading members of Government—Lord Cranborne (better known to this generation as the Marquess of Salisbury), Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel—on March 18 Disraeli brought in a new Reform Bill.

The short two nights' debate on the second reading was one of mark, being opened by Gladstone and closed by Disraeli, in weighty speeches, both highly characteristic of the two men. The measure continued to be debated throughout the whole spring, and was finally carried on July 3. Early in the following year Lord Derby resigned, and Disraeli succeeded him. Debates on the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill were the leading features of this session, together with an important measure for Abolition of Compulsory Church Rates. Shortly after passing this, Parliament was prorogued, and the Queen announced her intention

of dissolving it as soon as the people should be able to reap the benefit of the extended system of representation provided by the new Reform Bill.

The general election was fixed for the autumn, and all through the previous six months the country was in the full stress of preparation for the coming struggle. In Berkshire especially, the position was complicated and the outlook stormy. As early as May, Mr. Walter had issued an address stating that he intended to come forward again as "Independent" candidate on the Liberal side at the general election, whenever that might be. A month later addresses were issued by Mr. Benyon and Loyd-Lindsay, their hand being forced by a somewhat earlier address issued by the Honourable Auberon Herbert, who, though in no way connected with the county, came forward as an advanced Radical, and by appearing thus early in the field embroiled the county in a contest for an election which could not take place until November.

But previous to this there had been much dissension and discussion in the Conservative camp. Under the new Reform Act, Berkshire had become what was termed a "three-cornered" constituency by virtue of the Minority clause, which provided that in constituencies returning three candidates two votes only could be given by each elector, the alleged object being to give a due share in the representation to minorities. In Berkshire the effect of this clause was that two Conservatives only, instead of three, could have any hope of being returned. One must therefore retire, and the question was—which? Mr. Benyon was universally admitted to have the first claim on the electorate; it

was less easy to decide between Lindsay and Russell—public opinion leant towards the former—but Sir Charles Russell was reluctant to retire, and received support in the Reading district. A solution seemed at one time to be nearly arrived at by an offer that was made to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay to stand for South Northamptonshire in conjunction with Sir Rainald Knightley. Deeply reluctant as he was to sever his political connexion with Berkshire, and equally reluctant as his friends and supporters were to lose him, he was ready, out of regard to his friend Russell, to fall in with this proposal. Sir R. Knightley, however, declined to coalesce with him, preferring to stand independently, and this and other complications led to the abandonment of the Northamptonshire proposal.

Ultimately, after many negotiations, Sir C. Russell consented to withdraw his claim; and on July 11 Mr. Benyon and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay addressed a large meeting at Reading as the two chosen Conservative candidates. The interval between this and November was spent in arduous canvassing. The object the two candidates had in view was to secure not only their own return but also that of Mr. Walter, whose high position in the county, weight of character, and moderation of views rendered him far better suited to represent the constituency than Auberon Herbert. The two Conservative seats were soon felt to be safe, and the contest lay practically between the rival representatives of moderate Liberalism and advanced Radicalism.

Lord Overstone entered heart and soul into the contest, and the weight of his influence and of his pen

was cordially given to his son-in-law. He was, indeed, becoming daily more distrustful of Mr. Gladstone's policy. His views are embodied in the following extract from a letter written to the Liberal candidate for Northamptonshire, where he was a large landowner:

We are advancing fast enough into Democracy, as it appears to me, and I would wish to moderate rather than accelerate the pace. If I understand your address correctly, you rest your appeal, first, upon your unqualified support of the measure of Mr. Gladstone—not for temperate and judicious reform of that branch of the Established Church which exists in Ireland, but for the indiscriminate and entire destruction of that Church; secondly, upon your support of the Ballot. To neither of these measures can I give my support, nor have I ever understood that they were recognised, until perhaps this present moment, as orthodox articles in the old and true constitutional creed of the Liberal party.

The election turned mainly on the burning question of Church Disestablishment in Ireland. The glamour of Gladstone's enthusiastic eloquence communicated itself to the new electors, gaining adherence to his opinions and securing a victory for the Liberals, who came in with a majority of 120. This success was due to the borough elections—county electors did not share the popular enthusiasm. In Berkshire the two Conservatives headed the poll, Mr. Walter coming in third.

The declaration of the poll was a scene of unusual excitement and enthusiasm. Mr. Benyon and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay rode over from Lockinge, escorted by mounted farmers, tenantry, and yeomen, and followed by Lord Overstone and Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay in a carriage

which was unharnessed and drawn by men. The numbers of horsemen increased to fully two hundred as the procession approached Abingdon market-place, which was thronged with people anxious to hear the return of the poll and to give welcome to their old friends and newly returned members.

Disraeli bowed to the declaration of the electors; without waiting for the verdict of Parliament, he placed his resignation in the Queen's hands, and when the new Parliament met after Christmas it was under the leadership of his great rival, Mr. Gladstone.

CHAPTER VIII

BEGINNING OF RED CROSS WORK—THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

1870-1871

THE war storm that swept over France and Germany in 1870 was destined to draw Colonel Loyd-Lindsay into its vortex, not indeed into active strife, but into the side-paths of benevolent endeavour to assuage the stress of human suffering which must ever form the dark side of war.

As sentiments of humanity develop and gradually permeate the civilised world, the miseries inseparable from war take more and more hold on popular imagination and popular sympathy. Practical efforts to mitigate them are the result; and in recent years these efforts had in foreign countries assumed the form of Red Cross Societies. Loyd-Lindsay's interest in Red Cross work did not originate with the Franco-German war. For some time past he had been considering the possibility of starting, on lines suited to the requirements and conditions of this country, some scheme of systematised voluntary aid for the relief of the suffering of sick and wounded soldiers in war, and primarily for those of our own troops. He was convinced that had there been a well-managed Red Cross Society at the commencement of the Crimean war much suffering

would have been averted and many lives saved. What he saw and experienced during that campaign impressed itself deeply on his mind; he realised that however well organised an Army Medical Service may be, it never has been, and never will be, able to cope adequately with the sudden emergencies of war on a large scale, and he held that voluntary organisations, unimpeded by official restrictions, are alone capable of giving auxiliary relief and of providing extra comforts and luxuries with the requisite promptitude and rapidity. He felt, moreover, that the British people would always insist on taking personal share in alleviating the sufferings of their soldiers, and that some recognised and authorised channel through which public generosity could flow, was a matter of paramount importance.

The Swiss nation had taken the lead in Red Cross work abroad. A book by Monsieur Dumant, describing in direct and convincing terms the horrors of the battlefield of Solferino and the inadequacy of the official means provided for the relief of the wounded, had made a deep impression on the public mind, and was one among other causes that led to a Meeting of delegates from the various states of Europe at Geneva in 1863. This Conference resulted in the promulgation of the Geneva Convention, which proclaimed the neutrality in time of war of the whole personnel and equipment of military hospitals and ambulances, gave official recognition to voluntary Red Cross aid societies, and adopted a red cross on a white ground as the badge of neutrality in all things appertaining to army hospital and ambulance work.

The result of the Geneva Convention was the formation of Red Cross societies in almost every European

country except England, where nevertheless the subject was not allowed to sink into oblivion. As far back as 1866 Dr. Longmore had urged on the country the importance of Red Cross aid to sick and wounded in war. Public attention was for a short time stirred, and the possibility of starting some form of Red Cross work in England was always kept in view by Mr. (now Sir John) Furley, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and others. They had no desire of in any way supplanting the work of the Army Medical Department, but of supplementing it and of regulating and organising auxiliary aid. The Geneva Convention rendered it possible for Red Cross Aid to be in special emergencies extended to sick and wounded combatants of foreign nations. No definite scheme had, however, been formulated when the call came for immediate and unexpected action.

The Franco-German war broke out suddenly in July 1870. Vast bodies of men were on the march, preparing for deadly conflict on a gigantic scale. What Lindsay had foreseen and foretold came to pass; the sympathy of the British nation was roused to the highest pitch by accounts of the sufferings of brave men so near their own shores, and aid in various forms began to pour in. Thus it came about that the first experiment in English Red Cross work was made on behalf of foreign armies on foreign soil.

The main thing was to direct the national outburst of sympathy and to organise the administration of the aid given on practical and judicious lines. For this work a leader was required, and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay boldly took the lead. On July 22, within a week of the declaration of war, there appeared in the

Times a letter bearing his signature, in which he drew attention to the existence of the Society for Aiding and Ameliorating the Condition of the Sick and Wounded of Armies in Time of War, and to the terms of the Geneva Convention. The opening and closing paragraphs of this letter, which may not unfairly claim to mark an epoch, ran as follows :

The news which daily reaches us from abroad shows that nations can at times go mad as well as individuals. It is strange to read in your columns of the preparations which are being made simultaneously to destroy life and to save it. Unfortunately, it is far easier to destroy than to save, all the glory being reserved for the former, and ten times the amount of scientific resources being devoted to it. The part which we may be destined to take in this war is unknown, but we know well that as soon as a battle has been fought there will be a large amount of sympathy excited on behalf of the wounded soldiers on both sides—for the French, our staunch and faithful allies in the Crimea, with whom I, in common with many others, spent two years in constant and friendly intercourse ; for the Prussians, related to us by ties of friendship and by our Princess Royal destined to be their Queen.

The difficulty will be how properly to direct our friendly aid. England has before now marked her sympathy in various wars by largely contributing aid and succour to the wounded on one side ; but any one-sided demonstration would in this case be singularly out of place. What is done should be done impartially, and above all systematically.

Should we form a Committee, we shall be in communication with those who will take care that the contributions which we send out shall be of the right sort, and shall not be wasted. The suffering of the wounded

after a battle is a subject that people try to avoid thinking about. The long waiting for help, the pain and misery of those who remain hours and days unattended to, are things which we do not like to hear about, and unfortunately these, the first scenes, only lead to others still more dreadful to endure, namely the crowded hospitals into which fresh sick and wounded are continually being forced, till the mattresses lie touching one another, and the surgeons and attendants can scarcely pass between the ranks. During every war the want of medical comforts has been sorely felt, and no exertions, however great, can meet the wants of the thousands who will, I fear, soon be lying helplessly wounded. England is fortunately neutral, and for that reason can show her sympathy with both nations through the sick and wounded who have done nothing to deserve their hard fate. . . .

Any good offices which we may bring to bear towards terminating the war will be strengthened by friendly aid given in time of need. I think I have shown that we have machinery whereby impartially to give such aid, and, at the risk of being thought premature in my action, I have placed 1000*l.* in the hands of Messrs. Coutts & Co., to the credit of the "Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War." If the money is not wanted we shall all rejoice, but I fear that much more will be needed. In the meantime we should form a Committee of which the Minister of War, or some other eminent man, should be President, and place ourselves in communication with the other Committees already formed over Europe, in order that what we do may be done fairly and impartially between the belligerents.

The response to this appeal was immediate. On August 4 a public meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, when it was resolved that a "National Society" should be formed in this country for aiding sick and wounded

soldiers in time of war, and that it should be under the rules laid down by the Geneva Convention; it was further decided that aid should be given in the first place to soldiers of our own army, but that under certain conditions of neutrality aid could be given impartially to belligerents of other nations.

The Queen became patroness of the new Society, and the royal family and the Secretary of State for War gave it their support. A large and influential Committee was formed; Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was elected chairman, and on the executive board were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Overstone, Baron N. de Rothschild, Viscount Bury, Sir Harry Verney, Captain Douglas Galton, Captain Henry Brackenbury, R.A., Mr. Furley and several leading surgeons; Captain C. Burgess acting as secretary. A Ladies' Committee was also appointed, on which Princess Christian and Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay among others took an active and leading part.

No time was lost, and that very evening Mr. Furley and Captain Burgess left England to visit Paris, Geneva, and Berlin in order to ascertain from the Red Cross centres there the mode in which the newly formed English Society could best render aid. That same day, August 4, saw the first action of the war, the battle of Wissembourg. The battles of Woerth and Forbach and Gravelotte followed within a few days of each other, with the result that thousands upon thousands of wounded men were left with absolutely inadequate assistance in their hour of bitter need.

Fanned by the reports received from the seat of war the spark kindled by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's letter to the *Times* spread like a prairie fire, for the public

mind was aflame with horror at the carnage of the battlefields, and the sufferings of the wounded. Sir Henry Havelock wrote from Pont-à-Mousson on August 21:

It makes me sick at heart to see the scenes of suffering that cannot be relieved, first from want of proper appliances and aid, and next because the surgeons are too few for the work. The two sides have left nearly 20,000 wounded in German hands, and there are actually numbers of wounded here struck down on the 16th and 18th who have only had their wounds dressed on the field when hit, and never since. You know well what suffering this entails. It is impossible to do more for want of hands and appliances.

After Loyd-Lindsay's letter the Red Cross Committee made no further appeal for funds: these were given spontaneously, and an overwhelming stream, both of money and *matériel*, poured in from every part of England. Meetings were held throughout the country; by the end of August the subscriptions received by the National Aid Society amounted to 30,000*l.*, and among the earliest contributions was a cheque for 1000*l.* from Mr. Arthur Balfour, who had recently come of age.

It was no easy matter to improvise organisation on a scale commensurate with the magnitude both of the needs and of the funds subscribed. For everything had to be improvised: the Central Committee, the staff of workers, clerks, agents, packers, etc. at home, and the staff of surgeons, nurses, travelling agents, and employés abroad, whose work lay in a foreign country, with no experience to guide them, and where communications were dislocated by the ravages of war.

The Committee sat *en permanence* at St. Martin's Lane and worked with a will; within three weeks of the formation of the Society forty surgeons were at work on the actual battlefields and in the hospitals of France and Germany. By the middle of September 110 persons were engaged in the service of the Society; of these sixty-two were surgeons, sixteen ladies acting as nurses, and the remainder agents and employés of various kinds, paid and unpaid.

Preconcerted and systematised plans of action were impossible; under the stress of urgency the work had to be carried on as seemed best at the moment, often in unexpected directions and under unforeseen difficulties. Failures and shortcomings there undoubtedly were, but they were singularly few, and every day that passed added to the efficiency of the service. Voluntary agents were oft-times forthcoming among British residents abroad, such as Sir Vincent Eyre at Boulogne and Colonel and Mrs. Elphinstone at Tours, at both which places large depots were formed and much good work done. At home there was no lack of offers for voluntary service from professional surgeons, military officers, and independent workers of all classes. Among the first representatives sent out by the society was Dr. Frank, who volunteered to spend his six weeks' holiday in work at the seat of war; he was not only a distinguished doctor and clever surgeon, but a man of general experience and talent who could be thoroughly trusted, and was able to look after the young surgeons already at the front. In Paris, Dr. Frank joined the Anglo-American Ambulance, to which Mr. (afterwards Sir William) MacCormac was also subsequently appointed.

Its history is a stirring tale of relief rendered to the wounded on battlefields and under fire, by a body of men of both nationalities, animated by a common enthusiasm which carried them through the dangers and hardships of the most trying period of the campaign.

This Ambulance was present at the downfall of the great army of the Rhine at Sedan, in which town a barrack containing 384 beds was made over to Mr. MacCormac and Doctor Sims, while Dr. Frank established a branch hospital at Balan, where he was joined by a party of Sisters of All Saints' under the Mother Superior, who remained working with him till January. On the day of the battle Dr. Frank, aided only by a few ladies and other inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Balan, attended to the needs of 300 wounded, performing operations single-handed, supporting the men with food and soothing them with morphia.

As the sphere of action extended, a military agent became a necessity, and Captain (now General Sir Henry) Brackenbury was, at the request of the Society, attached by the Secretary of State for War to the Red Cross Service abroad.

He started on September 3 to organise the operations of the Society in the district of Metz and the Ardennes, along which line of country the great battles of the campaign were then being fought. He had under him a staff, thirty-two in number, prominent among whom were the Hon. Reginald Capel and his wife. Within a day of his arrival Brackenbury writes:

Already Mr. Furley has made our Society specially marked by his great efforts and the success which has attended them. It only wants that the individual efforts

going on should be completely organised (for which my powers are sufficient) to let it be seen what gigantic efforts England is making to relieve the misery which by all accounts is almost unspeakable.

No better man could have been found for such a work, involving complicated organisation under great difficulties. His comprehensive grasp of a situation, promptitude and certainty of action, boundless energy and fertility of resource, which afterwards distinguished him in many high military and official posts, were qualities first revealed in his work under the Red Cross banner. Occasionally the magnitude and wide scope of his schemes somewhat staggered the Committee at home, but he had in their Chairman a staunch supporter, and it was soon realised that whatever Brackenbury undertook could not fail to be successfully carried out. In September, within a week of the battle of Sedan, he writes :

At Balan I found Dr. Frank and Mr. Blewitt at work in the Mairie, given to them as a hospital. If England can ever gain kind thoughts from France and Prussia it is by the work of men such as these. Frank dressing wounded men all through the battle in a house where the bullets came in through the windows like hail, and crashed into the walls of the room, Blewitt going out through the hot fire to get what was needed to help. It must have been an awful fight here. Dr. Frank has several other houses in the village full of patients. In one he has utilised the bacon hook in the kitchen to sling a broken leg. I found him badly off for chloroform, for carbolic acid, for linen, for food, for everything. . . . I am fast organising a system here. . . . I dispatched a convoy to Stonay, another to Douzy, another to Balan.

In October he reports:

Every hospital in this district has been visited by the Reverend William Butler* and by Mr. Stuart Sutherland. Within a few days I hope to be in a position to say that all the sick and wounded, French and German, in the whole circle round Metz have all the comforts they require. Would we were allowed to do as much in the inner circle in French possession. . . . The great questions now are depôts and transport. To have the stores at hand and the means of conveying them where wanted are the two first necessities of the moment.

When Marshal Bazaine capitulated at Metz on October 27, the English *fourgons* were the first on the scene, carrying the much-needed relief and returning to Remilly with wounded officers. Captain Brackenbury reported:

I cannot tell you with what pleasure I look on our work here; the first to enter Metz, the first to give succour, the first also in liberality, our Society has taken the place which England's generosity entitles us to assume. No one can know the misery we relieve; no one can ever estimate the blessings that are showered upon us for our work.

These extracts give some idea of the nature and extent of the work done in the north-eastern district of France. Work on an equally large scale and with equally good results was, as the area of the campaign extended, carried on in other districts and under other agents. The needs were great in every direction. The supply of surgical instruments soon became exhausted, for those engaged in making them had become soldiers in the ranks; they were constantly asked for, and the

* Vicar of Wantage, afterwards Dean of Lincoln.

value of those sent out by the Society amounted to 8000*l.* To such-like difficulties was added, after the investment of Paris, the closing of all communication with the city which the whole of France had been in the habit of looking to for medical and surgical supplies as well as for the necessaries of life.

At an early period of the war, Captain Douglas Galton, accompanied by Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, was dispatched on a tour of inspection of the hospitals of the Rhine district. They visited almost every hospital and ambulance in that part of Germany and started a system of communication between them and the English Society which continued to expand as need arose until at the close of the war there was hardly a town in Germany, from Hamburg and Kiel to Dresden and Munich, which had not received aid in money or in kind from the National Society.

Later on in the winter Captain Brackenbury describes the depot established at Meaux, which supplied comforts to the sick and wounded in seventy-eight towns and villages round Paris, where, owing to the flight of the bulk of the inhabitants, the charge of the improvised hospitals was left to the Germans, whose best efforts could but be very inadequate:

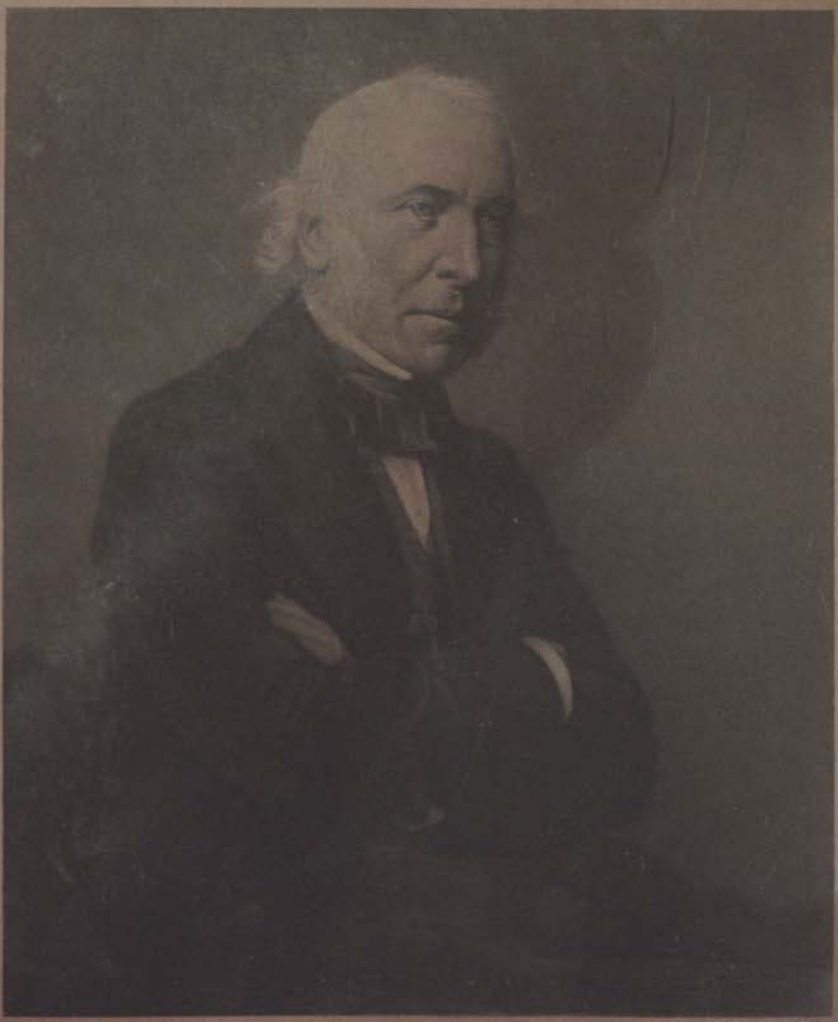
I am anxious (he wrote) to make known by what sort of personal exertion of the staff the Society's work is being carried on. At Meaux the depôt is under the charge of Captain Neville, an Englishman, but a retired Captain of the Austrian Cavalry; under him are two officers retired from our own army, a Cambridge Wrangler reading for the Bar, a clerk of the House of Lords, a Captain of the London Scottish Volunteers, a banker's clerk, and a medical student, besides other

business men. The twenty-eight horses and their drivers are under the charge of the driver of the Waterloo coach. The stores are sent out in our *fourgons* under charge of a member of the staff. They have been well under fire. Throughout the bitter weather of the last two months our English *fourgons* have shown their Union Jacks everywhere round Paris, with English gentlemen sitting for hours upon the driving-seat exposed to the piercing cold and with doubtful chances of shelter for the night. Germany is making enormous efforts, but, do what she can, she cannot meet the wants.

Meanwhile, the work of the Society at home had assumed a far more extensive character than was originally contemplated, and greatness, at least of labour, was thrust upon it. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay literally devoted his whole time to it; Lord Overstone was scarcely less constant in his attendance, throwing himself heartily into the work started by his son-in-law, and bringing all his ability and judgment to bear upon it, while the whole Committee, many of them men of weight and long experience, worked loyally and cordially under their young chairman.

The following extracts from letters written during this period by Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay to her mother-in-law give a vivid impression of the stress of life and labour at St. Martin's Lane:

. . . I do not think Bob can get away at all except for Sundays. There must be a head always present, and that head must be the man who has managed it from the beginning. Also he is so thoroughly interested in it that he would not like to be away even if he could, and I have the same feeling myself. My father has



Emery Walker Photo.

Overstone

From a photograph, 1866

London: Smith, Elder & Co. 15, Waterloo Place.

been a good deal at the committee-rooms this week, and is getting deeply interested, and I think not a little proud of Bob. Colonel Loyd* has a den upon the third floor, where he sits all day with two clerks and keeps the accounts. . . .

I believe we are doing as much as we can, but when one thinks and tries to realise the suffering, one feels a feverish desire to do double and treble, though no human help can really stop the misery that must be. As for the siege of Paris, I cannot believe it, it seems a fabulous nightmare.

Captain Douglas Galton, who has been dining here this evening, says that all seems very much as usual in Paris, only rather quieter, and gun-carriages rolling through the streets, but people still going to theatres, which are open gratis to wounded soldiers returned from the army. We sent off sixteen bales yesterday from our Ladies' Committee's stores to Aix-la-Chapelle, with two surgeons, and we export largely again to-morrow. I have about eighty packages entered in my book of what we make up ready to send out. We have just had a visit from Captain Kantzow, who came by the night train from Paris. He says all the field hospitals, etc., round Nancy and that district are beautifully organised, but not a single wounded soldier in them! The French have no idea where their wounded are . . . they have been left behind, and the communications are broken. I suppose the Prussians will do their best to look after them, but it is awful! We shall send out as much as we can through Luxemburg to the armies; it will be better than sending through Paris. They say the German losses are quite fearful; there is not a family in Berlin that is not in mourning. . . .

Everyone is very kind and very generous. The tiny parcels brought by poor people are rather diminishing now, but the general influx has increased enormously.

* Lord Overstone's cousin, a retired officer of the Indian Army.

I sit at my counter amid mountains of unopened bales, boxes, and packages of vast dimensions. They keep coming and coming till the place overflows, and they have to be left on the pavement outside. We have increased our staff; we have six packers hard at work all day, besides several men who unpack and three or four women who sort and arrange. We have also got a third house and made an opening through the walls so as to throw the three ground-floors together, which is a great improvement, as we can now have a separate packing-up room and two rooms where we unpack—my chemist-shop and another, where Lady Agnes Grosvenor and Miss Verney sit, and upstairs half-a-dozen ladies, with Princess Christian at their head, writing all day; but even with all this there is more than can be got through each day, though we work from ten till nearly seven o'clock, and send off about twenty large packages daily. If I had time I could amuse you with the little scenes that go on —the odd people that come to my shop, such a variety of specimens—it is quite a study in humanity, or rather would be if one had time to talk or listen to them. I have a good many visitors dropping in to add to the confusion. Mrs. Cardwell went all over the establishment the other day, and Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Marian Alford (who is working up Hertfordshire) came in; also Lady Carnarvon, anxious about her two brothers-in-law—Alan, the doctor in Paris, and Auberon Herbert, absent on a philanthropic tour of the battlefields. . . .

Every letter that comes from abroad begs for more things, more instruments, more chloroform, more morphia; the want of these things conveys an awful idea of the extent of pain and suffering. Dr. Sandwith says that if it had not been for the volunteer help given in this campaign by the two nations engaged and by foreign countries, the amount of suffering would have been beyond words appalling. The men and materials we have sent out are beginning to tell now, and our efforts

to be realised and appreciated. . . . The working of the Committee is well organised now (September 21) and Bob has got a great help in Archie Loyd (the young lawyer), who is appointed his private secretary and is a most excellent one, very quiet and methodical, thorough master of the whole affair and a good, clear-headed letter-writer, he saves Bob a great deal of work of detail. We have annexed a whole wing of the St. Martin's disused Workhouse, a gloomy suite of rooms, dirty and dusty but roomy. Large, however, as they are, they are not sufficient for the hundreds of bales which keep pouring in. We were in despair one day, and settled that active measures must be taken. I remembered to have heard that there were large vaults under St. Martin's Church-yard, so I sallied forth, roused up the head churchwarden, and persuaded him to give us the use of the vaults. At first it was objected that dead bodies found in the river were deposited there—in fact it was the London *Morgue*; however, I would not be daunted, and as I have never come across any, I think the "bodies" must be a myth. The vaults are now my pet institution; they are very large, light and airy; and filled with long lines of beautifully packed bales with their red crosses and lists all ready, and only waiting the order for departure, really a noble sight. I have just been taking Princess Mary of Cambridge over the whole establishment—she seemed much edified, and I am glad she has seen it and knows what England is doing.

We have now a separate store-room upstairs for our medical treasures—medicines, instruments, etc. This morning it was full of chloroform—to-night there is hardly a bottle left. We have made up three cases of about eighty bottles each for Colonel Colville,* who starts to-night on a special mission to Metz. Some days ago Captain Kantzow left England armed with chloroform to try and get into Metz, having previously seen

* The late Colonel Hon. Sir William Colville, K.C.B.

Count Bernstorff* in order to get Prussia's leave. We thought it a hopeless affair, but last night came an official letter to Bob from Bernstorff stating that Bismarck had telegraphed his permission for our Society to send an agent into the besieged cities of Metz and Strassburg with chloroform, provided it was done with the knowledge of the Prussian commander of the besieging forces. We at once sent for Colonel Colville, who starts on his mission to-night. It is a great triumph for us to have achieved this.

Bob has also bought a whole ambulance of twelve waggons from the Government Woolwich Depot, and got permission for Dr. Longmore of Netley Hospital (an excellent man) to go out with it. Charles Wood† has gone out to join Brackenbury, and also the Rev. Mr. Butler of Wantage and eight sisters of All Saints, who are thoroughly trained nurses and charming ladylike women; I hope they will do well. The descriptions we receive of the quiet courage and still more the patience and cheerfulness of the wounded men in hospital are most touching; they seem so grateful for anything and so anxious to share everything, down to a little chocolate cake, with their comrade on the next bed, or rather the next heap of straw.

Dr. Sandwith has sent over to us for 200 iron bedsteads to fit up in a big church at Pont-à-Mousson, where he has a large number of wounded and wants to make it more permanent. I dare say the church will make a good hospital, as it is described as large and lofty and therefore no doubt airy. In the Anglo-American Ambulance all the windows of the house where they lodged were shot away in the action of Sedan, and the draught thereby kept up has saved them they say from hospital fever and other horrors. . . .

We dined with the Bernstorffs at the German Embassy the other night, a large dinner. Except that

* Prussian Ambassador in England. † Now Viscount Halifax.

Countess Bernstorff and I were the only ladies, it might have been the middle of the season—Gladstone, Lord Granville, two or three Foreign Ministers, Delane, Hayward, etc. Count Bernstorff was as elated as so phlegmatic a German can be at the Prussian success, the splendid behaviour of the army, and the valour and devotion of the King. He says that at Mars-la-Tours, where the losses of the Prussians were quite fearful, the King was looking down on the battle from a hill and saw a regiment cut to pieces; it had lost all its officers except one young Ensign, who was vainly trying to rally his breaking troops to the charge; the old King galloped down the hill, put himself at the head of the men, and led them into the battle again. Bernstorff says the Prussian rifles do not carry so far by nearly half as the French chassepots, and that all the battles were won by actual hand-to-hand fighting and by artillery. The first part of the statement I can hardly believe, as nearly all the wounds are said to be gun-shot, and scarce any sword or bayonet cuts.

CHAPTER IX

VISIT TO VERSAILLES AND PARIS DURING THE SIEGE—END OF THE WAR—LIFE IN PARLIAMENT—ARMY PURCHASE—AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—RETURN OF THE CONSERVATIVES TO OFFICE

1870-1874

By the end of September the English Society for ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded, notwithstanding the large scale of its organisation, found it impossible to keep pace with the eager desire of their subscribers to see their contributions applied to the immediate relief of suffering. A request had been already received from the German Red Cross President for a money grant, and the Committee, after much consideration, decided to divide equally between the French and German authorities the sum of 40,000*l.*, for the exclusive and duly guaranteed purpose of relief to the sick and wounded of the two armies. Loyd-Lindsay, as chairman of the Society, undertook the duty of conveying this sum in person to the German headquarters at Versailles, provided permission could be obtained from the King of Prussia for him to enter Paris and deliver half the grant personally to General Trochu.

On October 5, 1870, he started on this somewhat adventurous expedition. Mr. Furley went with him,

and his house-steward, Whittle, an old Guardsman, acted as his travelling servant. Crossing to Havre, he wrote:

I reached here at 10 A.M. yesterday. Bury (Viscount Bury) was absent in the country buying horses for the Woolwich Ambulance. When he returned, I paraded the horses which had come in, and found them excellent animals, good enough for anything. I start this evening by rail to Rouen; the rail stops a few miles beyond, and the rest of the journey must be done by road. A pair of horses bought here will accompany us to Rouen, and will be the means of conveying us on to Versailles and perhaps to Paris. The *Francs-Tireurs* interfere most abominably—they stopped twenty of the horses last night, and refused to allow them to enter Havre.

The journey to Versailles was successfully accomplished. The country passed through seemed quiet, and with only occasional evidences of war. In the Report presented to the Society on his return, Loyd-Lindsay says:

The Germans would doubtless like to invade and conquer France with as little bloodshed, and be on as good terms as possible with the people whose country they invade and whose property they take, and in this they have succeeded to a point beyond what I should have thought possible. But the conduct of the *Francs-Tireurs* is exciting the direst animosity on the part of the Germans, and the question will become an important one. The case against the *Francs-Tireurs* is that it is not known whether they are friendly peasants, brigands, or soldiers, and in point of fact they assume all three characters in turn. At Mantes six of them are lying in prison awaiting their trial by the French for misconduct. On the first occasion when I saw the Crown

Prince at Versailles he told me that he had been that morning in deliberation upon the question as to how the *Francs-Tireurs* should be treated. I understood him to say they should be treated as soldiers, which I think is right, but, he added, "they are doing infinite injury to France," and this I can confirm by my own observation.

On first consideration we are apt to suppose that when a country is invaded every man turns soldier and fights for his hearth and home, but this does not appear to be the case. Submission is found to be much more convenient, and from Vernon to Paris submission is the order of the day, always excepting the small bodies of *Francs-Tireurs*. From what I have seen I am convinced that our Volunteers must act as regular troops in divisions and corps d'armée, should our country ever be invaded, lest they should come to be like the *Francs-Tireurs*, a curse instead of a blessing to the country.

After visiting his aunt, Miss Margaret Trotter, at her home at St. Germains, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay entered Versailles on October 9. He called at once on Colonel Walker, our military Commissioner with the German army. The following day he was invited to luncheon with the Crown Prince, who was seated between him and Bismarck.

I spoke to Count Bismarck on the subject of my mission, and he desired me to write him a letter asking for leave to enter Paris, and he would speak to Count Moltke. This I did, enclosing at the same time a copy of the letter addressed by the Committee to Prince Pless (chief commissioner of the Voluntary Aid Societies). Prince Pless, when I visited him, was most civil, and expressed much gratitude for the cheque for 20,000*l.* which I handed to him.

During the luncheon the Crown Prince talked much to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay in English, alluding to his and the Crown Princess's visit to Paris during the Exhibition of 1867, and to their drives with the Emperor and Empress of the French. The next day Loyd-Lindsay had a long ride on horseback through the beautiful woods of Versailles, and over the lawns and terraces, keeping, of course, within the Prussian lines.

Of troops surprisingly few, he writes, were to be seen, though the city is completely invested—it is a narrow cordon. Even in Versailles few soldiers are visible except a bevy of German princes of every rank and age and degree who have nothing to do but to hang about Versailles, and to smoke, talk, and dance at the café of the Hôtel des Réservoirs and the Casino Club, leading a perfectly idle life, supposed to form the King's staff, but without any real commands or duties whatever.

On Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock, he dined with the King, who gave him the impression of "a bluff, good-natured, outspoken old soldier."

He received me very kindly, though he seemed a little huffy at the proposed division of the money between the French and Germans, remarking "You certainly are very impartial, indeed!"

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's further impressions of his visit to Versailles and Paris are best given by extracts from his own words roughly jotted down immediately after his return home:

Bismarck is the life and soul of the Prussian head-quarters, moving and directing everything; on one

occasion I spent a whole hour with him in his private room, smoking cigars and talking freely and openly upon many subjects. I never saw a man who gives at once so strong an impression of commanding talent and intense determination and energy; his figure is gigantic and magnificent, the face plain; thick, shaggy, white eyebrows, cheeks baggy under the eyes, but a fine profile and a grand shaped massive head, well placed upon powerful shoulders. He spoke to me about the Lindsays, saying they were a fine family, and had played a great part in Scottish history. He said, "They are a Lowland family, are they not? People are apt to confound Lowlanders and Highlanders, but the great events of Scottish history have taken place in the Lowlands. We study the history of Scotland with even more interest than that of England." He speaks English well, though somewhat slowly and deliberately. He talked about the war; said that the Prussians were desirous of peace and willing to come to terms, "but," he added (speaking always of *I* without any allusion to the King), "it is absolutely impossible that I can return and show myself before the Assembly of Prussia, after the sacrifice of the lives of a hundred thousand of her best and bravest sons, without having made a peace which the people will feel to be a secure and lasting guarantee against any possible future invasion by France." He added that he considered the Germans had every prospect of ultimate success "provided God Almighty will only remain neutral."

I then spoke of the strong wish in England that peace should be concluded, and ventured to suggest the compromise of converting Alsace and Lorraine into a neutral state. Bismarck replied that such terms would be accepted—Alsace and Lorraine neutral territory, a kind of colony under German protection, whence those who wished to remain French citizens should be allowed to move into French territory—with the fortresses

of Metz and Strassburg garrisoned by Prussian troops. I asked whether the razing of the fortifications to the ground would not be sufficient; Bismarck replied that this would not be sufficient, and that moreover it was impracticable, Metz being a *natural* fortification which could not be destroyed. He spoke of the wish of the Prussians to spare Paris from bombardment if possible; but apparently they look forward to a winter before Paris, as 40,000 sheepskin coats have been ordered from Berlin. Bismarck then said that he would not only be willing to consent, but that he wished that the whole correspondence and negotiations that had passed on the subject of the war between both sides should be submitted to arbitration by a Congress composed of two or three chosen men of the principal nations of Europe, including England, who would judge of and decide upon the whole case as laid before them, and that by the deliberate opinion and judgment of such an assembly he, Bismarck, would be willing to abide.

He gave me letters to carry into Paris, one of them to the Apostolic Nuncio. In the course of conversation he said he had received that morning a very curious letter which perhaps I would like to see, and he read me a letter from Ollivier, the Emperor's late Minister, addressed direct to the King of Prussia, dated from somewhere in Italy: a short peremptory letter, beginning "Sire," and stating that on reflecting in his retirement on the events and questions that had led to the war, he considered that the treatment which the French Minister, Benedetti, had received from the King at Ems was the chief cause of hostilities, that he, Ollivier, as Prime Minister, could never consent to see the representative of his country treated with such haughtiness, and that he deemed it his duty to acquaint the King with his opinion on this subject.

Bismarck then read to me his own answer to this strange communication, written in French—a perfect

specimen of terse sarcasm, demolishing in well-turned phrases all M. Ollivier's pretensions—each sentence coiling itself closer round his victim with a sharp sting at the end, telling poor Ollivier that he had no right from the depth of the obscurity into which he had fallen to dare to intrude his opinions, or to place himself in this manner before his Majesty. Count Moltke was less accessible than Bismarck, and seldom appeared in Versailles society; I never had the good fortune to see him.

It was eleven o'clock at night on Tuesday when I received permission to enter Paris, and as all preparations had to be made, it was eleven o'clock next morning before I started from Versailles. A Lieutenant of Hessian infantry was told off to accompany me as far as Ville d'Avray, at which point he handed me over to the Colonel of the regiment occupying that village. The Colonel ordered out a young Lieutenant of hussars, whose figure and face were as handsome as possible, to ride with me down to the outpost near the old porcelain manufactory in the village of Sèvres. In the long street opposite the manufactory I was ordered to leave the carriage, and preceded by a trumpeter on horseback with a white flag fastened on his sword, and accompanied by the officer also on horseback, and by my servant, Whittle, carrying my small hand-bag and a Red Cross flag, we marched in solemn silence to the barricade at the end of the long and entirely deserted street.

At the barricade we were ordered to halt, and the trumpeter, sounding a blast and waving his white flag, advanced; I felt a little uneasy for the poor man's safety, because Count Bismarck had told me that the objection to a *parlementaire* was that a trumpeter was generally used up on each occasion, but fortunately this time he returned unharmed, and we all again advanced towards the bridge, at the further end of which I could see the French barricade with one or two French heads cautiously

advanced above it and a little white flag waving on the parapet. The end arch of the bridge was broken, we had therefore to descend to the river in order to cross in a boat. After about an hour's delay, during which time an Aide-de-camp went up to ask permission for me to pass, we crossed the river in a small boat and walked to the headquarters of the General commanding the outpost in the village of Boulogne. A carriage was there civilly provided for me, and accompanied by a superior officer, we drove through the Bois de Boulogne, passed through the Barrière de l'Etoile and down the Champs Elysées to the palace of the Louvre, where is the état-major of the Governor of Paris. General Burnside, who had been allowed to enter Paris a few days before me, was blindfolded during a part of this journey. This formality was not gone through in my case, but it reminds me that I must say nothing of what I saw inside or outside the fortifications which may prove useful to either besieged or besiegers.

While in Paris I saw most of the principal people; with General Trochu I had a long interview, and he talked a good deal about the state of affairs. He is a quiet-mannered, pleasant man, a thorough gentleman, high-minded and religious (at least so he himself assured me), but more of a military scholar than a man of action, with hardly sufficient audacity and impetuosity to lead the French triumphantly through the present crisis. But it is something that Paris should be in honest hands. I was the first to give him the news of the defeat of the Army of the Loire—had I arrived one day later I could have told him of the loss of Orleans also. Trochu seemed disturbed, but not much surprised; he asked me whether I had told Jules Favre this news, and on my saying I had not, he added, "You had better say nothing to him." He said there had been a lull lately in the operations of the Prussians round Paris, but that "things could not go on this way much longer."

He remarked that circumstances had placed him in his present position—the fact that he was one of the few Generals not compromised by having served under the Emperor. He spoke of the condition of the army, saying it was the want of a proper system of organisation and lack of leadership that had led to the present disasters.

As for General Le Flô—the War Minister—he was very aggressive in his tone, saying: "Only wait a few years till we have had time to recover from the recent disasters, we shall reform and reorganise our army, and during the next twenty years France will show the world what she can do. We have been deserted by our old allies, we must now form new alliances with other Powers—we must look to America."

The general appearance of Paris has, of course, lost all its brilliancy and gaiety—half the shops are closed, no theatres open, the cafés all shut at 10.30—it is like a city of the dead, and so gloomy I was thankful to get out of it. The newly raised troops—Gardes Nationales and Mobiles—are fine-looking men enough, but utterly undrilled and undisciplined; they are cocky and boastful, declaring they are only longing to die *pour la Patrie*; but the mass of the people are by no means so warlike or full of spirit, and in the country, especially, there seems very little war spirit. One can hardly realise Paris so gloomy and downhearted; one can imagine it full of excited mobs, but not with quiet, downcast population. All the people I saw ned very sad, all longing to get out, and absolutely f from all communication with their friends out he walls. My hotel, "the Vouillemont," was pe besieged with people bringing me letters to take oth for France and for England. I brought hom e portmanteau full of letters—hundreds of the I posted at once—private letters, Govern tches, newspaper correspondences, etc.

Though I lived chiefly with the few of our Embassy staff that remained at Paris, I saw a great many people. I dined one night at Count Flavigny's—he and his wife both nice, pleasant people. He is the head of the French Red Cross Societies. They live in a very good house near the Champs Elysées, and gave a good dinner, tho' eked out with brains, foie-gras, etc., very little real meat. I met there, also, Madame Lesseps, the charming and handsome Comtesse Lagrange, etc. Trochu lent me a carriage—a brougham of the Emperor's with the Imperial arms painted out—and in this I drove about. I was warned never to go about on foot lest I should be taken up as a spy—which seems the mania now in vogue at Paris. Marshal Vaillant himself had been seized a few days before, and so roughly handled by the mob that he was near losing his life.

I kept very strictly to this rule till one afternoon, as I was driving about in a brougham lent me by the American Legation, I got out and walked a little way down the Palais Royal to buy a map of Paris, and soon realised the wisdom of the warning, for as I was leaving the bookseller's shop two dirty, greasy, rough-looking men in blouses — one with military trousers and casquette—pounced upon me, declared I was a Prussian and a spy, and led me off, followed by a crowd of little gamins and rough savage-looking people. The men took me to a guard-room—a filthy hole, full of Mobiles and other ruffians lying about. I declined to stay in it, and made my way to the room occupied by the officer, a dirty old man in shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe. He demanded my papers; I had nothing to show except my card, which the man could not read, and my position was getting somewhat awkward, when I beheld a real officer of the army walking down the garden. I demanded his protection, but he told me he had no authority to interfere, the Mobiles could seize anyone and he could do nothing. I got permission to

leave the guard-room and walk up and down the garden, under the eye of the sentry, and soon the officer again passed by, whereupon I again accosted him, explained to him who I was, said that I knew Trochu, and requested to be taken to him. At last the officer consented, became very obliging, and did his best by speaking to the Mobiles and taking me straight off to Trochu, at the Louvre. Unluckily both he and his Aide-de-camp were out at breakfast, but the footman recognised me, assured the officer I was all right and had been with Trochu the day before; whereupon the officer released me and allowed me to return to my carriage and drive off.

Another day, as I was driving in a cab, I narrowly escaped being taken again. A man fired off a gun in the air, a crowd immediately collected, and soon transferred their attention from the man to me, pressing round the cab, putting their faces in at the window and hissing "*Vous êtes Prussien.*" My exit from Paris was effected with much the same ceremonies as my entry, but this time the Prussian outposts were prepared for my arrival and a carriage was in readiness for me. I had intended leaving Paris the previous day, and the carriage waited some hours for me near the Sèvres bridge, till at last a shell fell and burst close to the carriage, luckily injuring no one, but the coachman took it as a warning and retreated.

I went through most of the hospitals both at Versailles and Paris. At Versailles the wounded were all lying in the magnificent galleries, with the great pictures of the French victories around them. It sounds luxurious, but though the rooms are large and lofty the ventilation is bad. The hospitals on the whole seem moderately well managed, depending entirely on voluntary aid societies for the supply of everything in the shape of extra comforts, such as changes of clothes, warm flannels, good food, drinks, etc. Our money and

supplies will therefore be of the greatest use and comfort. In Paris the French seem to have done their best, but they are badly off for surgeons, and for many other necessaries; the nurses are chiefly men-orderlies, but a great many women and ladies give their voluntary aid.

The help rendered to the German sick and wounded by the English Red Cross Society was acknowledged in the following letter from the Crown Prince:

Headquarters, Versailles: November 2, 1870.

The noble contribution brought by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, for the use of the sick and wounded, from the English Society, of which he is the director, deserves somewhat more than a simple acknowledgment.

On this, as on other occasions of distress, the help of the English public has been poured out with a liberal and impartial hand.

The gifts, which have been offered in a truly Christian spirit, have excited a feeling of heart-felt gratitude amongst those in whose name I speak. In doing so I am repeating the feelings of the whole of my country people, in this instance represented by those for whose special benefit these gifts are destined.

FREDERICK WILLIAM,
Crown Prince.

Letters of grateful appreciation were also received from many members of the Royal families of Germany; among these the Empress Augusta, the Crown Princess, and the Grand Duchess of Hesse (Princess Alice of England) had throughout the war kept in close touch with the British Ladies' Committee, the correspondence being chiefly carried on between Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Morier, our Minister at Darmstadt, and Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay.

The seat of war had during the autumn moved in a great measure from the north of France to the Loire country, where the French achieved a temporary success at Orleans. For a short time it even looked as though they might possibly retrieve their fortunes, but though their army was large, and composed mainly of old soldiers, and their artillery powerful, it had been hastily formed under the pressure of danger, and was destitute of the barest necessaries for carrying out a campaign. There had been no time to organise a proper medical staff, and the impossibility of obtaining anything from Paris, together with the interruption of communications throughout the country, effectually prevented any adequate supply for the needs of the thousands of wounded men who crowded every town and village in the Loire district.

The English Society, represented at Tours by Colonel (since Sir Nicholas) Elphinstone and Mr. S. S. Lee, and reinforced by officers and gentlemen sent out from headquarters in England, worked with unremitting energy, nothing daunted by the difficulties and dangers of conveyance and transport. Mrs. Elphinstone wrote :

None can form any idea of the extent of the benefits of the English Society unless they can see what the wounded would have been without it, and the contrast is very apparent in every place where they have collected before the Society takes it in hand. It is impossible to conceive the gratitude the poor fellows feel and express for all their comforts.

A railway station soup-kitchen for the wounded passing through Tours was a most useful and highly appre-

ciated undertaking. Not at Tours only but at numerous other places throughout France did these distributions of food and hot drinks at railway stations do more than anything else to alleviate suffering.

The Woolwich Ambulance, fitted out on a large scale under the direction of the Army Medical Department, also did good work at St. Germain and in the country round Chartres, while the district of Amiens and Boulogne was efficiently worked under Sir Vincent Eyre.

* Among those who gave their services to Red Cross work during the Loire campaign was a veteran soldier of the First Empire, General de Gaja, whose career was a remarkable one. He served with distinction as a cavalry officer in most of the Napoleonic campaigns. In 1809 he was taken prisoner at Corunna, and with a large number of French officers was "interned" at Wantage, which was selected for this purpose on account of its isolated position in the midst of the Berkshire Downs. Here he remained for about three years, when he was exchanged and rejoined Napoleon. He shared in the hardships and sufferings of the retreat from Moscow; he also fought at Leipsic in 1813, and it is said that Napoleon attributed his escape from capture to the prowess of De Gaja, who with his troop forced the passage of the only bridge left affording means of retreat to the French forces.

Subsequently he attached himself to the Court and the fortunes of the Duchess of Angoulême. Later on he became a convert to the Protestant faith and married a daughter of Lord Robert Stephen Fitzgerald. Their daughter married an Englishman, the Rev. J. Atkinson, Rector of East Hendred; and General de Gaja spent the latter days of his life at his son-in-law's rectory, within three miles of Wantage, where a few farmers and other inhabitants of the district recognised in the white-haired General the smart young French officer of far-back days. The General was a striking personality, a tall, soldier-like figure of the old school, with much charm of mind and manner. He was a frequent and honoured visitor at Lockinge—guest and host always wearing their ribbons of the Legion of Honour in compliment to each other. On one occasion he and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe met at Lockinge, and the veteran statesman and the veteran soldier, seated together on the lawn, discussing with animation events and campaigns long since matters of history in which each had borne a part, and which were to them as things of yesterday, formed a striking picture and a living link with the far past. To Colonel Loyd-

In the latter part of November Lord Granville (then Minister for Foreign Affairs) called the attention of the Society to the condition of the multitude of French prisoners in Germany; the Queen of Prussia (Empress Augusta) was also anxious that this matter should be taken up. Their state, owing chiefly to exposure to weather and lack of warm clothing, was deplorable, notwithstanding the efforts made on their behalf by the German authorities. The Society was fortunate in inducing Lieutenant (now General) Leopold Swaine to undertake this delicate and difficult mission, for which his German extraction rendered him peculiarly well fitted. He visited the numerous towns throughout Germany in which these prisoners were detained, taking with him and distributing supplies of warm clothing and other comforts. Captain D. Hervey undertook a similar mission to the German prisoners scattered through France, and especially in Brest and other towns in the western district, whose needs were also very urgent.

After the conclusion of the war Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and his wife, being desirous of bringing together all those who had worked for the Red Cross, gave a banquet at Greenwich, which was attended by a very large gathering of the members of the Society, headed by Prince and Princess Christian, and by the agents, employés, surgeons, and nurses who had worked

Lindsay fell the task of breaking to the old soldier the news of the defeat of Sedan. The disasters of his country affected him deeply. Too old to rejoin the army, he resolved to devote what little remaining strength he possessed to the service of his country and the relief of suffering in his native district of Pau. After the conclusion of the war he returned to England and ended his life in the peaceful Berkshire rectory in 1875 at the ripe age of 88.

abroad. Representatives of the two belligerent nations also met in friendly intercourse on this occasion, the German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, and Count Flavigny, head of the French Red Cross Society, with a deputation of distinguished French doctors and surgeons. Colonel and Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay also entertained the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia at Carlton Gardens.

On July 25, within a year of the formation of the Society, the Committee presented their Report. It described a work which, rapidly though unconsciously, had grown into one of enormous magnitude and responsibility, involving labour and difficulties which can be understood and appreciated only by those who day by day devoted to it their time and energy. It was eminently an experimental work, but much experience was gained both as to what to do and what to avoid, and though started under the pressure of sudden emergency it has shown itself to have been built on solid foundations, for it has proved lasting, and the Red Cross Society is now a recognised institution of this country.

During the autumn and winter of 1870 Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's time and attention had been mainly absorbed by Red Cross work consequent on the Franco-German war. With the New Year of 1871 other interests began to assert their claims.

The campaign which had been fought so near our shores, and into whose vortex it more than once seemed only too probable that we ourselves might be drawn, was watched with anxious interest by the English people,

and a settled purpose arose in their mind that our military institutions must be overhauled with the view of placing them on a permanent basis of efficiency. Gladstone, the most non-military of statesmen, was at the head of affairs; but Mr. Cardwell was at the War Office, and though he was essentially a civilian without military training, he was a man of patriotic instincts, far-seeing judgment, and great initiative power. To him the British nation and army owe a large debt of gratitude, and Loyd-Lindsay, although at first opposed to one of his chief measures, was not slow to acknowledge the merits of his schemes for army reform, and to give him his cordial support.

The main objects Mr. Cardwell had in view were, after providing for the reduction of army expenditure by withdrawing colonial garrisons and by other measures, to create by means of shorter periods of enlistment an army of young and active men in lieu of an army of veterans, and to lay the foundations of an effective reserve by which the attenuated cadres of regiments could be promptly filled up in time of war. He moreover laid down the principle that for purposes of defence the country must rely chiefly on the auxiliary forces. With this intention he strengthened the Militia, encouraged the Volunteers, and ultimately combined the regular and auxiliary forces into one organisation in connexion with territorial districts. In all these measures of reform Loyd-Lindsay warmly sympathised, and in after years he gave the full weight of his influence to their furtherance in opposition to many officers of the old school and "service members" to whom the old order was dear, and who in the destruction of traditions

foresaw also the destruction of efficiency; but he went his way nothing daunted, taking his stand with the leading men of the new school.

This is, however, somewhat anticipating events. In order to give effect to his proposed schemes Mr. Cardwell deemed it necessary to begin by abolishing the time-honoured system of promotion of officers by purchase, to which was linked the unauthorised but universally adopted practice of over-regulation payments. This system, together with its abuses, had grown up gradually, and like many anomalies that cannot be justified in theory, did not work badly in practice. It was, however, impossible to place the purchase officers of the Army on the same footing as the non-purchase officers of the Reserve forces without uprooting the old system—it formed a bar to all reform, but the removal of a time-honoured custom would, it was felt, be not only a difficult but a very costly matter.

In Mr. Cardwell's Bill for Army Reconstruction, which was brought before the House early in the session of 1871, this question of the Abolition of Purchase held a prominent place. Loyd-Lindsay was pressed to undertake the task of opposing it. To this he consented, with little or no hope, however, of carrying his resolution, although several Liberal members, foremost among them Colonel the Hon. Augustus Anson, promised him their support. Some of his friends, though agreeing thoroughly with him in principle, were nevertheless opposed to bringing the matter before the House on a separate motion, considering it would be best to wait and oppose it in the committee stage, when there might be some hope of introducing modifications. Lindsay referred the

matter to Mr. Disraeli as leader of his party ; but not till half an hour before he rose to speak did he know for certain what the decision might be and whether his speech would come off or not.

On March 19 he moved his amendment on the second reading of the Bill to the effect that the expenditure necessary for national defence and the demand on the exchequer did not at present justify any vote of public money for the extinction of Purchase in the Army. He said that Mr. Cardwell's Bill was so large in scope and so extensive in character, that feeling the difficulty and inconvenience of having all the questions mixed up in one debate he had with great diffidence given notice of an amendment which would enable the House to pronounce an opinion separately upon the most vitally important of its many clauses. He recognised the justice and liberality with which the Government and Mr. Cardwell had approached the subject, especially as regarded compensation to officers. This, he calculated, would amount to 12,000,000*l.* The essentially weak point of our present Army he considered to be, not the quality of the officers, which was what the proposed measure professed to remedy, but the way in which the various departments of the Army were put together, with the result that although we might possess each separate part in perfection, the whole would prove unavailable in the hour of need unless the several parts—Staff, Commissariat, Transport, Medical Service, etc.—were bound together by an efficient and cohesive organisation. The regimental system had never yet failed in the British Army ; nowhere had it been more severely tried than in the Crimea, and he called on the House

to take into consideration other and more pressing matters before committing itself to an expenditure of 12,000,000*l.* in order to remedy a supposed evil and to alter a system the results of which had proved on the whole satisfactory. He dwelt on the difficulties which would attend promotion by selection, and ended by an appeal to the House not to sanction so great a change without sufficient consideration and discussion.

His speech was well received, and many of his army friends, Lord Strathnairn among them, were warm in their praise. The resolution was seconded by Colonel White, a thorough-going Liberal, and was supported by many speakers, including Sir John Pakington and Mr. Bernal Osborne, on the ground of the stagnation in promotion which would result from the change, the difficulty of keeping selection free from favouritism, and the heavy cost which would be involved. The debate continued three nights. The Government was supported by but few speakers, and it was left to Mr. Cardwell to defend his measure, in favour of which he quoted many weighty opinions. Disraeli's opposition was somewhat lukewarm; he recognised that the Government scheme was, in spite of defects, the first attempt made to weld together all our varied forces into one organisation. As regarded Purchase, he classed it among such questions as marriage with a deceased wife's sister—an affair which would go on pretty much as usual, whatever might be the decision. If the country determined that the sale of Commissions was wrong, the Government was justified in proposing its abolition; but he warned them that the cost might prove intolerable. Somewhat unexpectedly, at the end of his speech

Mr. Disraeli advised Colonel Loyd-Lindsay to withdraw his resolution. This he consented to do, and the Bill was read a second time without a division. He had all along anticipated this as a probable termination, and he felt that his main object had been accomplished, that of securing full discussion and consideration to the proposed measure.

In committee the Bill was opposed step by step under the leadership of the Hon. Colonel Anson, and after dragging its weary way through May and June was at length carried by the narrow majority of eight votes. A few weeks later it was thrown out in the House of Lords. Thereupon Mr. Gladstone adopted the legal, though unusual, course of advising the Queen to take the decisive step of cancelling the Royal Warrant under which purchase had hitherto been legalised. Thus the purchase system ceased to exist, and the ground was cleared for those further measures of reform which marked Mr. Cardwell's tenure of office and inaugurated a new era in our army organisation. Loyd-Lindsay took an active part in subsequent debates, doing his utmost to promote measures for Short Service, for the creation of a Reserve, for the development of the Volunteer force and its affiliation with the Regular Army, for promoting union between the Militia and the Line, and for the formation of a territorial system. He thus became associated with the powerful group of army reformers which included, among others, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir Henry Brackenbury. By these he was frequently called into council, and with them he continued throughout life to co-operate, so that, although no longer in the Regular Army,

his influence in military matters, both in the House of Commons and in the country, became increasingly felt.

Among other military questions that came to the fore at this period was that of Army manœuvres. Mr. Cardwell and Lord Overstone were old friends; matters of finance and currency had first brought them into contact when the former was Chancellor of the Exchequer; community of views cemented their friendship and led to constant intercourse. Mr. Cardwell was a frequent guest at Lockinge; he knew the surrounding country, and when the question of a suitable site for autumn manœuvres arose, he perceived how well fitted for the purpose were the Berkshire Downs. Loyd-Lindsay gave every encouragement to the scheme, and secured the consent and co-operation of the farmers. The ground was surveyed by a party of military men, who made Lockinge their headquarters during a visit of inspection in April 1871. Chief among them were General Sir Hope Grant, General Lysons, General Carey, Colonel Henry Knollys, and Colonel Garnet Wolseley (recently returned from the Red River expedition). This visit laid the foundation of lifelong friendship and co-operation in army matters between the latter and Loyd-Lindsay, while Lord Overstone delighted to find in the brilliant young officer a sympathetic companion in discussions on classic literature.

Lord Hertford and Sir Paul Hunter were invited to meet the Generals and their staff. The party explored the Down country on horseback; their report was highly favourable; the matter was considered as settled, and preparations were commenced for manœuvres in Berkshire in the early autumn, when suddenly

Lord Northbrook, then Under Secretary for War, stated in the House of Lords that the manœuvres fixed for September had been abandoned owing "to an accident fatal to the scheme," the so-called "accident" being the alleged lateness of the harvest in Berkshire. This announcement led to much discussion in both Houses, it being universally felt that the reason assigned was a pretext, and that the real reason was the inability of the Control and Transport Departments to provide for the march of a body of troops exceeding 5000, from Aldershot to the Berkshire Downs. On July 31, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay moved the adjournment of the House in order to bring the subject before it. In his opinion this confession of weakness involved the very existence of the Army, for the feeding and transport are matters of absolutely vital importance to the success of any campaign. He considered it was the duty of Government at once to put the Control Department into a state of efficiency, which could be done if the money were forthcoming.

The well-known and well-worn ground in the vicinity of Aldershot was ultimately selected for the manœuvres, and several Volunteer regiments, including the Berkshire, for the first time joined in them. Loyd-Lindsay remarked afterwards in a speech, that English people had, during that fortnight, "learned to know more about the condition of the Army than they had done during all the years since the Crimean war; Chobham had been sometimes said to have saved the British Army; and taking place when it did, a year before the Crimean war, it doubtless did save us from committing many more faults than were made." Among various

comments of a practical nature, he suggested that: "Volunteer service in the matter of transport would, I believe, turn out quite as successful as Volunteer service in men." He considered that before the next autumn manœuvres such an amount of country transport might be organised as would prevent the discreditable scenes of cruelty to animals which had been witnessed in the sandy lanes of Hampshire. The 48,000*l.* which the Government was said to have paid for hired transport was more than the actual value of the miserable carts and horses which the Control had to help up-hill, and for each of which fifty shillings a day were paid.

In March 1872 army matters were again brought prominently before the House of Commons, and he took part in a debate on Mr. Holm's and Mr. Muntz's motion for reducing the Forces by some 20,000 or 30,000 men; commenting on the inconsistency of those who advocated a reduction of our Army, and at the same time talked big of maintaining England's power in all parts of the world. In speaking of the auxiliary forces he dwelt specially upon the importance of reorganising the Yeomanry, simplifying their equipment, and training them in use of their carbines when dismounted—in fact treating them as mounted infantry: a reform which was carried into practice some thirty years later, when the experiences and lessons of the South African war had demonstrated the soundness of Lindsay's views.

Among other incidents in the spring of 1872 were visits to this country by the King of the Belgians and the German Empress. The former was entertained by the Loyd-Lindsays at Carlton Gardens;

and a letter from Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay to her mother-in-law describes an interview with the Empress Augusta at an afternoon party given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace :

The Queen is wonderfully well, and showing herself more to the people this year. At her own party she looked radiant, and it was a pleasure to watch her as she came down the long gallery with the graceful dignity so peculiarly her own, bowing and smiling and speaking to everyone, and evidently anxious to make her party go off well. It was really pretty to see her take the German Empress by the hand and present her to the guests. Bob and I were carried off by Lord Torrington into an inner room, where a select circle was drawn up for presentation to the Empress. She is wonderfully young-looking for her age. I expected to see in the "dear Augusta" of the telegrams an elderly motherly-looking woman with black-lace draperies, instead of which, behold a tall, upright lady, with a fine figure, a face that may have been handsome once, but now over "assisted" by paint and powder, elegantly dressed, her hair done in modern *frisé* fashion. The peculiar slow cadence in her way of speaking, which is usually the result of repeating what has been learnt by heart, somewhat recalls the French stage. She was extremely gracious to us, and made a long speech to Bob in very good English, thanking him most warmly for all he had done for the sick and wounded, assuring him that he was the one person in all England she had the greatest desire to see; she had told this to the Queen, who said he would be at the party that afternoon. She also spoke of Captain Leopold Swaine, and of one or two others we had sent out during the war. It was all so flattering and gracious that it was difficult for Bob to say much or do anything but listen and bow and smile and look very handsome; and, as her Imperial

Majesty was so anxious to see him, I hope she was satisfied! We are to meet her again next week at the Bernstorffs.

In June 1872 Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and his wife took a short run to Paris, anxious to see its condition, within a year and a half after the siege. Though it had lost its bloom and glitter, they found little except the ruins of the Tuileries and other buildings that could recall the great tragedy that had taken place since Lindsay's last visit. "The whole thing seems to have become such a matter of history that it is difficult to realise it all took place only eighteen months ago, and the flights of Marie Antoinette and of the Empress Eugénie seem to belong almost to the same epoch." In Normandy the past and the present seemed to join hands, and the old driver of a pair of stout grey *percherons*, seeking to explain and apologise for the indolence of one of his steeds, said, "*Il a des soucis, il songe à la mort de Louis Seize*," an event that appeared to him as real and recent as the German war. They visited St. Cloud, where the village was still a heap of ruins and débris, and they attended a debate of the Chamber of Deputies in the beautiful old Court Theatre of Versailles. Their return home was by road, driving from Vernon along the Seine, and crossing it by ferry-boats where the bridges had been broken down, not by the Germans but by the French *Comité de Défense*.

The quiet tenor of the Loyd-Lindsays' home life during the next few years was not marked by any special incidents, but early in 1874 public events of a stirring nature affected all who were in any way connected with

politics. On January 24, as they were returning from a visit to their friends and neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr of Aldermaston, and were waiting on the quiet country station platform, they were astounded by a man telling them that the morning papers announced the dissolution of Parliament. At Reading the *Times* removed all doubt; a long address from Gladstone to his Greenwich constituents proclaimed an immediate general election, and his forthcoming budget foreshadowed the complete abolition of the income tax, thrown out as a bribe for electioneering support. A week followed of thrilling excitement and suspense, of many rumours and many conjectures. Great events were crowded into that short period, the conclusion of the Tichborne case, the successful climax of the Ashanti war by the taking of Kumassi under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the turmoil of a general election, which latter had to be accomplished in little more than a fortnight.

In Berkshire there was no contest, and the three sitting members, Loyd-Lindsay, Benyon, and Walter, retained their seats unopposed. At Abingdon Colonel Charles Lindsay was unexpectedly defeated by a local employer of labour, but generally throughout the country the extent of the Conservative reaction was placed beyond doubt. Lord Overstone could not recover from his astonishment at the fact of three Conservatives being returned for the City of London, Rothschild being thrown out and Goschen coming in as the sole Liberal by virtue only of the Minority Clause. And many old Liberals rejoiced as much as the strongest Tory at Gladstone's overthrow. The balance of parties was reversed, and the Conservatives had a majority of over

fifty. Gladstone resigned, and Disraeli formed a Government with Mr. Gathorne Hardy as Secretary for War.

The prominent part Loyd-Lindsay had of recent years taken in all matters connected with the Army and the Volunteers, together with his high standing both in the House and in his own county, seemed to mark him for office, and his friends confidently expected to see his name among the War Office appointments. The last post in the whole Ministry to be filled up was that of the Control Department, formerly Board of Ordnance. This was, however, given to Lord Eustace Cecil, Lord Salisbury's brother. Simultaneously with this appointment came the following letter from Mr. Disraeli, which, however gratifying and flattering, placed in so clear a light what had been intended and what might have been, as to add to the keenness of the disappointment:

Dear Loyd-Lindsay,—It is to me a matter of great personal regret that I was unable to ask your permission to insert your name in the recent Ministerial arrangements. I placed it in my original programme as that of Under Secretary of State for War, with the hope that I might induce you to take that office. But I was disappointed in my plan of keeping the post in question in the House of Commons.* And I was baffled in all my attempts to meet my wishes by another combination.

Perhaps you may think it very impertinent in me writing this. Pray do not! and attribute this intrusion, even if indiscreet, only to the sincere regard and esteem with which I feel myself, Sincerely yours,

B. DISRAELI.

* Disraeli's first intention had been to place the Duke of Richmond at the War Office, and it is traditional that the Chief and the Assistant Secretaries of the great departments of state should not belong to the same branch of the legislature.

CHAPTER X

THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR—THE EASTERN QUESTION

1876–1877

In the spring of 1876 events of historic importance occurred in European Turkey; the struggle which originated in far-off provinces of the Turkish Empire developed into a matter of world-wide concern, and excited the passions of men and women in England to an almost unparalleled extent. Long-smouldering revolt against misrule suddenly blazed into flames in Bosnia and Herzegovina; a rising in Bulgaria was suppressed by Turkish troops with the severity and cruelty common to semi-barbarous nations; Servia and Montenegro were soon under arms. Russia, though secretly supporting and aiding the rebellion, made a show of joining with the other leading European nations in the Berlin Memorandum, drawn up for the alleged purpose of imposing certain reforms to be carried out by Turkey. From this England, under the leadership of Disraeli, held aloof. Mr. Gladstone thereupon began his campaign of agitation in favour of the Christian races in Turkey. The country was taught by him to look upon the whole matter entirely as one of cruel repression and wanton murder of innocent Christians, disregarding the underlying political com-

plications and intrigues, and the part played by Russia for her own purposes.

Party feeling ran high, and men to whose lot it fell to know the true state of matters found it hard to make their voices heard. On August 16 a meeting was held under the presidency of Lord Harrowby in support of an Eastern War Sick and Wounded Relief Fund, started by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a letter was read from Miss Nightingale, wishing it God-speed. A statement was made on the part of the Red Cross Aid Society, to the effect that they had delayed taking action until they were convinced the insurrection was not merely local, but might be classed under the category of wars in which the Society could properly tender aid, with the assistance and advice of our diplomatic agents on both sides. Through the good offices of Lord Derby (then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), communications were entered into with Mr. White,* our British Consul-General at Belgrade, and Sir Henry Elliot, our Ambassador at Constantinople, as the result of which the National Aid Society voted a sum of 20,000*l.* for the relief of the sick and wounded of the belligerent armies of Servia and Turkey, and requested their Chairman to act as their Commissioner at the seat of war in conjunction with Mr. MacCormac.

The chief consideration that led the Society to adopt this course was the fact that the British public had, at the meeting above mentioned and in other ways, manifested an unmistakable desire that part of the surplus fund remaining from the Franco-German War Fund

* Afterwards Sir William White, and British Ambassador at Constantinople.

should be devoted to a similar purpose during this war. The circumstance that the belligerents, the Servians especially, had neglected to make such provision for medical organisation as is deemed necessary by all civilised nations, was not considered sufficient argument for withholding a helping hand. Experience, moreover, had shown that the impulse given by neutral intervention tends to stimulate effort by the belligerents themselves. The influence of men such as England sends out has, indeed, done more to promote the cause of humanity in war than any conference or convocation.

In consenting to go out himself to the seat of war, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was moved by the double desire of personally superintending the work and also of seeing something of the campaign and studying on the spot those problems of Eastern politics which were exciting and perplexing men's minds at home. Accordingly, on August 21 he left England, accompanied by his friend Colonel Colebrooke Carter, his wife's cousin Mr. A. K. Loyd, Mr. MacCormac, of St. Thomas's, with six surgeons selected from the staff of that Hospital, and Whittle, who acted as his travelling servant. Lord Salisbury wrote :

I am rejoiced that you are going to Belgrade to direct and control the whole business. It will thus be safely and effectively done. God be with you in your undertaking and bring you safely back to your home.

The party stopped a day *en route* at Brussels, where Colonel Loyd-Lindsay met the Prince of Wales at the British Section of the Exhibition of Ambulance Appliances. He dined with the King of the Belgians, and

proceeded the same night to Vienna, whence he writes to his wife:

Lord Derby had telegraphed to Buchanan (British Ambassador), who was prepared for us. He thinks the worst is over. He says Russian money is very largely used to support the war; without Russian aid the thing would collapse at once. We have bought a famous large tent here for 50*l.*, complete with every necessary for a hospital, and we carry it along with us to-morrow.

From Buda-Pesth he wrote:

Our journey from Vienna to this place occupied fifteen hours by steamer, during which time I suppose we covered a hundred and fifty miles. The Danube has a character of its own, and the parts of the river which are said to be the least interesting I thought the most so. There is a tremendous body of water flowing rapidly along and constantly changing its navigable bed. The steamer swings from side to side of the great expanse of water, apparently for no reason, like a drunken man, who is vulgarly said to have business on both sides of the road. There are two men at the head of the ship with long poles, with which they keep sounding the depths of the stream and constantly crying out the number of feet which the ship draws. Now and again you feel the vessel putting on extra steam, like a good horse going at a big fence, and, before you get off the bank, the ship puffs and struggles and nearly comes to a stand-still. These feats were, however, safely accomplished, though we were delayed for an hour or so beyond our usual time. The scenery is more wild than bold, and is a complete contrast to the Rhine.

On reaching their destination at Belgrade they were hospitably entertained by Consul-General White. Loyd-Lindsay wrote to Sir Douglas Galton, who was acting

as chairman of the National Aid Society during his absence :

We arrived this morning, August 29, at six o'clock with all our stores. Mr. White has informed me of His Highness Prince Milan's desire that the whole party should be presented to him. At three o'clock he received us and expressed himself grateful that England should take such active steps to aid the wounded soldiers. In company with MacCormac I visited the hospital in the town. There are a little under four hundred wounded men. The number of wounded at Alexinatz and the hospitals between the scene of the recent fighting and this place does not exceed two thousand. The sanitary policy wisely adopted is to evacuate the hospitals at the front and draw the wounded gradually back upon this place. I waited on the banks of the Danube for two hours, expecting the arrival of a steamboat containing 100 wounded men from Alexinatz. The ship did not arrive, but has since come in, and MacCormac and some surgeons have gone to give their aid. There will be no delay in getting our surgeons to work, for they are able men, carefully selected, and they mean business.

A very significant fact is to be observed in the hospitals here, I allude to the number of men wounded in the left hand.* It is a little foreign to the subject of my letter, but it has doubtless been reported from various sources here, and I entirely confirm it, that except among the Russian officers there is but one feeling, and that is for an interference on the part of neutral powers to bring about terms of peace. When I except the Russians from this feeling I except a very powerful and numerous body. I may go a step further, and say that the Servians are getting more than a little distrustful of the zeal of their Russian friends. To-morrow we shall send a convoy of stores to the hospitals at Alexinatz, and

* These were self-inflicted wounds in order to escape service

probably I shall go down myself to see how the work has prospered there. The Turks are striving hard to take Alexinatz—it is the keystone of the position, being only eight miles from the frontier, and would be to them against the Russians what Metz is to the Germans against France; the possession of it will, moreover, give them an important *locus standi* in any fresh Conference that may arise.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was an eye-witness of the battle of Alexinatz, which he describes in the following letter to Sir Douglas Galton, dated September 2. It was the decisive battle of the war, and was waged for nearly twelve hours on ground selected by the Servians as being the strongest in the country:

The Servian Government gave me an order for relays of post-horses along the line of road between Belgrade and Alexinatz. Under these favourable circumstances we started in two carriages, accompanied by two light wagons for stores, at daylight on Friday morning. By very rapid travelling we accomplished the distance, which is about one hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-six hours. It was nearly 7 A.M. when we drove into the town. Some artillery fire was being carried on between the extreme right of the Servian line, which appeared to indicate that the Turkish forces were feeling their way in that direction. I had given a place in my carriage to Mr. Kelly of the *Times*. On reaching Alexinatz I went at once to the headquarters of General Tchernaieff, and reported our arrival with stores for the wounded and the additional aid of four surgeons to be added to those six already with his army, making ten in all.

The General told me that there was a decisive affair coming on, and that the right of his line was being seriously attacked, that he had sent a division on and

was himself that moment going to the field. At the same time orders arrived for the English surgeons to accompany the troops to the field. By this time the cannonade was very general, though I could not make out that infantry were then engaged. The plan of battle was clearly seen to be that the Turks desired to cut off the communication between Alexinatz and Delegrad, which is the direct road to Belgrade. As the afternoon wore on, the success of the day was obviously seen to be with the Turkish army. Their artillery outnumbered the Servians, and the Turkish batteries kept steadily gaining ground from point to point. Two batteries of the Servian army appeared to work their guns well and efficiently, but six or seven Turkish batteries were opposed to them. During the afternoon the infantry were heavily engaged, and incessant firing was kept up.

At about six o'clock, the battle, which had commenced at a distance of three or four miles from where I was, just outside the town, had advanced to within half a mile of the hill on which I had placed myself. The opposing lines of infantry were as clearly seen as at an ordinary field day, and along the portion of the field over which I could see, the Servians appeared to fight in respectable order, and although they were retiring, it was not in anything which could be called disreputable confusion. A Servian battery then came by with its guns so hot that I could not bear my hand on them. Whether they had no more ammunition and were therefore retiring, I cannot say; at that time a well-served battery could have done a world of good, but it is possible that they were without ammunition. At seven o'clock there remained no doubt that the Turkish army had gained a complete success, and the town was certainly open to them. MacCormac was engaged in attending to the wounded that were being brought into the town. Loyd and Carter had my instructions to see that the horses were put into the carriage, and that all things were in

readiness for an instant departure. The horses were found with difficulty, for they were mixed up with artillery horses, but when all things were prepared it was not possible to go, for the surgeons were still in the field, and of course they could not be abandoned. At this critical moment a surgeon galloped into the town with the news of the defeat of the Servians along the whole line. General Tchernaieff had desired him to make the best of his retreat to Delegrad, and to that place, distant about six miles from Alexinatz, the surgeons had resorted.

Our scamper out of Alexinatz was more hurried than dignified. The doctors and Carter were in a queer vehicle which is used for carrying pashas' harems about when the women go out pleasuring. This crazy affair was turned over on its top as we galloped out of Alexinatz, and all the luggage scattered in the road. No one was hurt, and we soon got the machine on its wheels and started afresh. It was an affair of *sauve qui peut*, and even the poor bullocks were going at a gallop. If the Turks had done what they intended to do they would have cut off our communication at Delegrad. Their apathy is astonishing, and the victory which they gained is worth nothing to them. And now I must say how much pleasure it gives me to tell you how admirably our surgeons have comported themselves, and how well they have served the Society, and what is of far more consequence, how much they have done for the wounded in these unfortunate battles. Such aid as has been given by these educated men no money could have bought. Whatever objection may be advanced against giving help to hospitals whereby Governments may be relieved of their proper burdens, no objection can be made to surgical aid to the unfortunate victims who would otherwise perish on the field uncared-for and unrelieved. During ten hours we had some of the most capable surgeons that our schools can produce uninterruptedly

engaged in this task. MacCormac was at work all last night in the hospitals along the road, and has done admirably; during three days and nights he has not had his clothes off, and his assistance and skill as a surgeon have been beyond praise.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's general impressions of the war and of the state of affairs in Servia are given in the following letter to Lord Overstone, dated Semendria, September 4th:

I have been nearly a fortnight in Servia, and I wish to give you my impressions, in the hope that by having the facts as I believe them to be before you, something may be done in England towards bringing this atrocious war to an end.

In the first place, the people are beaten and conquered, not by the vigour of the Turks, for they themselves have none, but in the same way that a horse is beaten when neither whip nor spur can bring him to his legs again. It has been from the first a war in which the people have no sympathy whatever, for they have no grievance of the smallest kind to complain of.

The Servians are a race of peasants without an upper class, and without even a middle class. After their fashion they are rich, for all the common necessities of life are abundant, and the land is very fertile, and the climate good. They know nothing of the oppression of the Turks, but they still retain their habits and ways, and you might believe, while driving through the villages, that you were in Turkish territory. When in the country it is impossible to credit that the Servians are moved with indignation against the Turks for their bad government in Bosnia and Herzegovina. They know nothing about it, and would care nothing if they knew. The war has been brought about, and is being carried on, by cunning rascals who have caught hold of the reins of government in Belgrade.

Ristich (the Prime Minister) is a rogue who will very soon be off with the money which he has stolen during the war. Prince Milan is a poor youth who thought it would be a fine thing to have another province added to his dominion, but he has neither head nor heart, and is certainly a coward, for he has never been within ten miles of his army in the field. Tchernaieff is a newspaper editor, who was turned out of the Russian army, and whom the Russian Government can make use of, or discard, at pleasure. In short, the great ones are men who, placed in other countries, would think themselves fortunate if they obtained the posts of managers and markers in billiard saloons. Nothing can be more painful than to see how these rascals in high places have been squandering the lives and resources of the people for their selfish ends. At this moment they are dragging enormous guns, to each of which twenty-five oxen are harnessed, to the front. Nobody believes in the guns, and certainly nobody will stand by them, if they are wanted against the enemy. But men and beasts alike are compelled to give forced labour in this cause. The hospitals are filled with the poor peasants who have blown off their fingers on the battle-field. I call them peasants, for they are not even militia men, but that is what I suppose they would be called. The Emperor of Russia, to his credit, sees the atrocity of this war, and would like to check it, but the "satraps are too strong for Philip." Secret committees have been working a long time in Russia, and their desire, and that of the army, is to humiliate England by doing what we forbade them to do in 1853–6. The utter and complete apathy of the Servian peasants has frustrated their plans, and they are now cursing and denouncing the people here as cowards.

The moving spirit in Alexinatz, beyond Tchernaieff even, is a big Russian bully in the dress of a cattle-dealer, who with a brace of pistols in his girdle has driven a

whole flock of these peasants into the proximity of the Turks. He is a friend of Tchernaieff, and had brought a great deal of money from Russia. He is all-powerful at Alexinatz, and offered to take me into the battle-field, but I declined. I saw him start, and he said he *was going to drive the battalions before him.* In the evening I saw him drunk in the streets, but he had some sense in him still, for he told me to be off unless I wanted my throat cut, for the Servians were entirely and completely beaten. English people did believe—I suppose they do so no longer—that this is a holy war carried on for the sake of a common religion and a common faith. Let them come here and judge—the rascals at Belgrade are clever rascals, and they know how to work this religion and this common language cry, and will if they really hoodwink England. The apathy of the peasant tells its own tale. The dead horse cannot be flogged up any more, and I am in hopes that the rogues will be off with their money before long.

This sham rebellion has failed. Pray let its imposture be thoroughly understood in England, and if there is any power to stop these poor people from being goaded on in war let it be used without delay. There are twenty-five officers of the Imperial Guard here. They have dropped their commissions, but are to resume them again. This is told me by one of themselves. Besides these, there is a heap of riff-raff and rag-tag, 500 so-called officers, and a lot of doctors, who are not doctors, but young and raw medical students maltreating and ill-using the wounded. With regard to myself I should like to be off, for I am disgusted, but I feel it an imperative duty to stand by these poor peasants for a time.

The point which I wish to make clear is, that the Servian people have been made a catspaw by Russia in this way. The insurrection is a sham, it could not have existed without Russia, and could not be carried on without her. Russia is finding the money and furnishing the

officers; without these the war would have come to an end long ago. The most shallow pretence exists about the officers. I have it from an officer in the Guards that he has an assurance that his commission will be restored. Russia is making war upon Turkey under the rose, and would make war on us, if she had the money.

In organising the Red Cross work, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay found it impossible to co-operate with Servian surgeons in any native hospital owing to the absolute difference of their views in all things medical and sanitary. He therefore established a British Red Cross hospital at Belgrade, which proved a great success, being not only constantly full, but a model of good order and an object-lesson to the Servians. A wagon transport service and a hospital barge on the Danube were also started, and were the means of mitigating much suffering. In this uncivilised country it was difficult always to adhere strictly to the principle of not relieving the native Government from its proper responsibilities, which it had done so little towards fulfilling; and matters were further complicated by affairs being taken out of the hands of the Servians and the war virtually carried on by the Russians, who gradually came to command the army entirely, arriving by hundreds, and generally in the disguise of Red Cross employés.

Having completed their arrangements, the party left Belgrade and its unpleasant surroundings and associations, without regret. From the steamer, *en route* to Orsova, Lindsay writes to his wife on September 10:

I am going to fire a shot at you at a very long range, and with a very uncertain result as to whether the bullet will reach its billet. We have just passed through the

most splendid scenery. The Kazan Pass is indeed fine. The Danube, which till now has been like a sea in width, is here narrowed to a defile between rocks not more than 150 yards broad. The whole scenery is wild and grand, and instead of tourists with guide-books which you meet on the Rhine, you see eagles sitting and wheeling around the rocks.

A few days later he writes from Widdin to Lord Overstone:

The account which is given here of the war and the things which led to it gives a very different colour to the transaction from that believed in England. The country distant about four or five hours from Widdin was that which was first invaded by the Servians. I have seen three or four Bulgarian chiefs, and the account they give is as follows: "One hundred and three days ago the Servs entered Bulgaria; they at once burnt and destroyed the villages belonging to the Mussulman population. The villages belonging to the Bulgarian Christians were spared, but the people were all transported into Servia, and the men who would join them were given arms and made to become combatants." The atrocities arose, according to reliable information given me, from stirring up the animosity between the Bulgarians and the Mussulman population; one village rose in arms against another village. The Mussulman population is about one-fifth of the Christian population, but the Mussulmans are more armed and more warlike. The statement here is made that Russian agents have been for many months stirring up hatred between the two races, and that the Christians burnt, or rather are said to have burnt, some Turkish children, which exasperated the Mussulman population, so that they rose and destroyed their neighbours. This statement differs widely from that believed in England, which is that the atrocities were committed by regular soldiers

of the Porte upon peaceful and unoffending people. Ristich, the Prime Minister of Belgrade, admitted to Mr. Forster,* who was at Belgrade with me, that the Russians had instigated the Bulgarian peasants to rise in revolt. This I thought an important admission, and so thought Mr. White, our Consul.

Lord Overstone wrote in reply:

Your letters to me have excited the deepest and most painful interest. After full consideration, I have placed copies in the hands of Disraeli, Lord Granville, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The public mind is in a new phase. The origin and motives of the Servian insurrection no longer occupy the public attention; that is now fixed exclusively and with frantic enthusiasm upon the Bulgarian atrocities. Reason and temper seem to be dethroned for the present. Sir Henry Elliot must be recalled for incapacity! Lord Derby must be censured for apathy! The Turks must be driven out of Europe for their atrocities! All this is exaggerated and unreasonable, and therefore I fully believe it will prove to be temporary. The common sense of John Bull will in due time recover its supremacy. But, in the meantime, much evil may ensue. Government may be embarrassed in its measures, and its moral weight and influence, both as regards Turkey and the other European Powers, may be weakened.

Lord Overstone's action elicited the following replies. Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe wrote on September 8:

I have read Colonel Lindsay's letter about the Servians with deep interest and in some respects with no unusual surprise. His character, which you have so well described, is already known to me, and I cannot doubt the correctness of his information. The picture he has drawn, with no high colouring, but a strongly

* The Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.

marked outline, throws utterly out of gear some of my previous impressions as to Servia.

What they were you must have perceived in reading my letter to the *Times*. I can hardly say whether I am most disgusted by the weakness of the Prince, the insensibility of the peasants, or the consummate rascality of the intriguing clique. I rejoice that you sent the Colonel's letter to our Premier. I should like to send a copy of it to Gladstone, but he may have seen it already, and I should not like to act in such a case without your permission.

In the speech at Blackheath, my notion of a superintending Commission for securing the execution of reforms in Turkey seems to have been misunderstood. My expression was a *mixed* Commission, by which I mean one of Turks, with the *addition* of members appointed by the allied mediators. W. E. G. has shown me so much kindness, and done me so much honour, that I shrink from harbouring a thought to his disparagement. I feel with him, but am far from being able at all times to go with him. Is there not a passage somewhere in Juvenal which points out the dangers of eloquence? The power of using language with persuasive effect is a charming and enviable quality, when the words fall from a honeyed lip—

τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή

as Homer says.* But it is also a steam engine, and may drag a train over a precipice as well as place it gently before the final station.

You ask with very reasonable anxiety, what is now to be done? I hope for the best now that the *Six* are acting together, and Servian delinquency may prove a stepping-stone to peace.

* Of Nestor. Lord Derby translates the line as follows :

"From whose persuasive lips,
"Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech."

The difficulties are great, and out of them the least ought to be chosen, as I imagine.

Lord Beaconsfield (as the Prime Minister had now become) wrote as follows:

Hughenden Manor, September 23rd, 1876.

My dear Lord,—I should have thanked you before this for your considerate kindness in sending me a copy of Loyd-Lindsay's letter, had I not really been pressed with affairs.

I sent it instantly to Lord Derby, and then to Balmoral. It has been read in both places, with the interest it must necessarily command. I read it myself with peculiar feeling, because, as you justly assume, I have a high opinion of the writer, and fully appreciate his great qualities. You, with your clear and searching intellect, will easily comprehend the difficulties of our position. Under any circumstances they would be great, under the existing they seem at times appalling.

A couple of months ago, the position was commanding, and, backed by the English people, we might have brought about a settlement satisfactory to Europe, and highly honourable to our own country.

But that is all changed; and when I find men who had governed England, and may govern it again, agitating the country in favour of views which, if persisted in, must bring about a war as long, perhaps, as the Thirty Years' war—it would not be confined to Europe—I feel sometimes inclined to let the helm slip.

However, after a month which I shall never forget, Lord Derby and myself have succeeded in establishing an armistice, and drawing up a basis for preliminaries of peace, to which Russia and the other signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris have given their assent.

Whether there is any treachery under all this I pretend not to say, but I hope there is a chance of the country recovering its senses in the course of the autumn,

and that when we are negotiating the treaty in detail, Europe may feel that England is again united. Pardon this long letter. You know how highly I have always esteemed your sagacity, and how sincere have been the respect and regard always entertained for you by

Your faithful servant

BEACONSFIELD.

Pray give kind words and thoughts from me to your charming daughter.

The following was Earl Granville's comment:

I am very sensible of the mark of confidence you have shown me. I will return the remarkable and excellent letters of Colonel Lindsay, after dealing with them as you desire me to do. No one could avoid sympathy with him in his wish to see peace restored, but why were the opportunities of preventing this wretched war neglected? If it can be done now, it could have been done more easily before. I never could understand why the Government refused the Russian overtures made after the Berlin Memorandum had been rejected. The Servians had no real excuse for the war, which would only have been justified (according to usage) by great success. But their opponents the Turks are a worn-out race.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, having completed his arrangements for Red Cross work in Servia, had meanwhile left that country to visit the headquarters of the Turkish army. His journey through Bulgaria and on to Constantinople is described in the following letters to his wife:

Nish: September 16.

Yesterday, in the middle of the night, we started for the Turkish headquarters at the camp at Alexinatz. The Pasha of Nish gave me two horses and an escort

to ride over to the camp. Fortunately, also, I was able to borrow a rough sort of a vehicle from a newspaper correspondent that eased a ride of forty miles from which I was glad to escape. The journey from Widdin here was, however, hard. We had to rough it considerably. Twenty-four hours without resting we travelled over a mountain, Nichola Planna, the roads impassable I should have said, had we not passed over them. At a place called Schrepren we took to oxen, and a most tremendous ascent we made; the height of Nichola is not measured, but I should guess it must be seven or eight thousand feet high at the point where we crossed him. He is one of the Balkan range; very few except natives of the country have been over his back. The road down was worse than the road up, and I would not trust myself in the rickety wagon, but walked both up and down. Night came on, and still we were hours from Ak-Palanka. At last we came among the tents of a Turkish regiment encamped by the road. We were naturally stopped, and MacCormac and I were taken before the Bimbashi in his tent, who after giving us a thimbleful of coffee and a cigarette, asked for our papers. We were very polite and civil to each other, and the Bimbashi offered that we should sleep in his tent, but this we declined, as we could not leave the others out in the mountains. So off we started again, tumbling over rocks and stones till we reached Ak-Palanka at four o'clock in the morning. We were all pretty well done up when we got to it, and the heat and feverish character of the place made me think I was going to be down with an ague, but next morning I felt well again. Fifteen days exactly had elapsed since we stood in the field outside Alexinatz, and we had journeyed five hundred miles to reach it again.

You may fancy with what interest we went over the ground which we had examined so closely and narrowly with our glasses on the day of the battle. The gully

the little paths along which the troops moved, especially a small rising mound against which a Servian battery placed and worked its guns, we looked over. And then, again, we turned our glasses and saw the very tree under which we had sat just fifteen days since, when we were with the Servian army. After looking over the battle-field we pushed on to headquarters, and made direct to the tent of Sir Arnold Kemball, the British military attaché at the Turkish headquarters, whose surprise was not small when I stepped into his presence, glass and map in hand. We sat on the verandah made with oak branches on the crest of a hill looking towards Alexinatz; the Turkish army not encamped, but bivouacked on hills around.

The Turks are splendid-looking men; Kemball says "finer soldiers he never saw." They live on maize, which they gather in the fields, and bake before a camp fire, and very little biscuit, no meat, nothing but water to drink. They always beat the Servians, but the wonderful apathy of the commanders leaves them no better off after each victory. I told the history of September 1 to Kemball, and afterwards repeated it to Nedjib Pasha, Chief of the Staff, and when I told him how we all hurried away from Alexinatz, knowing ourselves beaten, Kemball turned upon Nedjib, and said, "Now you see, General." I also gave Kemball a copy of the *Times* describing the battle. With Kemball, I went all round the Turkish batteries, and now that I am quite out of reach of fire for ever, I will tell you that we had some shells bursting close to us.

I am quite relieved and happy about the affairs of the Society. The four remaining surgeons are now at the headquarters of the Turkish army in the very place where I hoped to place them. Nedjib Pasha accepted their services with effusion. The stores are not yet come; I hope for them, but the journey from Widdin is bad.

Sofia: September 17.

Yesterday morning at six o'clock we made a start from Nish, and for eighteen hours we were jumped and jolted about in the most infamous carriage that ever went on wheels. Soon after midnight we drove into this town, and according to the instruction of the Pasha of Sofia, whom we had met at Nish, we went to his house, where we were to have been handsomely lodged, but somehow he had forgotten to give the orders, and we were not expected. The pasha's daughter was roused up, and she said we might come in, but on reflection we declined, and resolved to take our chance at the inn, which has fortunately turned out well, and to-day we had a breakfast worthy of the name, to which we did justice, having eaten nothing save chocolate, bread, and grapes. The drive is beautiful throughout; the town of Pirot struck me as one of the most picturesque I ever saw, and seen as we saw it, most striking. A Turkish regiment and various detachments of troops from the many Oriental parts of the empire were bivouacked under the trees at the entrance to the town. Hundreds of wagons and four enormous Krupp 68-pounders, which I was glad to see broken down on the road. The poor peasants were striving to get these monster guns on to wheels in order to drag them up to the siege of Alexinatz. The idea of drawing these monster guns to besiege a place which one resolute regiment could walk into without difficulty did not amuse me, but disgusted me, for no one can tell what these poor peasants suffer with their patient oxen, dragging these guns over mountain roads. We determined to rest the day here with a view to establishing something for the assistance of the wounded.

What I have done is this. I have engaged to furnish, completely, a hospital for one hundred beds, with all things necessary. I telegraphed to Sir H. Elliot to tell him that I had found a suitable building,

and had made the above engagement with the Turkish authorities here, and that if the Turkish Government will send the English surgeons, who are in their pay, to this hospital, we will make it over to them. I am pleased with this proposed arrangement, because we shall do a great deal at a very small cost. . . . Few people know what a splendid country this is. Sofia stands in a vast plain, with fine mountains surrounding it at a distance of four or five miles. They say the mountains abound in minerals—silver, coal, and iron. The land is certainly most fertile. Some day there will be a railway through Servia, Bulgaria, and so to Salonika and India. There is certainly a great future for this country, and I do not wonder that the Russians should wish, and try hard, to get possession.

Sofia: Sept. 18.

. . . Our usual fate, to be ready two hours before the carriages arrive, has again to be submitted to. At four o'clock bag and baggage all packed and ready, chocolate and bread disposed of, but no carriage and no Zaptiah, only a small and very incapable Jewish boy, who was imposed upon us at Widdin under the title of interpreter, and who had to be roused and stirred up sufficiently to go about the town looking out for the drivers. We have been really quite comfortable in this inn; the propriètor and his wife are French, both civil and obliging, and the wife a capital cook. At breakfast yesterday we sat down, our three selves, a Turkish doctor, and an Arab surgeon from Damascus (these we had invited), but besides, a tall, swarthy, dirty stranger took his seat at our table with all the dignity of an invited guest. He could talk no language that we knew, so we made him feel comfortable, as we thought, by making signs and offering him different dishes. It turned out that our friend was a sportsman, and had succeeded in catching a hare, which he brought as a contribution to the breakfast. He and the Arab got to

high words about the character of a certain pasha, who now commands the artillery at Alexinatz, but was previously the *entrepreneur* of the line of railway being constructed through Sofia to join the line at Salonika. The Levantine sportsman said the pasha was a *voleur* and had stolen all the money which would have gone to make the railway. The Arab surgeon turned into a tiger instantly, and showed the whites of his eyes and a set of teeth which, for strength and size, I never saw equalled in a human head. The conversation, or rather "row," was maintained in language in which French and Italian words predominated, and bloodshed, I thought, must ensue; but it all calmed down, and we parted, agreeing that if Hafiz Pasha had robbed hard he had fought well at the siege, and if he stole the money he did it because he knew someone would steal it if he did not; and so at this sentiment we lookers-on all cried "Bravo" and patted the combatants on the back, who grinned at each other like animals in a cage.

Jatar Basardschyc
(the terminus of the railway from Constantinople).

We got here on Monday night. The khan, or inn, so bad that we could not go in. The lodging offered was nothing but a mat in an empty room, so we drove on to the station and slept on a sofa in the waiting-room. The station-master—a most hospitable fellow—made us share his dinner, and a very pleasant evening we spent over our wine and tobacco. The station-master was full to the brim about the Bulgarian atrocities, and could talk of nothing else. He had become the possessor of a little child of four years old, whose parents had both been killed. The grandmother had given him the child, and he had adopted it and given it the name of Leon. The same story was told me here as at former places. The Bulgarians began the rebellion, and would have carried it out in the most murderous and savage manner, had not the Mussulman

population overpowered them. At Batak, a Bulgarian village, the worst features of the Mussulman severities were displayed. These cruelties were exercised by some Pomaks, who are very poor Turkish villagers who live in the mountains not far from Batak. An old grudge existed between the people, and the Pomaks said that some of their number had been secretly murdered by the Bulgarians. You must know that all Mussulmans serve in what we should call the militia. Christians are exempted from service; some say this is a grievance, some say it is a privilege. However, be that as it may, the Mussulmans were the stronger and the best armed, and they were called out in the absence of regular troops. . . .

Good-bye, my dearest. This is written from Therapia. I am staying with Sir H. Elliot.* I arrived yesterday.

September 26.—I saw the Duke of Edinburgh yesterday; he gave me a letter to give to the Queen. The question of war or peace may be settled before you get this. If peace is not soon made, it will be war with Russia.

After spending a few days at Constantinople, under the hospitable roof of Sir Henry and Lady Elliot, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay travelled rapidly homewards, *viâ* Vienna, and reached England on October 3, having left Colonel Colebrooke Carter and Mr. A. K. Loyd behind in order to visit the hospital of Scutari in Albania. His Lockinge and Wantage neighbours, high and low, had taken much interest in his adventurous expedition, and gave him a cordial reception. Wantage market-place was filled by an enthusiastic crowd, and the Vicar and Volunteer Chaplain, the Rev. W. Butler, spoke words of hearty

* The British Ambassador.

greeting, to which Lindsay replied in a few cordial sentences, "so like himself, simple and manly and touching."

In London he saw many leading people, among them the Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield, who were both anxious to hear the impressions of an impartial eye-witness, fresh from the scenes where the Eastern struggle, political as well as military, was being fought out. Great issues were trembling in the balance, and at home things looked black, though there seemed still a possible chance of averting a Russian occupation of Turkey.

Within a few days of his return a public meeting was held at Reading in order that his constituents might hear from himself the story of his visit to the seat of war. Party passion ran high; the nation had been stirred to its depths by Mr. Gladstone's crusade; a strong pro-Bulgarian and Russian feeling had been created, and it was difficult to induce people to listen calmly to statements, however moderate, which might tend to show there was anything to be said on the other side of the question. Many of his friends thought beforehand that Lindsay would not be able to obtain a hearing, and endeavoured to dissuade him. The Berkshire people, however, knew he was no hot partisan, but a dispassionate observer; he had an excellent reception, and was eagerly listened to by an audience of some thousand people representing every shade of politics. He gave a short account of the practical result of the object of his mission, the carrying out of Red Cross work among the sick and wounded. He then proceeded to tell with absolute frankness what he had seen and

heard, and to state the views and opinions he had formed. It required some courage at that time to tell to an English audience that the Turkish soldiers were sober, patient and enduring, that he had never seen finer men, and that Mr. Gladstone in declaring that the Turks should be driven by force out of Europe showed that he knew neither the Turks nor his own countrymen. He next reminded his hearers of Russia's unalterable design—which the Crimean war had for a time frustrated—namely, to gain possession of the Bosphorus, and he showed how the recent risings in the Balkan provinces had been undoubtedly encouraged by her as part and parcel of that plan.

The rebellion in Bulgaria and the war in Servia (he said) have been promoted and sustained by the Russians, and if terms are not soon settled she will make war openly, as she is now making it secretly. The Servian army is in truth a Russian army, the Commander-in-Chief and all the staff are Russians, the Colonels and the regimental officers and many thousands of the men are Russians. The Servian peasants are driven into battle by Russians, and they shoot off their fingers to avoid fighting in a Russian cause. The Emperor of Russia himself, however, stands out as a bright and shining light in his efforts to withstand a national movement which requires almost superhuman power to control. But his task is become more difficult from the language held here, to the effect that if Russia chooses to turn the Turks out of Europe, England will not interfere.

This speech, doubtless, had its effect in strengthening the reaction that was already beginning in favour of calmer views and more sober policy. As time went on,

others followed Lindsay's lead, and spoke and wrote of what they knew ; less fanatical views began to prevail, and the country regained possession of its normal good sense before irremediable mischief had been done to British interests, a regard for which it was the fashion of the day to denounce as incompatible with ordinary sentiments of humanity.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe expressed a wish to see Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and hear from his own lips an account of his experiences ; he and his wife accordingly spent a night at Frant. Long and interesting was the talk, and vivid the impression left on them of the veteran statesman seated by the window of his upper chamber, the setting sun illumining his silver hair and fine-cut features, while his face lighted up and his keen eye flashed with eager interest, as he listened to the story of things that stirred up memories of his own rule in the East.

A full Report of the work of the Red Cross Society during the Turco-Servian war was drawn up by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and the following letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley gives his opinion of the value, not only of what was done on this occasion, but of Red Cross work in general.

I have delayed acknowledging the receipt of your report on the Turco-Servian war until I had read it. Many thanks for sending it to me. I have perused it with great interest, and have learnt much from it on a subject regarding which I had previously very little information. The report convinces me that whenever we may be dragged into a serious war, your Society will be invaluable, and I very much doubt if our Government ever could render officially as much effective

assistance to our sick and wounded as your Society could.

Looking at the subject also from a financial point of view, it is evident you could command any amount of money you asked the rich members of society to subscribe. In this way I think you could do the work better than our army administration could, and do it without adding to the cost of the war as charged against our Treasury.

However, I fully agree with you that the existence of your Society should not in any way lessen the energy of our Army Medical Department, and that the true province of the Society is to supplement the work done officially.

The interest in Eastern affairs aroused in Lindsay's mind by his journey to the Balkan Peninsula did not diminish on his return home. It was indeed the subject then most to the fore in the world of politics. Early in November he spoke on the Eastern question at Abingdon, and in London he was in frequent intercourse both with the leading politicians of the day and with the Foreign Office. On one occasion, towards the latter part of October, he went to see Mr. Bourke, Under Secretary for the Foreign Office, for the purpose of urging on him the expediency of considering the possible defence of Constantinople by English forces posted across the neck of land and twenty miles inland. Mr. Bourke listened with interest, and turning to a side table took up a bundle of papers, saying they contained all the particulars of this scheme; that it had been proposed already by Lord Beaconsfield and sanctioned by the Cabinet; that in the event of decided steps on the part of Russia, England would at once send her fleet to the Bosphorus, holding at the same time an army in

reserve at home; the Dardanelles were to be fortified; a line of defence constructed by Turkish troops under British Engineer officers, across the land behind Constantinople (a distance reduced by the two lakes to about fifteen miles); this position to be held against Russia. All this would be accomplished and the ground held by British troops within a month, while it would take Russia at least eight weeks to march from over the Danube across Turkey.

The last word in the Eastern question was, as Lord Derby said, "Who is to have Constantinople?" To avoid allowing it to pass into the hands of the Russians was the guiding principle of the Ministerial policy. Acting on a suggestion made by the English Foreign Office, a Conference of the Great Powers met at Constantinople in December of 1876. Lord Salisbury was chosen as the British representative. When arrangements were being made as to the *personnel* who were to accompany Lord and Lady Salisbury on their mission, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay placed his services at their disposal, and it was arranged that he should accompany them, though without any official position.

This prospect, involving a return to the spot which seemed at this period the pivot on which the world's history centred, opened up a wide field of interest to him. Lady Salisbury was anxious that Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay should also join the party, and the prospect had great attraction for her. But Lord Overstone's state of health was at that time so precarious that she could not leave him. The attack of illness from which he was suffering increased to such an extent, and his depression at the idea of his son-in-law's impending departure

became so marked, that Lindsay also found himself obliged to abandon the proposed journey.

Lord Salisbury, in reply to a letter informing him of this decision, says:

I write one line to thank you for your letter, and to express my very sincere regret both for your inability to join us and for the unfortunate cause of it. Your offer to come was a very kind one; if you could have come you would have made my journey not only more pleasant but more useful to the public—if, indeed, there is hope that it will come to any profit—but your anxiety for Lord Overstone is a reason which you could not for a moment put aside. I earnestly trust it will soon have passed away.

The Conference met, and sat till January 20, 1877. It was, however, unavailing to stem the course of events; and in April, less than two months after peace had been concluded between Turkey and Servia, a fresh war was declared between Turkey and Russia. This had been long predicted, but so many breezes of hope had fanned the sea of politics, that people had almost ceased to believe in the possibility of a resort to arms as the solution of the Eastern question. The prospect was stormy, and men at home had uneasy forebodings of possible complications, into which England might, however unwillingly, find herself drawn. A change was gradually coming over the feelings of the country: public excitement was calming down, reason was reasserting itself. People knew not what they wanted, but they did want England to assume a distinct position, and the Government to take some active step.

Many and stormy were the debates in Parliament;

in May Lindsay took part in the debate raised by Gladstone on the much-vexed question of the East. In his speech he drew attention to the long-standing policy of Russia, whose statesmen had, for three generations, pursued their aim of seizing the Black Sea and the countries that surround it, and always under the plea of obtaining redress for oppressed Christian subjects of the Porte. He contended that the recent action of Russia towards Turkey had been marked by great duplicity, a fact which would have been placed beyond doubt had certain dispatches not been purposely kept back by our Government in the interests of peace, which, if published, would have gone far to raise against Russia a strong counter-feeling to that which had been excited against Turkey. He maintained that Government had done its utmost, under great difficulties, to preserve the peace of Europe, to keep Russia out of Turkey, and, as far as they could, to improve the conditions of the Christian subjects of the Porte, but in not one of these things had they received any support from the other Great Powers of Europe.*

Politically it was a stirring session, and socially the presence in London of Count Ignatieff and his wife added to the excitement. Sir Henry and Lady Elliot had just returned from their post at Constantinople, Sir William White was also in London, and both were frequent guests at Carlton Gardens. An old friendship about this time revived was that of Baron Usedom, round whom gathered many pleasant memories of bygone days in Rome in 1851, when he and his English wife dispensed open-handed hospitality at the German

* See *Hansard*, ccxxxiv. 702.

Embassy. Talking one day of German politics, and of Bismarck's controlling influence, Baron Usedom remarked that his skill consisted in never apparently working out a scheme, but in bringing about events so to shape themselves that his plans seemed to develop by the mere force of circumstances. Someone asked Baron Usedom's opinion as to the present state of affairs, to which he replied, "I will not give you my opinion, but I will tell you Prince Bismarck's: 'When the Turks are driven out of Europe, it is good; when Russia is crippled and lowered, it is better; when England is snubbed and humbled, it is best.'"

On another occasion, when the Loyd-Lindsays were at a large party given by Monsieur Van de Weyer, the German Ambassador Count Münster "plunged into the Eastern question, declaring that all the present complications were the result of our absurd distrust of Bismarck, that we ought, when the Russians crossed the Pruth, to have asserted ourselves, and occupied not only Gallipoli, etc., but also Egypt. On suggesting that the probable consequent seizure of Holland by Germany was one of the reasons that held us back from any move with regard to Egypt, nothing, he replied, could be more ridiculous than this unfounded delusion respecting Holland. Germany only desired quiet; Holland would be an incumbrance to her—a hostile population, no good seaports, no advantages whatever, and the drawback that France would then endeavour to take Belgium, a thing Bismarck had always sought to avoid, and to prevent which he had placed Metz in German hands. Münster ended by asking whether the English Government had really seriously believed in this Dutch scare."

Meanwhile the Turco-Russian war that was raging on Turkish soil in Roumania again brought forward the question of Red Cross aid, and acting on this occasion in connexion with the Stafford House Fund specially started for the relief of the Turkish side in the war, the Society resolved to charter and equip a small steamer with stores and appliances, and a staff of five surgeons, with Mr. J. S. Young as chief commissioner. On the arrival of the "Belle of Dunkerque" at Constantinople, Dr. Armand Leslie was sent inland in charge of a field ambulance, which was soon at work attending to the wounded of a Turkish army of 40,000 men, for which no surgical or hospital arrangements whatever appeared to have been provided; and the English ambulance was in fact the only one at the front. It worked hard and did good service, though naturally unable to grapple adequately with the vast number of wounded thrown on its hands. The ship meanwhile proceeded to the Black Sea coast, thence conveying wounded men to the reserve hospitals at Constantinople and Trebizonde. Help for the Russian army around Plevna was sent out *viâ* Vienna and Bucharest, and Mr. A. K. Loyd was chosen to represent the Society and to visit the hospitals in Roumania. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in reaching the Russian headquarters at Gorny Studen, where he was cordially received by the Emperor, who expressed his appreciation of the good feeling shown by the English people towards the sick and wounded of his army.

After the conclusion of the campaign, the Report drawn up by the National Aid Society was forwarded to the Queen, who took a deep and sympathetic interest

in Red Cross work. Her Majesty wrote the following autograph letter to her Equerry, the Hon. Colonel Charles Lindsay, for the purpose of transmission to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay.

Balmoral: October 14, 1877.

The Queen returns this report, which she has read with the greatest interest and she must say, admiration.

It is indeed the work of a good Samaritan, and the self-sacrifice of it all only in the Queen's eyes enhances the merit.

Most sincerely does the Queen wish the Red Cross Society all possible success, and will be thankful for any future account.

The Queen would be glad to have one or two copies for herself to keep, and to send to the Empress of Germany, who has a great admiration for Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and wished that he should know how glad she was to hear that he had accepted office.

Perhaps Colonel Lindsay would convey this message, which she received some time ago, to him.

CHAPTER XI

APPOINTMENT TO THE WAR OFFICE — CRISIS IN THE EAST — VOTE OF SIX MILLIONS — DEPARTMENTAL DUTIES—RESIGNATION OF THE GOVERNMENT—COMING OF AGE OF THE VOLUNTEERS—THE LOYD-LINDSAY PRIZE

1877 1882

THREE years had elapsed since Lord Beaconsfield had written to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay explaining the reasons of his non-inclusion in the Ministry, when in August 1877 the transfer of Colonel Stanley from the post of Financial Secretary to the War Office to that of Financial Secretary to the Treasury caused a vacancy. The Prime Minister at once offered the post to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and his acceptance was given without hesitation. The office involved a heavy burden of work, but it also afforded opportunities of special insight into the working and administration of all branches of the Army, and Lindsay entered on his duties as Financial Secretary determined to make them include the widest range possible. Congratulations poured on him from army and civilian friends alike, and from men of both sides in politics. A few typical extracts selected from the many letters addressed to him on this occasion may not be without interest. His friend

and colleague in county business, Sir John Mowbray, writes :

I look upon your joining the Government and upon W. H. Smith's triumphant return for Westminster as an indication that they have gained increased strength and confidence in the last three years. I don't think the moral weight of your adhesion can be sufficiently estimated when one bears in mind all the qualifications which you bring and all the sacrifices which you make.

General Sir Henry Brackenbury expresses his opinion that

You are not likely to find it a bed of roses, but I know your power of work, and that you have knowledge of the subject, and better still, your heart is with the Army. I am sure you will do all that can be done to make the War Office remember that the Army is meant as an instrument for war, not merely to be kept clean and bright and exhibited on show like a piece of plate.

Lord Barrington, in congratulating him on his joining "the noble army of martyrs who sit on the Treasury bench," adds that he had thought

Your own private affairs of such multifarious nature that you would not have had time to spare for the drudgery of office, but on selecting you for the post Lord Beaconsfield has as usual shown his good judgment. The country will have every reason to be grateful to you for taking office, which I feel sure no one could fill better.

And Lord Dufferin, writing from Canada to Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay, says :

I congratulate you most sincerely upon your husband having embarked on an official career. It is such an

advantage having one's work cut out for one, instead of having to look about for something useful to do, and I cannot conceive any situation in which he would be more likely to do himself honour and the country service.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay threw himself heart and soul into his new duties, and throughout the winter of 1877 he worked steadily at his office, finding in Mr. Gathorne Hardy a congenial and sympathetic chief. The relative prominence of the subordinate offices in a Government department depends greatly on the individual qualities and character of those holding them ; and Lindsay made his influence felt in the War Office beyond the actual sphere of his own department. It was an anxious time ; the war in Turkey and the advance of the Russian army towards Constantinople obliged the Government to keep vigilant watch, and to be prepared for any eventuality. Relations between the various Powers were in strained condition. At the Guildhall banquet in November, Musurus Pasha was the only foreign Minister present, a fact that was subsequently commented upon by Lord Granville at the meeting of Parliament in January. Count Beust had been run over and knocked against a lamp-post ; Count Münster had received instructions from his Government not to appear anywhere where he might have to open his lips.

Sir Stafford Northcote privately expressed his desire that England should come forward and mediate between the combatants, believing that she would be listened to, and that at any rate it would be something to know that she had protested and recorded her feelings as to the iniquity of prolonging so cruel and disastrous

a war. In January 1878 an armistice was brought about through the advice given by Lord Derby to the Porte, but many months elapsed ere peace was definitely concluded; and the Russian army continued its advance through Turkey as far as Adrianople, and later on to within twenty miles of Constantinople itself. These events exerted a powerful reflex action on England's feeling and England's attitude, and Government shrank from no measures they deemed necessary to ensure her predominant influence and her safety under possible eventualities, although this policy ultimately cost Lord Beaconsfield the loss of two Cabinet colleagues, Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby. Throughout the winter of 1877–8 Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was occupied in preparing the army estimates with a view to the position assumed by England and the contingencies that might arise therefrom.

Parliament met on January 17 at an unusually early date, and a few days afterwards Lord Beaconsfield, in a densely crowded house and amid breathless silence, stated that the British fleet had been ordered to enter the Dardanelles, as the Russian forces were making advances in a direction where British interests were deeply involved; adding that information having subsequently been received of the "proposal of conditions of peace which may furnish the basis of an armistice," the order had been recalled, and the fleet was under orders to return to Besika Bay. Three days later, Sir Stafford Northcote asked the House of Commons for a vote of six millions sterling for the purpose of increasing the armaments of the country, at the same time giving an unofficial statement of the terms of peace as communicated

by Count Schouvalof to Lord Derby. He ended his speech by quoting a remark made to him, he said, by a foreigner of distinction: "You are about this evening to do a wise action, which will be advantageous to the interests of Europe. We all want to be taught a lesson of prudence, and no one will be listened to unless he is strong!" These were the words of Schouvalof himself, uttered only that morning to Sir Stafford, who, tired out with the agitation of the last few days, had, in spite of the coldest and thickest of raw mists, gone for an early ride in the Park, where he found Schouvalof, almost the only other occupant of the Row, lying in wait for him.

During the subsequent debate on the proposed vote, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, in his reply to Gladstone, made effective use of facts furnished him by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, which tended to show the fatal effects of Mr. Gladstone's boasted economy, and of the absence of foresight in 1854 which resulted in sending our army to the Crimea unprovided with proper commissariat and other necessary adjuncts. He ended by an eloquent appeal for support, saying:

Confusion and violence are all around us; a spark may set on fire and cause a blaze of mischief and ruin. You do not, you cannot know what elements of deadly peril to your dearest interests are in the air. If you are wise, as it is possible you would be if the secret difficulties and dangers which encompass the situation were known to you, it would be realised that that which is to-day a question of six millions to place England in a state of preparation may be hereafter a question of six hundred millions to defend her very existence as an Empire.

The vote asked for was granted, and for some time subsequently Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was engaged at the War Office settling matters of detail regarding the mode of expenditure of the six millions, it being obligatory that the money, if spent at all, should be spent before March 31. In society tension was great, and the atmosphere charged with constant and conflicting rumours. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay's private letters, written at this period, make mention of a dinner and party at the Speaker's, early in February, when "everyone in the room was greatly agitated by the news just come from Sir Henry Layard, our Ambassador at the Porte, to the effect that the Russians were about to enter Constantinople, despite assurances, negotiations, and armistice." The same night a ball was given at the German Embassy in honour of the young Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph. "But the dancing and the Crown Prince were secondary considerations; 'Constantinople' was on every lip, and everyone looked anxious and agitated and eager for news. Sir Richard Cross, W. H. Smith, and Gathorne Hardy were in grave and earnest conversation. The situation is indeed serious, and no details can be had, as the wires are cut and messages have to come round by Bombay. The old Pope has just died, but no one seems to give a thought to that."

During the following day's sitting Lord Derby informed the House that orders had been given to the effect that the armistice should be observed throughout the Russian lines, and that the gravity of the crisis had for the moment passed off; but a feeling that war was near at hand seemed, nevertheless, to pervade the assembly.

Meanwhile, various measures for placing the Army in a state of efficiency for a possible emergency were under consideration at the War Office. A proposal for embodying our first Army Corps was brought before Colonel Loyd-Lindsay; the regiments joining it were to be brought up to their full strength through a "bounty" given to volunteers from other regiments: an expedient resorted to in order to avert the necessity of calling out the Reserve, the political consequences of which measure the Government was anxious to avoid. Their efforts were, therefore, directed towards placing our armaments on an efficient footing while attracting as little attention as possible. Everything was to be done or sacrificed for the object of avoiding any appearance of public display or acknowledgment of preparation. To Lindsay this line of policy was far from commending itself. He felt strongly that in the first emergency which had arisen, Government was already departing from the fundamental principle that formed the keynote of the system they had adopted and developed during the past seven years.

He accordingly entered a strong protest against the proposed course, embodying his views in a confidential minute addressed to his chief, Gathorne Hardy. In this document he contended that the present state of affairs might fairly be regarded as constituting "an emergency," such as was contemplated in the Army Enlistment Act, under which the First Class Reserve might be called out for active service. He pointed out that the efforts made to establish the system of short service were of no avail if advantage could not be taken of the existence of the Reserve at such a

crisis. Great sacrifices had been made, and our best soldiers had been sent into the Reserve for the express purpose of saving us in times of emergency from the necessity of requiring men in home regiments to volunteer for active service—a system which must inevitably so cripple the regiments from which the volunteers are taken that when their turn of service comes their strength would have to be hastily made up of men unfit to take the field. The most mature and best-trained of our soldiers, he pointed out, are to be found in the First Class Reserve, and these should, in his opinion, be utilised for the regiments first ordered for service; the Second Class Reserve and the Militia remaining available for further necessities.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy fully recognised the force of these arguments, and admitted the evils that must ensue from a system of volunteering from other regiments, but he considered that the calling out of the Reserve, except in cases of absolute necessity, was equally, if not more, dangerous. And it was, he maintained, the opinion of Government that we must be content to wait until politically an "emergency" could be safely declared. Meanwhile, though terms of peace between Russia and Turkey were being negotiated, our preparations for a possible expedition were not relaxed. It was to be commanded by Lord Napier of Magdala, with Sir Garnet Wolseley as Chief of the Staff.

Towards the end of February the transfer of Lord Cadogan to the Under Secretaryship of the Colonies caused a vacancy in the similar post held by him at the War Office. Lord Beaconsfield offered the post to Viscount Bury, and the vicissitudes of life thus brought

the two cousins under the same official roof. A month later the oft-rumoured and long-delayed resignation of Lord Derby took place. In making the announcement of this to the House of Lords, Lord Beaconsfield at the same time stated the determination he had at last come to, of calling out the Reserve, saying that "at a moment when the balance of power in the Mediterranean is so disturbed and the hope of rectifying that balance by a Congress seems almost to have ceased, it becomes in the interests of peace and for the protection of the rights of the Empire advisable to take this step."

This burning question of calling out the Reserve, which had been under anxious consideration by the Government during the early part of the session, and against the abandonment of which Loyd-Lindsay had so strongly protested, was the point upon which Lord Derby finally disagreed with, and parted from, his colleagues. His resignation led to considerable changes in Cabinet appointments. Lord Salisbury succeeded to the Foreign Office; Mr. Gathorne Hardy was raised to the peerage and took the India Office, Lord Beaconsfield making a point of his accepting that post as being, in the event of war and under the wider aspects of the Eastern question, the one of chief importance, for on India we should have very largely to rely for our supply of troops. Colonel the Hon. Frederick Stanley replaced Mr. Gathorne Hardy (now Viscount Cranbrook) at the War Office. In him Colonel Loyd-Lindsay welcomed an old friend and a brother-Guardsman, but it was, nevertheless, with feelings of sincere regret that he parted from a chief whose great ability he fully

appreciated, and with whom his relations had been of the most cordial and friendly nature.

Long debates ensued on the vexed question of the calling out of the Reserve ; but opposition to the measure gradually collapsed and Government carried their point triumphantly; the general aspect of affairs abroad improved and the prospect of war seemed further off. Not only, however, was the Reserve actually called out, but a large force of native Indian troops was ordered to Malta: an important and decisive step, and doubtless one among the various causes which had led to Lord Derby's resignation. Then came the Berlin Congress and the triumphant return of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, bringing "peace with honour," in July 1878. By November the stress both of strife and politics in the East had calmed down, and at the Guildhall Banquet Lord Beaconsfield was able to speak with confidence of the maintenance of the Berlin Treaty, although the more distant horizon was still far from clear, for war was impending in Afghanistan and a native outbreak was threatened in Zululand.

These events, however, did not interrupt the routine of War Office work. The Financial Secretary's duties in great measure consist in dealing with questions of detail which crop up daily in large numbers, and arise mostly from the necessity of applying standing regulations and warrants to new cases and fresh circumstances. To these were added many other matters which engrossed Lindsay's attention in the House of Commons during the ensuing spring of 1879. Foremost among them was the Regimental Exchange Bill, the details and management of which did not altogether

meet with his approval. He advocated facilities for exchanges, but considered there should be a fixed limit, say 500*l.*, beyond which exchange payments between officers should not be permitted. He found it advisable to refrain from himself moving an amendment in the House to this effect, as if carried to a division, support would probably come chiefly from Radical members. Another matter that about this time gave rise to much discussion and difference of opinion in public, and to much work of a practical nature at the War Office, was our occupation of Cyprus and the departure thither of Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff.

Among other questions was that of boy enlistment, respecting which Loyd-Lindsay's friend Colonel Crealock had written to him on his taking office: "Pray propagate and urge forward to full development the principle of the enlistment of boys in the various industrial and other forms of schools, &c.. I hold it to contain the most important seeds of the future development of our voluntary system." It was a plan that Lindsay always had much at heart, and he formulated a scheme, which was laid before the Secretary of State, founded upon the principle that the special training from an early age necessary for the Navy is not required for the Army, and that ordinary training in agricultural or other work is all that is needed in early boyhood. The proposal therefore was, that selected lads, not under fourteen, should be enlisted and receive a retaining fee of sixpence a day, leaving them at liberty to pursue their own work until the age of seventeen, when they would join the ranks as boy recruits and engage to serve for twelve years. It was calculated that in this way, at compara-

tively small cost, a superior class of men would be drawn into the Army, upon whom reliance could be placed for service in the Reserve; and that a check would be imposed upon the number of deserters. The scheme, however, was not adopted.

The subject of the extension of the Netley system of training female nurses for military station hospitals throughout the country was also brought before Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and was urgently pressed by him and by the principal medical officer, Sir William Muir. He also presided over two departmental committees: one dealing with the question of the disposal of funds arising from unclaimed and unissued effects of deceased soldiers and the administration of the charitable funds existing in various regiments; the other with certain questions relative to the reckoning of officers' services, etc., and of pensions for those disabled. Among the administrative changes carried out during these years was one which he had always been in favour of, namely, the issuing of a new warrant for the Medical Department, whereby the position and pay of medical officers was greatly improved. The financial work of the Militia was also transferred from the Adjutants to the army paymasters. But more important was a decision arrived at in 1878, whereby it was enacted that all army enlistments should be for short service—namely, seven years—thus carrying out the principle laid down by Lord Cardwell and always strongly supported by Lord Wolseley, Loyd-Lindsay, and other reformers.

These matters of departmental interest were, however, overshadowed throughout the spring of 1879 by the Zulu war, the vicissitudes and reverses of which

engrossed the public mind and added greatly to the work and anxiety of all connected with the Army and the War Office. Sir Garnet Wolseley took up the Zululand command in June 1879; Loyd-Lindsay had strongly advocated his being sent out two months earlier, when dispatches of a most desponding nature were being received from Lord Chelmsford, and when it might have been easier to retrieve matters. The thought "of our splendid Army unable to move or to be of use, held down by the dead weight of its own transport," moved many—himself among the number—to indignation. The Prince Imperial's tragic death was the climax of our misfortunes. A few weeks after this event Col. Loyd-Lindsay went in attendance on the Prince of Wales to the funeral at Chislehurst. He was struck with the impressiveness of the simple pageant: no outward pomp or ceremony, but crowds of people, English and foreign, of all degrees, including many French *ouvriers*, who wept as the gun-carriage bearing the coffin passed by—the Prince of Wales and Prince Jerome Bonaparte walking on either side, the Woolwich cadet lads following, and the Prince's horse, led by the old groom who had followed the Emperor's fortunes throughout his days of triumph and of exile. Princess Mathilde, having missed her place, was fighting her way in the crowd, and a policeman, not knowing who she was, asked the German Ambassador to look after her.

During the Zululand war aid was tendered by the Red Cross Society to our troops, but owing to the comparatively small scale of the campaign and to the fact that all "necessaries" were fully supplied by the Army Medical Department, the work of the Society

was limited to the supply of extra comforts of various kinds, the administration being again placed under Deputy-Commissioner Young.

Early in the year 1880 Colonel Loyd-Lindsay addressed a large meeting at Newbury ; in the course of his speech he reviewed the recent Eastern policy of the Government, on which the country would probably soon be called upon to pronounce an opinion. After dwelling on the lack of foresight and preparation, the consequent vast expenditure of money, the mismanagement, and the terrible sufferings of the troops of which he had been an eye-witness and a participator during the Crimean war, he ended by contrasting with it the policy of the present *régime*, showing how in 1854 England had drifted into war through want of foresight and firmness, and how through the exercise of these qualities she had, in 1878, escaped war.

This speech was made shortly before the dissolution of Parliament, which took place in March. The result of the general election was a complete reversal of the verdict of the country in 1874. In Berkshire, however, the county representation remained unchanged, and although a Radical candidate contested it the two Conservative seats proved impregnable, and the contest practically resolved itself into a trial of strength between the moderate Liberal sitting member Mr. Walter and his advanced Radical opponent Mr. Rogers; the Conservatives giving their support, to the extent even of a transfer of a certain number of votes, to Mr. Walter, who succeeded in retaining the third seat. In April, Lord Beaconsfield tendered his resignation. His successor was his great rival Mr. Gladstone.

To Loyd-Lindsay this change of Ministry involved quitting his post at the War Office, which he had held nearly three years. The close attendance at the House of Commons required from holders of office during a series of specially arduous and wearisome sessions * had proved trying, and a respite of comparative rest was not altogether unwelcome. But it was, nevertheless, with genuine regret that he gave up office. The farewells with his colleagues of all degrees were sincere and hearty; he had worked cordially and harmoniously with all, and ties of office had become ties of private friendship. To quote the words of his old friend and colleague General Sir Edward Bulwer, "As an official he was a type of the thorough English gentleman in whom everyone placed that implicit trust which gives such strength to official life." The years of office life had widened his knowledge and enlarged his experience; he had been able to study army problems from within, and he was confirmed in his championship of the system of army administration and reform inaugurated by Lord Cardwell and developed by Sir Garnet Wolseley and his school. But though now officially out of it, he remained, nevertheless, in close touch with the War Office, and was frequently called into consultation on the many army matters which lie outside the sphere of party politics, and which it was always his endeavour to treat as neutral ground. The appointment, moreover, under the new Ministry, of his relative Lord Morley to the post of Under-Secretary of State for

* It was during the debate over the Army Discipline Bill that Irish obstructionist tactics were first developed, and all-night sittings forced upon the House.

War in succession to Lord Bury formed an additional bond of union. Hardly a day passed that the two friends did not meet, Lord Morley being an almost daily luncheon guest at Carlton Gardens, and many were the discussions on army topics that passed between them.

In July the final meeting of the Berlin Conference, which had continued its sittings for the purpose of rectification of the Turkish frontier and other details, took place. In answer to a letter from Colonel Loyd-Lindsay on this occasion Lord Beaconsfield wrote as follows:

Hughenden Manor: July 7, '80.

Dear Loyd-Lindsay,—I must thank you for your kind letter, though I am the worst of correspondents.

I don't much like the look of affairs in Turkey, but I still think the Treaty of Berlin will carry us through, even with the present Ministry.

The treaty is one of those subjects on which it is unprofitable publicly to speak with frankness. I look upon its not the least result, that it broke up the alliance of the three Emperors, the most important event since 1815.

Although we retained power for six years, ours was the most unlucky Government that ever existed for such a term. Had we had decent harvests and fair trade we should probably have renewed our lease, and then we might have concluded for the benefit of our country and as well, I think, for the general welfare of mankind, more than one important question.

I am sorry I cannot pay my respects to-day to Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay, for it always gives me pleasure to see her, but I am a hermit, and have seen, for the first time in my life, my home in May and June.

Yours sincerely,

BEACONSFIELD.

The spring of 1880 was saddened to Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and to all the members of the family by the prolonged and critical illness of his sister Mrs. Holford. The bond of intimacy and affection that existed between her and her brother and sister-in-law was of no common order; she and her children formed part of their life, and they met in constant intercourse. The anxiety was therefore poignant, when one night, at a large dinner-party given by Mr. W. H. Smith at the Admiralty preparatory to a ball at Marlborough House, the Loyd-Lindsays received a summons which took them straight to Westonbirt, where they arrived at day-break to find their sister in an apparently hopeless condition. The struggle between life and death was prolonged and painful, but at length she slowly and gradually emerged from the shadows of the dark valley, and once more took her place among the many that loved her.

Lord Overstone's vigorous constitution was now beginning to fail under the stress of old age and repeated attacks of gout, and it became more and more difficult for the daughter and son-in-law, on whom he depended almost for companionship and care, to leave him. However, in the autumn of 1880, feeling the need of change and rest, and being no longer tied by the chains of office, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and his wife managed to leave England for a short tour in the south of France. After wandering among the hills and valleys of the Pyrenees, they determined, as was their wont in foreign travel, to leave the beaten track and plunge into the almost unexplored country south of the great mountain barrier that divides the civilisation of modern France from the unchanged

mediævalism of Spain. At Luchon they took guides and horses, and ascending the mountain summit, passed through the narrow door of the Port de Venasque and entered upon a country well-nigh unknown to the tourist: a wild and weird country of barren rocks and savage gorges, of old-world villages and arcaded towns, of fertile valleys, vineyards, and green pastures, the breeding ground of young mules. In the rough Posadas muleteers and guests gathered round the kitchen fire as in the days of Don Quixote, while in the bare upper chambers, whose unglazed windows are closed by wooden shutters, the women of the house did honour to the rare guests by bringing out from the family chest lace-edged sheets and old brocade coverlets.

Through this land of contrasts, of grandeur and of squalor, of beauty and of desolation, they rode for some four or five days, oft-times losing their way amid stony tracks, till they re-entered the world of to-day at Saragossa. The furthest point of their tour was Madrid, where Lindsay enjoyed renewing his acquaintance with, and introducing his wife to, the glories of the Prado Gallery. There in his native city Velasquez sits enthroned, the inheritor of the great traditions of Italian art and the father of modern painting. His vivid realism, combined with picturesqueness of imagination, and subtle power of expressing thought through the strokes of his brush, had a peculiar fascination for Lindsay. Especially would he linger before the perfect embodiment of soldier-like courtesy and chivalry in both victorious general and vanquished cavaliers as depicted in *Los Lancias.*

To return to home affairs, the session of 1881, though devoted mainly to discussions on Irish matters, carried on against harassing obstruction involving frequent "all night" sittings, was also much occupied by army debates, turning chiefly on the hotly disputed subject of short versus long service. Col. Loyd-Lindsay took his part in these debates. "Long service," he said, "of course produces a limited number of fine troops, but the losses incidental to a long campaign, such as the Crimea, make all its weak points only too evident. With long service we can have no Reserve." A large and efficient Reserve he considered to be the keystone of our military policy, and a result attainable only through a short-service system.

The summer of 1881 was memorable to all connected with the Volunteer movement, as being the anniversary of the "coming of age" of that force. The Queen marked her sense of the importance of the occasion by conferring honours of various kinds on the oldest and most eminent Volunteer officers. Colonel, henceforth Sir Robert, Loyd-Lindsay was among the selected representatives, and was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. A great Volunteer review was also held in Windsor Park, when the Queen personally congratulated her citizen soldiers, expressing her "unqualified satisfaction at the steady progress of the force since its formation, and its present numerical strength, high training, and discipline."

At Mr. (now Sir James) Knowles' request, Sir Robert contributed an article to the "Nineteenth Century," in which he traced the progress of the movement from its beginning, showing that the Volunteers "now present, not merely detached bodies of irregular troops scattered

over the country, and likened sometimes to the *Francs-Tireurs* of 1870, but a National Army, the spontaneous product of a national impulse which instinctively discerned a danger, discovered a remedy, and found means to give it effect far more efficiently than could have been done by any pre-organised scheme promulgated from headquarters." He remarked that

not only had the value of the Volunteer force become of late years more generally recognised, but the standpoint from which the public regarded it has also changed. The successful operations of the Boers in the Transvaal have brought more clearly to the public mind a knowledge of the importance of the breech-loading rifle, and have shown also how great is the amount of individual intelligence and even craft that is needed to obtain the best results from the use of that weapon; and further, how formidable unprofessional soldiers may become when they thoroughly understand its use.

He further dwelt on the importance of promoting rifle shooting as a national recreation as well as a military exercise. He pointed out the excellent results that had ensued from placing Volunteers, like the rest of the forces of the Crown, directly under the Commander-in-Chief, who appoints an Adjutant-General to be responsible for their discipline and conduct, thus bringing them and the Regular Army into close touch. He asked how far it would prove expedient or possible to restrict the availableness of so vast a body of armed men to the possible single emergency of invasion, for which sole purpose they had originally been raised; and he advised the utilisation of the force as a feeder to our

Regular Army Reserve, considering that the difficulties attending this could be solved by the establishment of a system whereby men might pass from the Volunteers into the Reserve. He also advocated a special Volunteer Service Reserve, the members of which would be entitled to serve in the Regular Army in time of war.

He regarded the non-inclusion of the Volunteers in the recently formed system of territorial regiments as "a blot and a weakness"; this was, however, remedied a few years later, and the Volunteers thus became more completely incorporated in the military system of the country. Sir Robert had always recognised that one of the main difficulties of the future was the providing of competent officers. To this difficulty he had always been keenly alive in the case of his own Berkshire Regiment; but he had succeeded to a great extent in overcoming it, partly by means of his own military prestige and the impress of his personality, which made men of position willing to serve under him. In his regiment each district of the county was represented by a company, and each company was usually commanded by the leading squire of the district. As time went on, it became increasingly difficult to maintain this ideal, but nevertheless a high standard both of social position and efficiency was preserved among the officers. The popularity and military reputation of their Adjutant, Colonel Colebrooke Carter, doubtless greatly contributed to this result. For fifteen years he held that post, devoting his time and energy to the welfare of the regiment, to whose command he succeeded in 1888 when Sir Robert resigned the Colonelcy. No less popular and efficient was the Major, Sir Paul Hunter.

Sir Robert himself kept in close touch with the regiment by frequent visits to the individual companies, by hospitality to the officers, and by many other means. But it was on the annual camp week that he mainly relied. With about a couple of exceptions, he never failed during a period of thirty-four years to take personal command at these meetings. He was never happier than when handling troops, thoroughly enjoying the early morning drills and the more extended field-days. Most especially did he welcome any opportunity of brigading his regiment with the Regular troops at Aldershot or elsewhere, estimating very highly the practical advantages of instruction derived from acting together, and valuing the spirit of emulation thereby fostered. He considered that the superior intelligence of the Volunteers, their desire to learn and to qualify themselves to take their place worthily beside the Regulars, fully compensated for the shortness of time that could be devoted to their training. He believed in the possibilities of the force and in their capacity for future development, and he lived to see his aspirations realised during the South African war.

He desired an unlimited extension of the force, so that it should become a system of national, and, as far as possible, universal training, believing the expansion of the volunteer system to be the only real and effective alternative to conscription. He was always a strong supporter of the principle of Mounted Infantry, and we have already seen that, as early as 1860, he had formed in Northamptonshire a small corps of well-mounted young hunting farmers, whom he used personally to drill in the park at Overstone. Later on he attached a company of

mounted riflemen to his Berkshire Volunteer regiment. The well-known "Loyd-Lindsay" prize was started by him at an early meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon; it became a most popular institution, and has been adopted by the Regular Army and by many of our Colonies. The object of it is to promote rapidity of action by dismounting, firing at different ranges, and remounting, in order to gallop from range to range.

On the 4th of August 1881 he moved in the House of Commons, "that, with the view of meeting the requirements of modern warfare and of securing rapidity of movement for troops armed with breech-loading rifles, some provision should be made in this year's Army Estimates that a proportion of such Mounted Infantry corps should form part of the Army establishment in future." He stated that he had no desire to see a new branch of the service established, but he wanted greater mobility to be given to our infantry, and believed such additional power of locomotion to be attainable only by mounted troops. He proceeded to give demonstrations of the value to the service rendered by such-like troops in recent campaigns in India, and he quoted the opinions of the leading Generals of the day—Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Sir Evelyn Wood—to the effect that mounted riflemen are essential to any enterprising army.

The reply of Mr. Childers, then Secretary of State

* The cavalry manœuvres of 1905 on the Berkshire Downs under General Sir John French and General Scobell have proved the soundness of Loyd-Lindsay's views. Squadrons of regular mounted infantry co-operated with the cavalry, and in some instances the work done by them determined the fortunes of the day.

for War, was appreciative and encouraging, although he could not promise much definite or immediate action. Some twenty years afterwards, during the South African war, the question again came prominently to the fore, and Sir Robert (then Lord Wantage) caused his speech of 1881, with its quotations, to be reprinted, in the hope that the prophetic character of what was then said might arrest attention and lead to some practical result. Ultimately, what he had so long striven for was in great measure carried out by the practical conversion of the Yeomanry (though still retaining their time-honoured name) into Mounted Infantry, a measure which had his strongest approval and support.

CHAPTER XII

POLITICAL FRIENDSHIPS—ARMY MEDICAL COMMITTEE—JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA—DEATH OF LORD OVERSTONE—RED CROSS WORK IN EGYPT—PEERAGE

1881–1885

On March 11, 1881, London was startled by the tragic news of the assassination of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. The Prince and Princess of Wales were anxious to attend the funeral, and the Queen, yielding to the advice and representations of Lord Dufferin, then British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, gave her consent to an expedition involving no small risk. Lord Beaconsfield was summoned to dine at Marlborough House on the evening before their departure, and in writing to Lady Loyd-Lindsay to break off his previous engagement to her he said: "I am obliged to forego the honour and pleasure of being your guest to-morrow, as the Prince of Wales wishes me to dine with his Royal Highness on the eve of his sad but historic journey." These words were almost the last that Lord Beaconsfield penned, for he was already stricken with the illness that proved so rapidly fatal. In him Lindsay deplored the loss of a friend as well as a leader. Not many months before Lord Beaconsfield's death he had visited him at Hughenden, taking down with him

the young Duke of Portland, in order to introduce him to his political chief. Memories of early friendship with Lord George Bentinck gave a touch of special cordiality to his reception. After the Duke's departure Lord Beaconsfield asked Lindsay to remain another night, and he looked back upon this visit as one of the memorable incidents of his life. His host showed him all the beauties of the woods and gardens, and the varied objects of interest in the house, while the evening was spent in *tête-à-tête* discussion of many and varied subjects, and in listening to reminiscences of historic value.

Among the leaders of his party with whom Sir Robert felt perhaps in closest personal touch were Lord Beaconsfield and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith: two men of very widely different types of character, but both appealing to his mind and heart, the one by the attractiveness of his unique personality, the picturesque quality of his imagination, the foresight and force of his intellect, and the kindliness of his nature; the other by his unswerving devotion to duty, his singleness of purpose and warmth of heart. Between the citizen statesman and the civilian soldier there grew up a bond of mutual confidence and affection; and during Mr. Smith's tenure of the Office of Secretary of State for War they were on terms of confidential intercourse, which continued until Mr. Smith's life fell a sacrifice to his unsparing devotion to his country in October 1891.

Sir Robert was also on terms of intimacy with Sir Stafford Northcote, whose friendship he greatly valued. In the autumn of 1881 Sir Stafford wrote, asking him for information respecting the condition of agriculture and of farm tenants in Berkshire during that period of

agricultural depression, and he added: "Do you hear much of Fair Trade? It is a very delicate question to touch. We cannot go for taxes on food or on raw materials of industry, and I don't see how we are to manipulate the tariff without injuring some classes more than you will benefit them. Still, there is much that deserves examination in the present state of our fiscal question, and we cannot accept Bright's short method."

In his reply, Sir Robert gave the information asked for, respecting the Berks and Oxon Association for Promoting the Welfare of Agriculture, and added:

I think you will deem the proposition quite sound and in harmony with what you say in your letter. We shall try and keep clear of the very delicate subject of "Fair Trade," which means Protection in the minds of the farmers, whatever else it may mean in the minds of the people. The farmers only lean to Fair Trade because they think it will increase the price of corn. This it is which is at the bottom of their minds. But, as you say, we cannot go for taxes on food; therefore, whoever else may go for Fair Trade, the farmers and the landlords had better leave it alone. We landlords cannot afford to bear the unpopularity which would be entailed on us by reason of a law artificially increasing the price of bread. We are very weak (from scanty numbers) as it is, and Gladstone and the Radicals are quite likely to rob us of our present rents, and would be certain to rob us somehow of enhanced rents derived from a tax on corn.

During the summer of the year 1882 public attention was engrossed by the expedition sent to Egypt, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, for the suppression of the Arabi revolt,

which culminated in our victory at Tel-el-Kebir, on September 13. Two months later, on November 16, after the conclusion of the short but brilliant campaign, the Queen received her returning troops. The morning opened with a dense fog, but it cleared off just before the march past on the Horse Guards Parade Ground, and Londoners beheld men defile before them fresh from the grim realities of campaigning, with worn and sunburnt faces, soiled and tattered clothing, thin and halting horses. In the evening an official reception was given at the War Office ; clerks' desks, and tables were cleared out of the stately rooms, and a large company, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, assembled to greet the victorious General and his staff.*

Several subjects arising out of the Egyptian campaign occupied public attention and came up for discussion during the autumn. Foremost among them was the question of hospital management, or mismanagement, a matter on which there was much diversity of opinion, both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The Army Medical Service for the campaign had been organised on an unprecedentedly large scale and with great care and forethought. Nevertheless complaints of shortcomings and defects were rife, and resulted, largely at the instigation of Sir Robert, in the appointment of a Departmental Committee, of which Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed chairman, for the purpose of inquiring into the working of the Army Hospital

* Many of these guests had previously dined with Sir Robert and Lady Loyd-Lindsay at Carlton Gardens, among them Lord and Lady Wolseley, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, The Right Hon. Colonel and Lady Constance Stanley, Sir Arthur Hayter, Lord and Lady Morley, and Lord Bury.

Corps. But this was preliminary only to investigations of a more comprehensive nature, which led to a second and more important War Office Committee of Inquiry, under the presidency of the Earl of Morley, then Under Secretary for War. Mr. Childers wrote to Sir Robert saying that

after what had passed in the House of Commons about the Medical Committee, I am very anxious that its constitution should not be an object of controversy, and I think that if you could consent to give us your assistance as one of its members, the desirable end would be accomplished. I look upon your co-operation as most valuable in the interests of the public service.

The Committee met on November 1, and continued to sit through the winter of 1882–3. It was empowered not only to investigate matters connected with the Egyptian campaign, but to take into consideration the whole subject of our military hospital organisation both in times of peace and of war. Generals and other officers of every rank and degree, the medical staff, hospital patients, nurses, newspaper correspondents and many others were examined, and a vast mass of information elicited. Miss Florence Nightingale took deep and active interest in the work of the Committee; she was in constant communication both personally and by letter with Sir Robert; her practical knowledge and experience, her thorough mastery of detail, and the prestige of her name gave great weight to her opinions, which were brought through him before the Committee. She laid special stress upon the existing deficiency in the training of young army medical students; the lack of supervision, of discipline, of

teaching in all matters of hospital organisation such as nursing, purveying, cooking, sanitation, ward management, etc.; she recommended improved professional training of medical officers, and better organisation for field hospital work practice in peace time. She also strongly advocated improvements in the sanitary work department, which she considered should work in unison with the hospital department but should at the same time have a *personnel* of its own, with duly qualified sanitary officers to be attached to every camp and barrack; part of their duties in war time would be to undertake the pioneer work of examining camping grounds and buildings and water supply, previous to the arrival of troops.

The Committee gave in their Report a full review of the whole system of our army medical organisation, criticising its defects and suggesting remedies. They also gave a complete medical history of the Egyptian campaign, describing the elaborate equipment provided, which, for the British force alone, consisted of no fewer than 163 medical officers, 835 officers and men of the Army Hospital Corps, and thirty nursing sisters. They were nevertheless compelled to admit that grave administrative difficulties had undoubtedly arisen, and the condition and management of the hospitals at Ismailia and Cairo, and of some of the hospital ships, were severely criticised by many witnesses, especially by Lord Wolseley. The Report contained important recommendations and suggestions for the revision and improvement of the whole system, with the view of securing greater efficiency and better administration, many of which were eventually adopted.

With regard to Red Cross work, in which Sir Robert was specially interested, the acceptance of its aid in war time was advised. A certain number of Red Cross nurses had been sent out to South Africa and to Egypt, but further aid was declined on the plea of absence of necessity. The Committee, however, held the opinion that voluntary organised hospitals would not only be of great value in themselves but would create a spirit of healthy emulation between the military and civil elements and would do away with the evils inseparable from desultory amateur assistance. The Report constituted an exhaustive and valuable survey of the whole field of army medical work and organisation; in the words of Miss Nightingale, the Committee had accomplished a "great work, and done magnificent service in bringing all to light."

In addition to the Army Medical Service Committee, Sir Robert was also engaged on Parliamentary Committees and on public and official work of various kinds both in London and in Berkshire. The strain of these matters, added to the pressure of family affairs of an anxious character in which he was called upon to take a leading part, involving much work of a difficult and responsible nature, gradually told upon him, and in the spring of 1883 his health showed signs of failing. This compelled him to decline the chairmanship of the House of Commons' Committee on the proposed Manchester Ship Canal, which he had been asked to undertake. He spent the early summer months quietly at Lockinge, his wife dividing her time between him and Lord Overstone, who was becoming too infirm to leave London. Later in the summer, when a sea voyage was

ordered for Sir Robert, she felt it impossible to leave her father, who depended solely on her for companionship and care. Mr. A. K. Loyd, with his usual kindness and devotion, offered to accompany Sir Robert, and together they started for the Cape. Their time in South Africa was limited to three weeks, but they managed during that short period to see a good deal of the country, to make acquaintance with the leading people of Capetown and Kimberley, and to gain some insight into the problems that were perplexing men's minds. Sir Robert's letters home, and an article he wrote after his return for the "Nineteenth Century," give a graphic account of his travels and experiences; it is interesting to compare his impressions with the present condition of a country which in recent years has been the scene of the great racial conflict that has ushered in the twentieth century.

In his letters he describes the journey out, mentioning St. Helena as

a miserable place, its glory departed, never probably to return; in fact those islands stationed along the old sea voyage route to India are dwindling like the old posting inns of England. The Cape itself has not escaped injury, and looks to me very like a played-out place. I can see plainly enough, though I have been here so short a time, that affairs in South Africa are in frightful confusion; Heaven knows whether they can ever right themselves without a desperate convulsion, perhaps a civil war, with a war of black and white races on the top of it. Men of all races and opinions, viewing matters from different standpoints, all regard the British Government management of affairs with dismay.

The burning topics of the day were the Basuto question, the Bechuana question, and the Cetawayo question, the management of which by the Home Government was exciting much adverse criticism. He was both interested and attracted by the Boer section of society, which he describes as the

landed aristocracy of the land, but as you advance into the interior of the country, they are found to be rougher in their habits and more primitive in their mode of life, possessing an Old Testament blood-thirstiness towards their enemies. These sentiments, which exist in full vigour among the independent Boers of the Transvaal, are shaded down gradually from black to white in the civilised Dutch community of Cape Colony. But all are alike unable to comprehend what they consider the sentimental policy of England towards the natives. They hold the opinion that legislation suited to a highly civilised people is unsuited to the totally uncivilised native races. There are wise and humane men in South Africa who could frame and carry out a policy of firm guidance and strict rule, combined with paternal protection. . . . It appears to me that, on the whole, South Africa possesses a larger share of difficulties than any other English colony; there is no doubt that a population of black savages outnumbering the civilised community by fourteen to one in Natal, and four to one in the Cape, is a tremendous drawback, and I am not astonished at the alarm with which the colonists regard the constantly increasing numbers of the coloured races, together with the very uncertain and changing policy of the Imperial Government towards those races.

After a short stay at Cape Town, Sir Robert, being desirous of seeing something of the inland country, was persuaded by his friends to undertake an expedition to

Kimberley in Griqualand West, then the remotest of our possessions. He therefore determined to face with Mr. Loyd and his faithful valet, Cooper, the discomforts and hardships of a forty-eight hours' journey by coach from the railway terminus at Victoria West to Kimberley. There they spent some days, and found a small but high-toned society, composed of the best sort of Englishmen and English ladies, who received them with the utmost kindness and hospitality. He was deeply interested in the diamond mines, the whole process of extraction from the ore and the arrangements for working the mines by natives.

Everywhere, he wrote, in South Africa the English provide the energy and capital, and it is clear that the prosperity of the country is due to them. The Dutch, however, seem the more permanently settled on the soil. They are essentially the landholding community of South Africa; the better class and superior people among the English having never cut themselves off from a possible return to England. There is a good deal of jealousy between the races, and there is no question more hotly argued all over South Africa than the rights and wrongs of the Convention with the Boers after the defeats of Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba. The action of the English Government is almost universally condemned by Englishmen in the colony. The Dutch take a different view, and maintain that nothing less than lifelong bitterness and hatred between the English and the Dutch would have resulted from any other course. The Boers, while ready to welcome the material advantages that came to them from the increased prosperity and wealth of South Africa, the creation entirely of British settlers, strongly object to British restrictions. In the Transvaal towns people might wish for profits, but the

majority in the country would rather forego them than take them in company with curtailment of liberty and the obligation to pay taxes.

The return journey was made in a hired Cape cart, which enabled the travellers to enjoy a comparative approach to comfort, and to see more of the country through which they passed.

By the middle of October he landed in England. During his absence Lord Overstone's failing health had caused much anxiety to his daughter, who had remained with him in London, helped and supported by Colonel Charles Lindsay, who brought into the old man's chamber the sunshine of affectionate sympathy and lively talk. Lord Overstone's life was slowly ebbing to its close ; he anxiously awaited his son-in-law's return, and when he arrived, the cheering effect of his presence caused a rally, which was, however, only temporary. On November 17, the day of his son-in-law and daughter's silver wedding, the life round which their lives had so long revolved passed peacefully away at the ripe age of eighty-seven. Of his old friends many were gone: the most intimate of all, the companion both of his youth and his later years, Mr. George Ward Norman, had preceded him by a few months only; but there were still many left to stand round the grave in the quiet country churchyard at Lockinge where he was laid to rest beside the wife from whom he had parted nineteen years before.

To Sir Robert this event was the severance of a tie of no common closeness, and he mourned for him he had so tenderly watched over as for a father and a friend. Twenty-five years had been spent together in

the familiar intimacy of daily life; and those who entered into that intimacy never failed to be struck with the depth and beauty of the relationship between Sir Robert and his father-in-law, and the influence they exercised upon each other. It was a link between two generations and two types of character; for it would almost seem as though there is as much fashion in character as in the external things of life: the type of mind of one generation differing from another as does the style of dress. The standard of men of Lord Overstone's generation and of the friends among whom he lived, men such as Mr. G. Ward Norman, Mr. George Grote, the Hon. Edward Twisleton, Sir George Nicholls, Mr. J. MacCulloch, Sir John Shaw Lefevre, Sir Edward Ryan, Lord Grey, Lord Kimberley, Sir Charles Wood,* was of a lofty, somewhat austere type—the keen air of the mountain top, rather than the balmy breezes of southern shores; their outlook on life was uncompromising; their sense of duty admitted of no qualifying evasions; their mode of life was simpler than that of to-day. There was a difference, intangible but not the less real, between them and the generation of Lindsay and his friends, even as there is a difference between his contemporaries and the men of to-day, between the type of the young Guardsmen of the Crimea and those of South Africa.

Yet Lindsay and his father-in-law had much in common: a strong underlying current of earnestness of purpose and rectitude of mind led them to appreciate and understand each other; while on Lord Overstone's side freedom from all taint of petty jealousy

* Afterwards first Viscount Halifax.

Emery Walker ph. Sc.

Lord Overstone

From a painting by Frank Holl R.A.

1880

London: Smith, Elder & Co. 15 Waterloo Place.

enabled him to throw himself unreservedly into his son-in-law's pursuits and interests. To the filial relation between them was added a touch of independent friendship; the two men were proud of each other, and as old age came upon him Lord Overstone grew to rely more and more upon the quiet courage and calm judgement of his son-in-law, and would decide nothing without him—"Let us wait and see what Robert thinks" was a constantly recurring expression. And between them stood the wife and daughter, the helpmate of both, the sharer in every thought and every scheme.

Lord Overstone's character was cast in no common mould. To some he might seem formidable, for he was a man of quick thought and word, impatient of insincerity or exaggeration, carrying his love of accuracy almost to excess. His shrewd old father once said of him, "Thank God, there is no rubbish in Sam's mind." He looked at everything in the white light of reason, yet preserved withal a warmth of heart and generosity of disposition that showed itself in constant deeds of kind thoughtfulness and large benevolence. His many acts of generosity towards people of every class, high and low, were done with a delicacy and consideration for the feelings of the recipients that made it almost as blessed to receive as to give. Born to wealth and endowed with a genius for business which caused that wealth to increase and multiply, he fully recognised the heavy responsibilities that attach to great possessions, whether in money or in land. Display and luxury had small attractions for him, yet the duties of his position as a rich man and a large landowner he discharged to the full. His convictions were strong and unswerving on all matters

of importance, whether religious, political, or social; his judgment was unerring; his penetrating intellect at once sifted the chaff and gathered up the pure grain of whatever subject was brought before him; fallacies were ruthlessly exposed and sophistries rejected. To few was it given so tersely and lucidly to convey their meaning, especially upon abstract and abstruse subjects such as the governing laws of currency and the problems of finance.

The wisdom of his views and the attraction of his weighty and enlightening conversation drew around him in his home a circle of men of mark, while on the rare occasions on which he gave public utterance to his thoughts by speech or pen he always commanded attention and influenced opinion. He was a patriot to his heart's core, and a strong supporter of all measures for self-defence; the policy of the "Little Englander" of to-day would have met with scant sympathy from him. On one occasion, when walking in St. James's Park with his Radical friend and fellow-banker Mr. Grote, the historian, they met a squadron of the Life Guards. "I wish," said Lord Overstone, "I could see 10,000 of these splendid fellows under arms and twenty ships of the line sailing in the Channel"; whereupon Grote dropped his arm and walked away. He was a pronounced and staunch Free Trader, at a time when it required some courage to advocate a doctrine that was regarded by many as a delusive novelty and a dangerous heresy. But every character has its limitations, and in Lord Overstone's case with a singularly sound and powerful brain was coupled a nervous organisation so sensitive as occasionally to produce a timidity of action

at variance with the courage of his opinions. This peculiarity of temperament explains his distaste for the strife of public life, and was doubtless the main cause of his eschewing the responsibilities of high office which might have been his. He was, however, frequently called into confidential counsel by Cabinet Ministers, and his opinions often influenced Government policy on questions of general politics as well as in his more special subjects of finance and currency. In these his talent amounted to genius, and to his initiative and advice is mainly due the famous Bank Charter Act that was introduced by Sir Robert Peel in 1844.

This Act has left so deep a mark on the monetary history of the country that, although unconnected with the special subject of this memoir, some account of it may not be without interest to those who hold Lord Overstone's memory in honour. The financial position of the country was at that time causing grave anxiety. The regulation of paper currency and the necessity for the convertibility of issued notes were matters which could no longer be safely left without State control in view of the serious dangers that might ensue to our commercial and other interests. These dangers had been foreseen and exposed by leading financiers and economists of the day, and especially by Lord Overstone (then Mr. Jones Loyd), who gave evidence before various Parliamentary Committees from 1833 onwards. He had long been an advocate of the principle of the necessity of absolute security (beyond that provided by the Act of 1819) for the payment in specie of Bank of England notes. It appeared to him essential that the privilege of issuing bank notes—that is, of creating

money—should be entirely separated from the business of banking—that is, of dealing with money. He therefore proposed a separation of the departments of the Bank of England and the establishment of such regulations as should secure perfect coincidence between fluctuations in the amount of bank notes or paper money issued, and fluctuations in the amount of metallic money as indicated by the state of the bullion.

Evidence in support of the above views was given by Mr. Jones Loyd before a powerful House of Commons Committee appointed in 1840 by Sir Robert Peel, of which he was a member. The country had been alarmed by the severe and disastrous crisis of 1839, and the object of this Committee was to investigate and report upon the whole question of the relations of the Bank of England to the State. The currency jugglers of the time were not unrepresented on it, and occupied a good deal of its attention. But Mr. Jones Loyd propounded the true principles of currency with a sagacity and tenacity that confounded his adversaries, and a lucidity that ought to have convinced them. Peel turned instinctively towards the pole of right reason, and was profoundly impressed with Mr. Jones Loyd's arguments. The result, due in great measure to his masterly evidence, was that in 1844 Peel resolved, with the assistance of Sir Charles Wood, to complete the work of 1819, and to place the national currency on a basis as firm as was compatible with due regard to the historical evolution of the national system of banking.

The great speech in which Sir Robert Peel introduced his measure is the parliamentary foundation of all

sound thinking on the subject. The Bank Charter Act of 1844, carrying out Mr. Jones Loyd's views, provided for the division of the Bank of England into two separate departments—the Banking department, under the management of the Bank governors and directors, and the Issue department, which has the custody of the bullion and which belongs more directly to the State. The payment of notes in gold was also guaranteed by a proportionate reserve of Government securities and bullion.

Nor was Lord Overstone's energy confined to financial and monetary questions, or to his own banking business. During his long life he did good service to his country in many directions: Poor Law reform; the Irish Famine Relief Fund of 1848, of which he was chairman; the Royal Commission for the 1851 Exhibition, on which he served under the presidency of the Prince Consort; the Decimal Coinage Committee; the Trusteeship of the National Gallery—these are but a few among the numerous undertakings in which he took a leading part and on which he left the impress of his powerful mind. The influence that he exercised from an early period on matters of public importance continued until advancing age drew him gradually into the retirement of family life at Lockinge, and led him to throw his interests more and more into promoting and developing his son-in-law's career, rather than his own.

Lord Overstone's death brought fresh and enlarged responsibilities to Sir Robert and his wife, upon whom devolved both his large fortune and his landed estates in Northamptonshire and other counties. With increase of means, their power of usefulness was also increased,

and they were able to carry out wider schemes for the improvement both of people and of things. It made, however, but slight change in their mode of life, for their Berkshire home had long been Lord Overstone's also, and they resided at Overstone for short spaces only.

During the winter that followed, Sir Robert's health continued to give cause for anxiety, and a long and painful attack of a neuralgic character lasted with variations of intensity for several months, and obliged him to remain in London. In the early spring he had sufficiently recovered to be able to leave England, and he and his wife spent some weeks with his sister, the Dowager Countess of Crawford, at her beautiful Villa Palmieri. But the spring climate of Florence was that year more than usually ungenial, and they moved further south in quest of warmth and sunshine, which they found in full measure at Corfu. In that island of enchantment they lingered for a month, dwelling part of the time in a small villa on the summit of the Garuna Pass, bare of luxury or comfort, but possessing in compensation an outlook of ideal beauty. Long stretches of olive and cypress groves and lemon and orange gardens clothe the hills and dales which slope towards the twin citadel towers of Corfu, beyond which an azure sea divides the island from the opal-tinted mountain ranges of Albania. Below the villa rocky chasms clad with flowering shrubs lead down to yellow sands and amethyst waters a thousand feet beneath. They explored these sylvan recesses, oft-times returning home by the light of the golden moon and of fire-flies dancing among the weirdly twisted stems of giant olive trees.

While at Corfu they made acquaintance with Captain (now Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Edward) Seymour, who came into the harbour in command of the turret ship "Inflexible," and a pleasant intimacy sprang up between them which ripened into lifelong friendship.

On leaving Corfu they coasted in Austrian Lloyd steamers along the shores of Dalmatia, landing and making expeditions at all places of interest. The beauty of this region delighted them: the Lake-like scenery of the Bocche di Cattaro; the eagle-nested capital of Montenegro; the rock-bound coasts; the varied architecture of bygone nations—Roman temples and amphitheatres, mediæval fortresses, Romanesque cathedrals, Venetian palaces; the medley of races each with their native costumes and separate languages.

Under the soothing influences of southern sunshine and shifting scenes the nerve storm that had disturbed Sir Robert's health gradually passed away; and his return to England proved to him a return to wonted vigour, so that he was able to resume the command of his Berkshire Volunteers and preside over their summer encampment on the Downs near Lockinge.

During his illness, Sir Robert had made up his mind to resign his seat in Parliament, feeling that in the probable event of an early dissolution he would be unable to do justice to the position of a chosen candidate. Shortly after his return from abroad he proceeded to carry out this intention. On being informed of it, Sir Stafford Northcote, then leader of the party in the House of Commons, wrote:

It is very sad to think of your leaving us; you have gained so much good will and affection in the House of

Commons, that we shall all feel your loss greatly, and to me it will be a real sorrow both politically and personally. I do not like to quarrel with a decision which I am sure has not been arrived at without full consideration, but I should have contested it to the best of my power if I had had the chance. I have no doubt Sir George Russell will make a very good member, but he will not supply your place.

Sir George Russell (who had recently succeeded his brother Sir Charles in the Baronetcy) said :

I cannot tell you how deeply I deplore your contemplated retirement. . . . To me selfishly it is a great blow, for I have now no personal ambition to be in Parliament, and if I am to fight the battle, I should have wished to fight it by your side. I have no doubt Cherry has told you that I would gladly have represented you as well as myself in the contest, and I know that if possible your absence and the cause of it would have made you even a stronger candidate than ever. But you have decided otherwise, and I have only to say that when rest and quiet have done the work that I believe they will, and you find yourself again ready to resume your seat, I will, should I be returned, resign in your favour with as much joy as I should occupy your place with sorrow. Believe me, that no man ever spoke more from his heart than I do in saying this.

His Berkshire friends, among whom was numbered the Prince of Wales, pressed him to withdraw his resignation. "I wish it were possible for you," wrote his Royal Highness, "to reconsider your present determination, as your services to our county as an M.P. have always been very valuable." Returning strength enabled him to yield to these representations and he

consented to stand again at the next election for North Berkshire, in which division most of his property was situated. Berkshire was now divided into three separate electorates, the consequence of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, carried in the autumn of 1884, for an extension of the county franchise and a redistribution and rearrangement of seats.

The year that followed Sir Robert's return to England was replete with varied interests. Among other things he helped to start an Association for aid to Reservists, together with other schemes for promoting the well-being of soldiers, and he was one of the founders of the Military College at Cowley near Oxford. This institution, in the management of which he took an active part, was founded for the purpose of giving to youths destined for the Army education of a special nature, which they could not then obtain at the public schools, and which would enable them to pass into Woolwich and Sandhurst without the intervention of professional "crammers." For some years the College achieved a considerable amount of success, though it had many difficulties to contend with. But gradually, as special Army Classes were started in our public schools and universities, the *raison d'être* of Cowley College ceased to exist, and it was finally closed in 1895.

Red Cross work also came again to the fore, the tragic drama that was being enacted at Khartoum having led to the dispatch of a British force under Lord Wolseley for the purpose of relieving General Gordon. The object of the expedition, and the difficulties and hardships attending it, aroused the sympathies of all at home, and gave rise to a strong desire to give tangible expression

to these feelings. The Red Cross Society had been desirous to carry on some form of work in time of peace; and having, during recent South African wars, realised the value of help rendered by female nurses trained at Netley, they had decided, with the sanction of Government, to train at their own expense a small staff of nurses available for service in any future war. Both Sir Robert and Lady Loyd-Lindsay took great interest in the working out of this scheme, which proved highly successful, not only in supplying excellent nurses for the Egyptian campaign, but in furthering the establishment of a regular system of trained female nurses in our military hospitals both at home and abroad.

The campaign in Egypt and the Soudan was the first occasion on which the British Red Cross Society was called upon to render help on a large scale to our own troops. The success that attended its operations and the cordial recognition received from the military authorities were full proof of the value of such auxiliary assistance, when carried out in a spirit of friendly emulation with the Army Medical Department. The provisions made by our Government for the needs of the sick and wounded of the army sent to Egypt were on a scale far beyond that of any of the Continental armies with whom the Society had hitherto worked. Nevertheless, under the heavy stress of campaigning, emergencies did then, as they always will, arise, in which the free action of private enterprise is of inestimable value in supplementing official organisation. The Princess of Wales had already started a separate fund expressly for the Soudan campaign, but her branch became

affiliated with the National Aid Society, and the two worked in unison; Lady Wantage representing the latter on the Ladies' Committee, over which the Princess of Wales presided, and which included among its numerous members Lady Salisbury, Lady Rosebery, and Lady Brownlow.

The main difficulty encountered by Government in its hospital service was that of transport on the Nile, for in the absence, in Upper Egypt and in the Soudan especially, of towns or of accommodation of any kind on shore, life under all its manifold conditions has to be carried on in floating structures. Sir Robert and his Committee therefore directed their efforts mainly to giving assistance in this direction, in accordance with lines indicated by Lord Wolseley. Major Young and a small staff of surgeons and nurses were sent out; many and great were the difficulties experienced in obtaining a vessel suited both to hospital requirements and to the special navigation of the Nile, which in spring and summer months sinks to a shallowness that baffles all ordinary vessels. But at length these obstacles were surmounted; a launch and a stern-wheel steamer were acquired, both of which did good service, conveying on their upward journeys comforts and appliances for the patients in hospitals on the line of communication, and on their return journeys carrying wounded men and towing *dahabiyahs* laden with invalids. Another branch of the Society's work was simultaneously carried on in the Suakim district under Mr. (afterwards Sir) Kennett Barrington, and in aid of this Sir Allen Young generously placed his yacht at their disposal for the purpose of conveying invalids from Suakim up the Red

Sea. Brigadier-General Hudson, commanding at Suakim, writes to Sir Robert assuring him that

The luxuries as well as hospital comforts distributed among all ranks, British and Indian, have contributed in a very material degree to minimise the climatic and other influences which make service at Suakim very trying. There can be no doubt about the glorious work done by the National Aid Society, and that it is thoroughly appreciated by soldiers of all ranks and races.

Sir Robert had many friends in Egypt, among them General Sir Frederick Stephenson, Sir Francis (now Lord) Grenfell, Sir Redvers Buller, and Colonel (afterward Sir John) Ardagh, whose friendly support greatly assisted the operations of the Society. None, however, were more appreciative or encouraging than the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force, who at the termination of the campaign addressed the following letter to him as Chairman of the Red Cross Society:

I should be wanting in duty to the soldiers whom it has been so often my privilege to command in the field during the last six years, if I failed to place on record our deep sense of gratitude to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to yourself and the Committee of the "British National Aid Society to the Sick and Wounded in War," for the effective assistance invariably rendered by that Society to our troops on active service.

I shall not attempt to enter upon any detail of the numerous benefits conferred, or the good effected by the Society, but I must not pass over in silence the fact that it is to those who have directed its affairs that the Army is mainly indebted for the hospital nurses who are now, I am glad to say, a recognised part of our military hospital establishment both at home and abroad.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the boon

these nurses have been to every force in the field with which they have been associated; they have earned for themselves the respect and heartfelt gratitude of all ranks. Before dismissing this subject, may I venture to add that my experience leads me to believe that the higher the social position of the nurses, the greater their usefulness?

It is, I think, advisable that the gentlemen who represent the Society in the field should, if possible, have served themselves in the Army. Those who have done so understand our soldiers better than civilians, and their knowledge of discipline and of military custom makes them better able to work usefully and in perfect harmony with the military authorities in the field.

The summer of the year 1885 saw the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's Government—defeated early in June by the narrow majority of twelve on a Budget amendment—and the consequent accession to power of the Conservative party under Lord Salisbury. In forming his Government, Lord Salisbury offered to Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay the War Office post of Surveyor-General:

For I feel (he wrote), and so does Mr. Smith, that your assistance would very greatly strengthen the office.

Mr. W. H. Smith supported his chief, saying:

I most earnestly hope you will consent to fill the office of Surveyor-General. Anything I can do to lessen your work or to make it agreeable to you I will be very glad to do, but I want your help in a difficult duty which I did not seek. I trust you will be able to accept the offer which Lord Salisbury has made to you.

The proposal carried with it much that was attractive to Lindsay; he would willingly have returned to the War Office, especially under a chief so congenial to him as Mr. W. H. Smith. But the severe illness of the previous year had been a warning, and, though he hoped to continue parliamentary life, he dared not face the combination with it of office work, and he regretfully declined Lord Salisbury's offer. His cousin, Lord Bury, resumed his former post of Under-Secretary of State for War.

On July 13, 1885, Sir Robert spoke for the last time in the House of Commons, on the subject of increased capitation grants and other forms of aid and encouragement to the Volunteer force. A few days later he ceased to be a member of that assembly, the Queen having, through Lord Salisbury, conferred on him a peerage. He selected for his title the old Saxon town of Wantage, hallowed to all Englishmen as the birthplace of King Alfred, and on July 28 he took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Wantage of Lockinge.

Within the next fourteen months the country witnessed two general elections—a five months' spell of Liberal government under Mr. Gladstone was followed by the return to power of Lord Salisbury. In January 1887 his Government was reinforced by Mr. Goschen, who had seceded from his former party on the Home Rule question, and now joined the Unionist Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in succession to Lord Randolph Churchill. The new minister wrote as follows in answer to a letter from Lord Wantage:

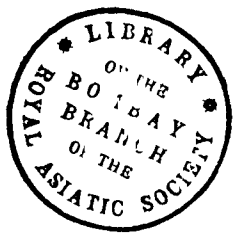
One line I think I really must send you to thank you for the warm welcome which your letter conveys

to me on entering the present Government. I wish all men were so free from anything approaching party spirit as your letter shows you to be.

In 1885 Lord Wantage was appointed by Lord Salisbury Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire, in succession to the Marquis of Ailesbury; this made comparatively small change in his position in the county, for, owing to Lord Ailesbury having neither property nor residence in Berkshire, much of his work had already devolved on Lord Wantage. He became, however, as Lord-Lieutenant, the officially recognised leader in every county movement; he was ever to the fore in calling meetings on occasions of public or national interest, in initiating and promoting beneficent schemes of all kinds, and in presiding at innumerable committees and public gatherings.

The burden of work connected with private family affairs, often of a responsible and harassing nature, also increased yearly upon him. Every member of the family, young and old, who chanced to stand in need of support or counsel—and they were many—turned instinctively to one who was ever ready to give, not only substantial aid, but, what is rarer and more valuable, the sacrifice of time and labour. He would patiently devote himself to the unravelling of the complicated affairs oft-times entrusted to him, endeavouring to place them on a sound footing and helping those concerned to start afresh. Few can be aware how frequently and generously his helping hand was extended to friends and relatives, as well as to many who could urge no claims of kinship or even friendship. Many a man and many a woman in all classes owe their first

start in life, or their fresh start after foundering in difficulties, to Lord Wantage's liberal help and wise counsel. Such matters can only vaguely be alluded to here, but this taking upon his own shoulders the responsibility and the burden of other lives formed a large and important portion of his life's work.



CHAPTER XIII *

EPISODES OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE

DURING the last years of his life Lord Wantage's soldierly qualities came to be tried, and highly tried, in a new sphere. The soldier, playing with life and death for his country's sake, appeals to the poet and historian, while captains of industry and finance, who deal with the material welfare of the people, get but little credit for higher motives, and are lost sight of in the cold atmosphere of profit and loss. None the less, the strain of the world of business sheds a fierce light on character. Like the battlefield, it demands sacrifices—of fortunes if not of lives. It evokes unflinching courage when all is apparently lost, generosity to bear other people's burdens, and the level-headed decision of the man of thought combined with the capacity to take risks of the man of action. An instance of these qualities deserves more than passing notice.

The opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878 is now chiefly remembered as a consequence in great measure of a schism in the old Water Colour Society over the picture "Phyllis and Demophoon," and the consequent withdrawal from the Society of the painter,

* This chapter has been written, under the circumstances stated in the Preface, by Mr. Robert H. Benson.—H. S. WANTAGE.

Edward Burne-Jones, along with his friend, Frederick W. Burton. Many there are who can still bear witness to the poetic gifts of imagination and colour possessed by the younger Pre-Raphaelites, and exhibited in the home that Sir Coutts Lindsay built for them in Bond Street. But few are aware that out of the Grosvenor Gallery sprang the first systematic attempt to light London by electricity.

Sir Coutts wanted the electric light to show off the pictures. To distribute the expense and lessen the cost he undertook to supply it to his neighbours. A limited liability company was privately formed under the name of Sir Coutts Lindsay & Co., and the first installation began to run and supply light in May 1885, from the central generating point known as the Grosvenor Station. The new light at once became popular. The demand for it extended far beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the Grosvenor Gallery, and, in less than two years, the supply-cables stretched to Regent's Park in the north, to the Houses of Parliament in the south, to Knightsbridge in the west, and the Law Courts in the east. Owing to the rapid development of the business, and the magnitude of the field contemplated, land was purchased on the river side at Deptford, where coal could be delivered cheap, and, on September 30, 1887, a larger company, "The London Electric Supply Corporation, Limited," was formed, and its capital publicly subscribed, to take over the business of Sir Coutts Lindsay & Co., and supply London with light and power on the alternating high-tension principle. Lord Wantage became a director, together with Sir Coutts Lindsay and the Earl of Crawford. Extensive

buildings were erected and a plant installed which nowadays might be considered small, but then represented the loftiest pitch of scientific enterprise. Extravagant estimates were formed of the profits that lay before the Company, and to many of the shareholders it seemed that an El Dorado had opened at their feet.

These illusions were short-lived: the practical science of electricity was only in its infancy, and the London Electric Supply Corporation had to suffer the fate of pioneers. They were on the right track, as present-day knowledge shows, but many problems had to be worked out by the way, and solved at great cost in time and money. The Electric Lighting Act of 1882 had driven too hard a bargain with private enterprise, and few, besides Sir Coutts Lindsay & Co., had been willing to risk capital under those conditions. When at length the Act of 1889 was passed, twelve other companies applied to have districts of London allotted to them, and, profiting by the costly experience of the pioneers, laid down less ambitious plant on the low-tension system. Many of these districts overlapped, and keen competition immediately sprang up. It was not long before the pioneer Company found itself in tribulation, dividends were non-existent, the quoted value of the shares was dwindling to nothing, and, in default of fresh capital on a large scale being obtainable, liquidation and the ruin of the enterprise were drawing nearer and nearer.

It was then that Lord Wantage came to the front. He had not been an original shareholder, but was drawn in, chiefly from a wish to help his brother out of difficulties, partly by the appeal which the scheme, with its infinite possibilities, made to his imagination, and also

from public spirit. As more and more capital was demanded, he increased his holding until he became the possessor of practically a controlling interest in the ordinary share capital of 550,000*l.* This was a totally novel experience. He had no technical or engineering training, nor had he any previous initiation into the responsibility for *l'argent des autres* under the Limited Liability Acts ; he did not realise the extent and variety of the risks, upon a speculative expedition, to a party of adventurers who differed indefinitely in nerve, staying power, and depth of purse, and most of whom were bound to fall out by the way. But he had a clear head, great capacity for detail, and an unconquerable soul. He could not conceive a situation in which the prudent man of business would cut and run for shelter. To him, such prudence was akin to cowardice, and could not by any possibility be a virtue. He could not make a virtue of necessity.

New and expensive plant had to be acquired, and the best scientific assistance had to be procured. He induced the late Mr. James Staats Forbes, who had exceptional experience of such situations, to become Chairman, but profits remained as problematical as ever. In March 1892 it was found imperative to raise 50,000*l.* on mortgage debentures if the business of the Corporation was to be carried on. Lord Wantage supplied the money. On June 21, 1893, a further sum of 30,000*l.* was required. Lord Wantage found this also. It had been suggested to him by a friend that it was only just that the burden of saving their own property should be put upon all the shareholders equally ; that generosity was liable to go thankless and be misunderstood—at

least by cold-blooded critics who believed in no motive in business beside self-interest. He refused to listen to his friend's advice, and years after, under happier auspices, he said in his simple way, "I thought, as a director, I had some responsibility for driving the coach into the ditch, and I was not going to ask anybody else's help to pull it out again."

Joint-stock finance, with its democratic organisation, is a perilous adventure even for companies started with Parliamentary prestige and credit. Men are born too unequal, or too selfish, to chip up all round alike in emergencies, and the financial strength of a chain of shareholders often proves to be that of the closest fist or shortest purse. Hence come bankruptcies, waste of capital, and stagnation, caused by nothing worse than inability to get the requisite amount of fresh capital in time of need. Seldom out of the struggle does the strong man emerge, self-sacrificing enough to find money for other people to reap the profit.

In May 1894 the company seemed to be at the very end of its tether: the half-year's working showed a loss of between three and four thousand pounds, and the interest on the debentures was largely in arrear. An opportunity was given to the shareholders to subscribe *pro rata* for a further issue of debentures to the amount of 50,000*l.* Their response amounted to 7500*l.*, and their interests were now liable to forfeiture had Lord Wantage chosen to exercise his legal rights.

Mr. Forbes, who was still Chairman, attempted to obtain financial assistance in the City, but in vain. An expert to whom he applied valued up the undertaking as follows: "First come the debentures held by Lord

Wantage; I don't know that they represent anything very solid, or liquid, in the way of realisable assets, but they indicate, and merely indicate, the measure of support which one man has given to the electrical industry, and, as there are few such men about, it would ill become persons who derive their living from that industry to huckster with its main support at a critical time. Therefore, put the debentures, 90,000*l.*, at their face value. The preference shares, generously treated, may be put at 15*s.* for the 5*l.* share, *i.e.* 37,500*l.* for 250,000*l.* nominal. The ordinary shares possess no value, but put them at 5*s.* each, as an outside figure, *i.e.* 27,500*l.* for 550,000*l.* nominal :—a total of 155,000*l.* for 890,000*l.* I think the shareholders would be lucky to get this. They have lost their all in the wilderness, and 3*s.* and 1*s.* in the pound respectively would be as manna sent from heaven." In such an abyss was the undertaking. Mr. Forbes urged the acceptance of these terms, if obtainable, but Lord Wantage declined.

The shareholders were summoned together, and the lamentable state of affairs was fully explained to them. It was impossible for things to drift any longer: Lord Wantage took command and appointed a receiver, not to wind up the Company, but to pull it round if human means could avail. It was a financial forlorn hope, but he was determined to lead it.

In June 1897, at the end of three years, he was able to call the shareholders together again, and announce that the corner was turned. The struggle had been a strenuous and an anxious one, but it had been fought through without flinching, and he was exceptionally fortunate in the untiring zeal and ability with which his

efforts were seconded by the manager, Mr. R. Stewart Bain, whom he had put in as receiver. The competing Companies, who had adopted the familiar policy of cutting rates, found that they had a dour adversary. Matters were on one occasion brought to a crisis by his meeting the directors of the rival undertakings face to face, and telling them he was resolved to put an end to this cut-throat antagonism. "If you persist in your policy," he said, "I shall simply reduce our rates by one half; and remember you have got your shareholders to whom you must render account. I have only myself. To-day I am the Company." A concordat was come to, and a feeling of mutual confidence grew up between the competing Companies, which proved beneficial alike to them and to the public.

Many a promising undertaking breaks down from simple inability to hold out until it becomes remunerative; from that fate the London Electric Supply Corporation was saved by Lord Wantage, and by him alone. Nor were the shareholders ungrateful. As one of them, Mr. Howard Gilliat, declared at the 1897 meeting, "his conduct had been as magnanimous as it had been bold, and the fact that his boldness had brought salvation to himself as well as to those jointly interested with him did not in the least detract from the debt they all owed him for his generous conduct."

At the request of the meeting, Lord Wantage continued to carry on the business of the Corporation, with Mr. Bain's assistance, for another year. At the conclusion of that period he formally handed back to the shareholders the property which he had saved for them, though he continued down to his death to take

the most active interest in the conduct of their affairs. He was Chairman of the Board of Directors, and almost the last public act he performed was to preside at the annual meeting on April 23, 1901. From first to last, independent of his holding in shares, he had advanced 170,795*l.*, which had been reduced to 140,000*l.* at the date when the Company resumed possession, and he had cheerfully assented to having the ordinary shares of the Company written down to three-fifths of their original value, viz. from 550,000*l.* to 330,000*l.*

It is notorious that, until recently, London has been behindhand in the supply of electric power, compared with foreign centres of industry, and that, too, in spite of heroic efforts on the part of private enterprise to work under the conditions laid down by Parliament.

The Act of 1889 prohibited the undertakings it called into being from associating with, or assisting, one another. Thirteen isolated companies arose, and about as many borough councils, to generate power under uneconomical conditions instead of centralising its generation at the point where coal and land are cheapest. Competition, under such conditions, led first to waste of capital and, secondly, to a high price for power. Thereupon arose the cry of cheap power for the salvation of London industries. The public was carried away, and Parliament narrowly missed sacrificing its creatures, the thirteen companies, who had expended 14,000,000*l.* on the faith of the Act of 1889. During the last three sessions numerous private Bills have been promoted, with larger capital, to increase the supply of power at a price of from $\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per Board of Trade unit; but somehow none of them have quite

reached a third reading. The compulsory introduction of more capital and credit into an industry fully supplied therewith already, against the wishes of those in possession of the field, was by no means certain to cheapen the product to the consumer.

The problem, complicated as it is with the rights and ambitions of municipalities, is still unsolved, and the thirteen companies are still isolated and prohibited from associating. Nothing has yet been done to cure the initial mistake and to remove the Parliamentary disabilities of existing producers, whether municipalities or companies. Thus things are at a standstill and the public object is retarded, viz. a plentiful supply of power at a cheap uniform and stable price, to yield a fair return to the capital and labour engaged in producing it. Some central political intelligence is needed to co-ordinate the existing sources of supply and utilise them all for the best.

But the river of science moves on. Some of the companies are already supplying power at $\frac{3}{4}d.$ per unit or less. The cry that London industries are starving for want of cheap power is already known to be factitious, and promoted by those who would fain step into the companies' shoes under better Parliamentary conditions.

At the moment of writing these words it appears that Lord Wantage's Company is again to be the pioneer—namely, in the supply of electric power to railways in the neighbourhood of London. Power is shortly to be delivered from Deptford by that Company to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for running trains on its South London lines between Victoria and London Bridge Stations, on the

same system—the high-tension alternating—as was originally adopted in 1885.

But these later phases of struggle and success Lord Wantage did not live to see. He did not even live to receive a single penny of interest on his capital invested in ordinary shares. Though the corner had been turned and the future of the London Electric Supply Corporation assured when the receiver went out, unexpected difficulties and expenses had still to be met and encountered, and it was not until 1905—four years after his death—that the first dividend of 3 per cent. on the ordinary shares was paid. It was satisfaction enough for him to know that he had held the pass successfully on behalf of what is now a solvent and promising undertaking. At the first annual meeting held after his death the shareholders present put formally on record "their gratitude for the very great personal services rendered by his Lordship to the Corporation as its Chairman, and for his noble and munificent financial aid and support, without which the Corporation must long since have ceased to exist." At the same meeting, the Chairman, who was in a position to know the whole story from start to finish, declared that in the world of business, where men are supposed to act purely from self-interest, it was the most disinterested thing he had ever seen done.

Another forlorn hope which his sense of public duty in the county of Berkshire induced him to take up was the engineering business of Messrs. Robinson and Auden, at the town of Wantage. These works had existed there for nearly a century, making agricultural machinery for the neighbourhood, but gradually the area of demand

for their output became smaller, and their customers poorer. They tried to supplement a decaying business by developing an export trade, but got more bad debts than profits. Probably Lord Wantage did not know what a shell they had become when he was persuaded to bolster up the industry with fresh capital. What he clearly saw was that his nearest neighbours, the inhabitants of the town of Wantage, were largely dependent on the weekly wages paid to about a hundred men. He determined to prevent such an accession to the ranks of the unemployed, and the collateral distress that would follow the closing of the works. He proceeded to buy them. Then he rebuilt them, and procured a manager from the North. The first manager died, and the second proved unequal to the task of developing the manufacture of specialities, and putting new life into the old business.

Such was the situation at his death. Since then, Lady Wantage, at the risk of making failure greater, has carried out his policy, introducing new brains, and supplying fresh capital, till to-day the employees number over two hundred, and the community which this industry supports has acquired a new economic vitality.

CHAPTER XIV

FOREIGN TOURS—MAJORCA—ALGERIA—SICILY—VISIT TO THE CRIMEA — GERMAN MANŒUVRES — THE HOME COUNTIES VOLUNTEER BRIGADE — THE "TERMS OF SERVICE" WAR OFFICE COMMITTEE

1885-1891

DURING Lord Overstone's lifetime, it had been difficult for Lord and Lady Wantage to absent themselves much from England, but in the years that followed his death a spring seldom passed without their spending a few weeks in foreign travel; sometimes alone, but often with the companionship of one of their young relatives. Lord Wantage was a delightful travelling companion; small incidents and even discomforts were a source of enjoyment and amusement to him; he was keen in his appreciation of the beauties of both art and nature; quick to notice everything connected with the life of the people, or the cultivation of the land, and always bringing home with him ideas and hints to be carried out on his estate or in his home.

One year they spent a fortnight in Majorca, an island strangely neglected by the British tourist, but containing within its confines rare treasures of art and architecture, and still rarer beauties of scenery: fertile plains of garden-like culture, stately villas with terraced gardens, wild rock-girded gorges, mountain slopes clad

with forests of ilex trees through whose dark foliage sparkles the azure sea below. Another year they visited Algiers, and taking thence the western route, penetrated as far as the city fortress at Tlemcen, which, notwithstanding its occupation by a French garrison and a French colony, retains in all its picturesqueness the character of a purely Arab town. This place made a lively impression on Lord Wantage, who describes it as follows:

Tlemcen is 2500 feet above the sea and 90 kilometres from the coast. It is set on the Lala Setta mountains and is approached by a winding road from the north. As you draw near the walls and entrance gate you feel yourself at once in the presence of giants of a bygone age. Lofty walls crumbling with age but still massive and strong, and towers forty feet high with battlemented tops stand in front of you: a French soldier with red breeches and chassepot rifle as big as himself stands mounting guard at the entrance of the town. The heavy *diligence* rolls under the gate and in two minutes you are passing through a picturesque street where various magnates of the town assemble under wide-spreading elms and lofty plane trees to drink coffee, smoke and talk over affairs. The outer wall of the old fortress or Mehuar occupies one side of the street. The sun was setting when we entered the town. The city has greatly sunk since the time when it was one of the chief capitals of the Mohammedan Western Empire, but the remains of oriental wealth and power are still unequalled, save possibly at Granada. To describe the mosques, minarets and shrines is the province of a painter, and it would need a painter of no ordinary skill to do justice to the character of Moorish art, which combines in a wonderful degree fineness of proportion and beauty of detail carried to such perfection

as to make carving in stone resemble the most delicate work in lace.

After giving an historical retrospect he continues:

Without these records of the past, imagination would be at fault to account for the existence of the gigantic walls interspersed with battlemented towers, enclosing an area of many score acres, within which is seen the remains of one of the most magnificent mosques ever built. Other remains within the walls also indicate the size and permanence of the buildings erected by the besieging army from Fez outside Tlemcen. To find a parallel, one would have to suppose that the English army in besieging Sebastopol had built a complete English city with its walls and palaces and a church as big as St. Paul's within a mile of the Russian fortress. Flocks of sheep and goats now browse on the site of the city of Mansura, and a few Arab huts are lodged against the crumbling walls. The tall tower of the mosque remains little injured by the hand of time, and some fine mosaic work and peacock-blue tiles on the outside of the tower still glisten in the sun.

Mohammedan buildings, whether they be mosques, palaces, or humble houses, are constructed on much the same lines. An inner court is open to the sky, columns of marble, jasper, or wood support the structure. The inner court has often a fountain or well, and frequently a tree, either rose, orange, or lemon, growing and flourishing as trees flourish in this climate when they have water and shade. Opening from the court are smaller apartments filled with stone or marble seats and screened from view by curtains from the open court. In these alcoves the women take refuge when men or strangers enter the house. The inner court of the better houses corresponds with our reception-rooms, except that they are more free of access from the outside. And much liberty seems to be given by the Arab chiefs, who

allow the courts of their house to be turned into playgrounds for the little gaily dressed children who run about the streets.

Moorish mosques have invariably an outer court where the faithful bathe their hands and faces and put off their shoes from their feet. These cool and umbrageous courts, where a delicious sound of flowing water soothes the ear, are regarded as the rightful resting-place for tired and weary travellers. Those who have travelled through miles of Arab deserts can appreciate this. No sight in Africa had a more pleasing effect upon us than that which we saw in the outer court of the mosque Djama el Kebir. The court is paved with onyx, the basin and fountain are often made of precious stone. Under one of the many shady arches and close to the fountain sat a group of Arabs, the same whom we had seen coming in with their camels from the direction of the Sahara desert during the previous day. Here the travellers were resting in the courts of the house of God, an abode which belongs to them as much as to the highest in the land, and here they were free to rest and eat their simple meal. Arabs are always courteous, and as we regarded them, they politely offered us a share of what they had provided for themselves. This consisted of fried cakes of barley, and a large skin full of milk; these are used differently from any bottles I have ever seen. The liquor they contain is not poured out but is squeezed into an open mouth to which each person in turn places his lips. Sour milk is sold in huge leather jars in the streets, and the passer-by can have a drink for a small coin. We tasted some and found it very refreshing.

The travellers lingered some time at Tlemcen, fascinated by the beauty of the place and the scenes of native Eastern life, with its mixture of races, Arabs of the town and of the desert, Turks, Jews, Kabyles, Negroes,

all wearing varied costumes of brilliant hues; by the architectural grandeur of the ancient buildings, and the picturesqueness of the holy olive gardens, where veiled women sacrifice cocks upon the altar of health, as in the days of Esculapius, and execute fantastic dances of invocation to the saint. No less attractive to them were the walks and drives among the hills clad with olive, carouba and fig tree that encircle Tlemcen.

On leaving Tlemcen they drove to the seaport of Nemours or Nedroma, halting for a night at Lala Marnia. Lord Wantage says:

The Romans marked with a white stone the records of their brightest days, and the day we spent after leaving Lala Marnia well deserves such a tribute. It is the nearest French town to Morocco, and our course was in a north-westerly direction, over a range of hills which, without having actual grandeur, presented at this season of the year a most fascinating appearance, from the richness and brightness with which nature has clothed them with trees, wild olives, shrubs and flowers. Such a carpet of blue, red and yellow was never laid before the greatest Sultan that the East ever saw, and as the Bible says, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the flowers of the field." At ten o'clock we gazed upon the bright blue sea, and an hour after a turn of the road brought us into view of Nedroma.

The homeward journey was made by Tangier; thence they rode to Tetuan and Ceuta, whence they were forced by a delay of the steamer to cross in an open fruit boat during a violent storm to Gibraltar, returning home through Spain and spending some pleasant spring days in May at Granada, comparing the Moorish art of Spain with that of North Africa.

On another occasion, in the autumn of 1888 Lord Wantage, who had long desired to revisit the Crimea, and to show his wife the scenes which had left so deep an impress on his early manhood, was able to carry out this project. At Sebastopol they found the ruined town almost fully restored, and transformed into a city of snow-white stone edifices, crowned by the dome of a church erected in memory of the four Admirals who fell during the siege. This latter was consecrated with much pomp and ceremony during Lord Wantage's stay; in the evening a banquet was given to which he was invited and received a cordial welcome, his health being proposed in Russian and drunk with enthusiasm; he fortunately escaped the subsequent honour, shared by most of the guests—including an Imperial Grand Duke—of being tossed in a blanket. He and his wife met with much courtesy from the Russian officials and naval officers, who gave them every facility for visiting the battlefields; they explored the cragged slopes of Inkerman, the peaceful rock-girt harbour of Balaclava, and the valley of the Alma, where the inhabitants of the two villages, one a Russian and the other a Tartar community, made them welcome according to the customs of their respective nationalities. There too they walked up the slope where young Lindsay had defended the colours of the Scots Guards, and won his Victoria Cross; and there, in a meadow by the stream, they found the grave of Horace Cust, who died of his wounds in his friend's arms the night following the battle.*

* The notes upon the Battles of Alma and Inkerman, quoted in Chapters ii. and iii., were written by Lord Wantage during this visit to the Crimea.

From Sebastopol they drove across the wind-swept plateau where our army had endured so much, to Baida, where, passing under an archway and opening a door, the traveller leaves behind him the bare and breezy steppes and enters a region of southern climate and southern vegetation, where tree-clad hills and smiling vineyards and orchards slope down to a southern sea. After visiting Yalta they retraced their steps, and on their return voyage encountered in the Black Sea a storm which recalled memories of the great gale which dealt so hardly with our fleet during the siege; they entered the Bosphorus in shattered condition on a grey and murky morning; but sunshine and balmy breezes soon regained the mastery.

Lord Wantage's friend of Turco-Servian days, Sir William White, was then British Ambassador at the Porte. He received them cordially, and Colonel Henry Trotter, the Military Attaché, Lord Wantage's cousin, was their companion in many an expedition. On leaving Constantinople they traversed rapidly by rail the Balkan country, through which Lord Wantage had laboriously driven twelve years before, during the Turco-Servian War, stopping two days at Sofia, where our Chargé d'Affaires, the Hon. Charles Hardinge, made them welcome, and where they were received in audience by Prince Ferdinand and his mother Princess Clémentine.

In 1890 their travels did not extend beyond Holland, but this trip, in which Lady Jane Lindsay accompanied them, was rendered doubly enjoyable by their falling in with Lord and Lady Herschell, who were taking the same route. The intimacy thus pleasantly begun was

maintained through life, and the Herschells became frequent and ever-welcome guests at Lockinge.

In the autumn of 1891 Lord Wantage joined a party of Volunteer officers, organised by Colonel Sir du Plat Taylor, for the purpose of attending the German army manœuvres in the country round Erfurt.

During his absence he wrote as follows to his wife:—

September 11.—I was indeed sorry to leave you this morning: our recent afternoons passed together in marking trees and riding through the fast vanishing corn in the harvest fields; and the mornings spent in my room with you at your desk, with your ready pen putting into shape ill-digested notes and disentangling my paragraphs for the Army Terms of Service Committee Report, have been most happy—I should never have got through it without you and your loving help.

September 13.—We got back from a long march over the Jena battlefield in time to take part as humble spectators of the grand reception of the Emperor in the town of Erfurt. The streets are brimming over with soldiers on duty and soldiers off duty, country people and town people, all flocking backwards and forwards through the streets, which are decorated with banners and flags and lighted with every species of lamp—oil, gas, and electric. At about ten the Emperor arrived, and drove sharply to one of the palaces, escorted by a mass of cavalry. The streets were lined with battalions of infantry, and behind them again were gathered crowds of men and women and children, all gazing towards the large open window out of which the Emperor was expected to appear. The palace was lighted up from far off by long rays of electric light over the heads of the people, and just touching the bright helmets of the brilliant staff that surround the Emperor. When I was in the crowd to-night

I was carried away with enthusiasm for the young Emperor, while the masses of people swayed backwards and forwards singing the National Hymn. We gazed and gazed and shouted "Hoch" with the crowd, but the Emperor was eating roast partridges, and never came to the window.

September 15.—I am just back from the review of the fourth Army Corps; of course the Emperor was the central figure, and with him the Empress on a perfect dark-coloured charger, she dressed in a white habit with the epaulets and facings of a cavalry regiment, the Emperor in a blue uniform and riding a fine grey horse.

The divisions of infantry, each containing four regiments, marched past the Emperor in quarter column; each regiment is like one of our brigades, and contains three battalions. There was besides one division consisting of twelve battalions of reserve. The reservists had only been out two days, and certainly marched very well considering how short a time they had been made up. The reservists are this year in regiments by themselves instead of being distributed, as is usually the case, throughout the other regiments and making them up to full strength. This is an experiment of the Emperor's. Not being able to talk German, I fail to pick up a great deal of information, and do not know whether this plan is liked or not.

Mühlhausen, September 16.—On Tuesday we were out from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M., following the proceedings of the sham fight. The country is fairly flat, the farming on the "petite culture" system, and great quantities of corn, mostly oats, but growing in patches never more than fifteen or twenty yards wide. The troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, all march through the corn without the slightest compunction. Enormous damage must be done. I only hope due compensation is made to the poor peasants, otherwise they will be badly off during the coming season. I am much interested in

the operations and in watching the troops. The horses of the cavalry are small compared with ours, and the artillery horses certainly too light. There is only one thing in which the German army manifests an undoubted superiority over ours, and that is in its marching powers. Even weighted as the infantry soldier is with a heavy kit always on his back, the German soldiers can outmarch the present British soldiers.

I like my companions very much, and we go about in a gang all together. All sorts of professions are represented—a judge,* an architect, a barrister, an Indian army officer, a City merchant, etc., and we all get on capitally together.

September 20.—The manœuvres are over, and I am glad I came to see them. The prodigious scale on which they are carried out can only be realised by seeing them. . . . On Saturday the battle began as usual by a duel between the opposing artillery forces, the guns having escorts of cavalry and advanced infantry. After a time the fighting line (which we used to call skirmishers) advanced, and behind them were masses of supports and reserves, kept as far as possible under cover, but ready to pour forward like successive waves of an ocean, to be concentrated, according to the will of the commander, upon any selected spot where the enemy may be weak. . . .

In 1892 Lord and Lady Wantage visited Sicily, taking with them Lady Susan Keppel, and the impressions made upon them in that land of enchantment by the Romanesque mosaic-lined churches of Palermo, the glorious scenery of the northern coast, their ride to the remote mountain monastery of Gibel-Manna, the week spent under the hospitable roof of the Hon.

* The Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Kingsburgh, better known in military circles as the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald.

Alec Hood in the romantic stronghold of Nelson's Castle of Bronté, the beauties of Taormina, the classic charm of Syracuse and the temples of Girgenti, ever counted among the pleasantest recollections of many trips.

The following year they paid a long-promised visit to Sir James Lacaita at his Italian estate near Taranto. Leucaspide still retains its primitive character of an old-fashioned *podere*; it stands high, overlooking the wind-swept plain, clad with wild scrub, rosemary and grey olives, which stretches out to the grey sea beyond—a land of sadness and yet charm, over which the mysterious influence of the East has cast a spell. Deep-cut *gravinas* intersect the plain; rocky chasms, the abode of a cave-dwelling peasantry, and fragrant with the scent of aromatic shrubs, orange and fig trees. The guests, who included Mr. John Addington Symonds and Lord Stanmore, made daily expeditions under their host's guidance, returning for the midday *déjeuner* under the marble loggia, where talk was oft times prolonged far into the afternoon. And brilliant was the conversation of these men, all rich in experience of life and stored-up knowledge of many people and many lands. On Good Friday the Wantages drove with Mr. Symonds and his daughter Margaret to Taranto, to witness the great procession of huge groups of figures representing scenes from the Passion, which are carried through the streets, attended by young men of the highest nobility of the district in evening dress. This survival of ancient forms of worship appealed so strongly to Mr. Symonds's imagination that he wrote an article upon it in the "Nineteenth Century." The little party partook of a

farewell luncheon of Taranto oysters at an open-air restaurant, after which they parted, Mr. Symonds's last words being a promise to visit Lockinge in the summer. But it proved, alas! a final parting; and the first news that greeted the Wantages on their arrival at Athens was that of his death at Rome within ten days of his departure from Leucaspide.

Meanwhile the Wantages had crossed to Corfu, where they engaged a small sailing yacht which took them leisurely along the Albanian coast, landing whenever an island or a snug creek gave promise of a pleasant walk of exploration. At Prevesa they left the yacht and drove, a two days' journey, past the great ruins of Nicopolis, through the wild hill land and valleys of Albania, along winding streams and mediæval castles whose history is unrecorded, up to Janina, the capital of Albania, beautiful with its countless minarets stretching along the shores of a lake; with a wall of snow-capped mountains sheltering and defending it on the north. Few and far between are the European travellers who visit Janina, which retains unchanged the character of a town of mixed Turkish and Greek nationalities. During their stay they made an expedition, riding on the Turkish ponies of their zaptieh guard, to the ancient shrine of Dodona which lies secluded far up in the hills, its amphitheatre and other remains still untouched. On the return journey, as darkness came on, after regaining their carriage, a wrong turn in the slightly marked track landed them in a swamp into which the carriage wheels sank hopelessly. Some hours elapsed ere, with the help of native shepherds, the vehicle was extricated, and the night was far advanced

when they re-entered Janina, exhausted with the long excursion and lack of food. The result of their detention in a malarial swamp was that on reaching Athens Lord Wantage was prostrated with a sharp attack of fever, which obliged him to abandon a projected ride through the Peloponnesus and to return home as soon as he was able to travel.

These happy hours of idleness were holiday interludes in a busy life, and it is time to return to the tale of work accomplished, and of energy which was perpetually finding some new outlet.

In the summer of 1887 Lord Wantage took part in the Queen's Golden Jubilee, riding on the Prince of Wales's Staff in procession to Westminster Abbey and bringing up his Berkshire Volunteer Regiment to join in the parade before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The same year he was Chairman of the National Rifle Association, and presided at the annual Wimbledon Camp and Shooting meeting; he held this post for four years, and during his tenure of office he and his wife kept open house and entertained freely. Their reception tents, picturesque with Eastern hangings collected abroad, were the scene of daily gatherings, afternoon parties, luncheons, dinners, and camp entertainments, at some of which the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and many other members of the royal family were present. These last years of the Wimbledon Camp meetings were among the most brilliant of a long series, and it was not without regret that gatherings, so successful alike from the military and social point of view, came to an end as far as Wimbledon was concerned. In 1889 the rifle ranges and Camp meetings

of the National Rifle Association were transferred to Bisley.

This solution of the great difficulty caused by the necessity of vacating Wimbledon was not arrived at without long and anxious discussion and investigation of many proposed sites. Richmond Park was the alternative first suggested; it was, however, so strenuously opposed by the Ranger, the Duke of Cambridge, that it had to be abandoned. The battle of the sites was then hotly contested: Cannock Chase, Brighton Downs, Churn Down near Lockinge, and many other places were suggested, and were visited by Lord Wantage and his colleagues. Each found warm supporters, but the choice ultimately fell on the Government site of Bisley, where a large tract of land was acquired, and in the summer of 1890 the first Meeting took place under the presidency of Lord Wantage. The new ranges were formally opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the presence of a large body of members of the National Rifle Association. In his speech the Prince dwelt upon the desirability of "making the rifle of to-day what the bow was in the days of the Plantagenets," remarking that the prize which he had given for many years was an "all comers prize, not limited to Volunteers but open to all rifle associations in our Indian and Colonial possessions, as well as in Great Britain. And it has more than once been my pleasure to see this prize with its badge carried off by representatives of our colonies." After presiding at the first meeting Lord Wantage retired, and was succeeded by Earl Waldegrave.

In 1888 the Government, acting under the advice

of the Rt. Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, organised the Volunteer force throughout the country into brigades, and Lord Wantage was appointed Brigadier-General of the Home Counties, which included his own Berkshire Regiment, together with those of Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Oxfordshire. This new system was welcomed by Lord Wantage as an important advance in Volunteer organisation, and he threw himself zealously into the duties of his extended command.

The brigade was first brought together in the field at a Camp meeting at Aldershot in the following summer, when a considerable force of Volunteers took part with the Regular troops in a field-day and sham fight, at which the German Emperor was present. In the evening, when the battle was over, Sir Evelyn Wood telegraphed to Lord Wantage: "Emperor remarked that he to-day realised Volunteers were really effective soldiers." No transient impression was it that these words recorded, but the deliberate opinion of one well able to judge, as is evinced by the following letter from the Rt. Hon. Edward Stanhope:

You will have seen in the public Press the outspoken manner in which His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany expressed his approval of the Volunteers who appeared at Aldershot on Wednesday last. But your brigade was, by the events of the day, specially brought under His Majesty's observation; I cannot refrain from writing to tell you that he was good enough to express to me personally the very favourable impression created by your brigade. The physique of the men, their mode of advance, the manner in which they were kept in hand by their

officers, all combined to induce His Majesty to say, as he did at the luncheon, that he was deeply impressed with the value of the Volunteers.

The officers attached to the Emperor's staff expressed similar opinions, saying they were astonished at the efficiency of the Volunteers; they "could quite well understand their marching past, but they certainly did not expect to see such excellent tactical formation, or the officers being apparently possessed of so much knowledge of the method of attack." Sir Edward Malet (our Ambassador at Berlin) writes: "The Emperor spoke to me particularly about the Volunteers. Their bearing appeared to be the thing that struck him most at the review; in some way, a revelation of a force which he had not believed in. He said he should tell every one about it when he returned home."

These memorable words of appreciation marked an era in the history of the Volunteer movement; they showed that the labour of twenty-nine years had not been wasted, but had produced a force to be reckoned with in estimating the military resources of our country. Sir Evelyn Wood "believed in the Volunteers more, probably, than they believed in themselves," and held that more ought to be done for them financially.

Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell held at that time the post of Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, and in him they had a sincere and loyal friend. The organisation of Volunteer brigades was a new departure, and necessitated many alterations in the regulations for training and administrating the force. Sir Francis Grenfell frequently took Lord Wantage into consultation on these matters, finding him always ready to assist the

War Office authorities responsible for the Volunteer force, and to place at their service the unrivalled experience he had acquired during his many years' connexion with it.

No less willing was he to use his influence for the benefit of the Regular Army, and a special opportunity for so doing arose in 1890, when a large body of Cavalry came to manœuvre on the Berkshire Downs. In selecting this ground Sir Evelyn Wood was reviving ancient traditions, for the hill-ridge that divides the north valley of the Thames from that of the Kennet is historic ground. The slopes of virgin turf untouched by the ploughshare bear marks of ancient defence-works and scars of long-ago battles. The dykes and entrenchments, the pre-historic camps, the beacon-mounds whence bonfires have called Britons, Danes, and Saxons to arms, and have blazed afresh for Queen Victoria's Jubilee and for King Edward's coronation; the barrows beneath which Danish monarchs slumber, and from which Saxon bishops have preached to newly converted Christians, and Anglican bishops to British soldiers, all form landmarks of history. The green Ridgeway road, which has echoed to the tread of Roman legions and the tramp of Prince Rupert's Horse, has of late years resounded to the step of England's citizen-soldiers and Queen Victoria's Cavalry. This old hill-country, where King Alfred repelled the Danes, and where Cavaliers and Roundheads fought and died, is the traditional battle-field of western England; in more recent and more peaceful days the White Horse Hill and the Churn and Chilton Downs have been the scene of many a camp both of Regulars and Volunteers.

Sir Evelyn Wood's choice of ground gave much satisfaction to Lord Wantage, who did his utmost to secure a hospitable welcome for the troops, giving them the free use of his own land and using his best influence to induce adjoining landowners and farmers to do likewise.

The force, about 3000 in number and commanded by Sir Baker Russell, was divided into two sections, one encamped at Uffington at the foot of the White Horse Hill, the other at Churn, the eastern point of the Down range, while on the intervening line of hills, some eighteen to twenty miles in length, the contending forces met in daily conflict. It was before the levelling days of khaki; the pomp and circumstance, the glitter and glamour of war were not yet extinct, and strikingly picturesque were many of the scenes and incidents of sham fights and field days on open downs and amid secluded valleys and quiet villages. Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Baker Russell, with their respective staffs, were quartered at Wantage, midway between the two camps. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and his staff, together with F. M. Viscount Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Viscount Hardinge, Viscount Downe, General Sir Forestier Walker, and many other Officers, were at Lockinge, where Lord and Lady Wantage kept open house during the manœuvre fortnight. The march past took place before the Duke of Cambridge. From early dawn long strings of vehicles of every kind were seen wending their way along the usually solitary Ridgeway track and converging at Chilton Down, where a vast concourse of people were assembled. After the march past Sir Evelyn Wood entertained the farmers and

landowners of the district to luncheon in a tent on the ground, and the proceedings wound up the same evening by a great ball given at Lockinge House to the staffs and regimental officers of both camps and to neighbours far and wide.

On the conclusion of the campaign Sir Evelyn Wood wrote as follows to Lord Wantage:

. . . It is only soldiers who know what you have done in rendering our fortnight's work possible. Naturally of all soldiers here, I know it best, and therefore 'tis right I should try to express to you my warmest thanks on behalf of my comrades. When we reflect that never before have we put 3000 horse together, that to attempt to manœuvre such a body was regarded as a fad, that the Secretary of State for War was not able to carry out such an act, then we realise what you and the other 142 owners and occupiers of land have done in helping us to train the cavalry. Truly England relies on voluntary efforts; but hitherto it has never been my fortune to find any landowner as eager to help his less well-placed comrades as you have been since the first evening we talked of the possibility of manœuvres eighteen months ago. It has not been all pleasure to me, but every recollection, every thought connected with you and yours must be sweet to

Yours very sincerely

EVELYN WOOD.

The success that attended these manœuvres led to the Berkshire Downs being frequently utilised by regular troops. In 1893 a large detachment halted at Churn on their march from Aldershot to Lambourne Downs, and Sir Evelyn Wood and his staff were again guests at Lockinge. Regiments of the Guards formed part of

Colonel Crealock's division, and as they marched in the heat of the day along the Ridgeway Lord Wantage arranged for a midday halt and supplied each man with a welcome glass of beer. This was repeated next day for another division of 4000 men, and never was man received with heartier and more lusty cheers than those which greeted Lord Wantage when the men recognised him riding up to see the troops pass. A field day and march past took place at Ashdown, where the Duke of Cambridge was staying with Evelyn Countess of Craven, and at the final march past some days later at Woolstone, 12,000 men defiled before Lord Wantage, who as Lord Lieutenant of the county was selected by Sir Evelyn Wood to receive the salute.

The following year a detachment of Cavalry under Colonel Keith Fraser were again at Churn, and on their journey westward the 2nd Life Guards bivouacked at Lockinge; the men found comfortable quarters for the night in the old tithe barn at Betterton, and the officers dined and slept at Lockinge House. These frequent visits of troops kept Lord Wantage in close touch with army matters, as well as with the leading Generals and Officers of the day; both he and his wife were moreover frequent visitors to Sir Evelyn Wood at Aldershot, and often accompanied him on horseback at drills and field-days.*

Lord Wantage held his post as Brigadier-General of the Home Counties Brigade until the year 1895, when he resigned the command, thus terminating his

* Lockinge keeps up its traditions under Lady Wantage, and in recent years has been frequently the headquarters of Cavalry Officers in command and their Staffs, including H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir Neville Lyttelton, Sir John French, and many other Generals.

thirty-five years' connexion with the Volunteer force. Pressure of work in other directions was at that time heavy, and he was, moreover, desirous to avail himself of an opportunity which arose of handing over the Brigade to Lord Brownlow, whom he considered singularly well fitted, by position and character, to maintain its prestige and high standard. Nevertheless, Lord Wantage could not relinquish the command of his Brigade and sever his connexion with the Volunteer movement, especially with the Berkshire Regiment whose career he had watched from infancy to ripe manhood, without a pang of regret, a feeling which was shared by all his comrades as well as by those under whom he had worked. Sir Francis Grenfell wrote :

. . . The Duke of Cambridge begs me to express to you his great regret at your relinquishing command of your brigade. He says that : " The good Lord Wantage has done to the Volunteer force in general, by his example and liberality, has been incalculable," and he regrets that a name so honoured as yours throughout the whole force should be removed. Personally, I cannot help saying that all who have the good of the Volunteer movement at heart will deplore your retirement. Your brigade has been a model one, and you have done great service in administrating it in such a way, that it has been an example to the rest of the force.

P.S.—I remember spending a night in my uncle Quartermaster Grenfell's tent, in camp with your corps, nearly forty years ago.

In the summer of that year the Home Counties Brigade, under its new Brigadier, including the Berkshire Regiment, under Colonel Colebrooke Carter, was encamped on Churn Down. After the inspection the

Berkshire battalion formed square, and Colonel Colebrooke Carter addressed Lord Wantage, speaking with deep feeling of the devotion of the regiment to their late Colonel, their regret at the severance that had taken place, and their gratitude for the eminent services he had rendered. Together with an address from the battalion he presented to him a silver gilt cup, and a promised portrait (which was afterwards painted by Briton Rivière, R.A.) of "her who has always been devoted to your interests, and has shared equally your toils and triumphs."

With this leave-taking on Churn Down ended the long chapter of Lord Wantage's connexion with the Volunteer Service, but his retirement from active command did not diminish the interest he took in military matters and in Volunteering, and the last public acts of his life were destined to be associated with the fortunes of his old Berkshire regiment during the South African war.

In the early spring of 1891 the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope offered to Lord Wantage the post of Chairman of a Committee appointed to inquire into "the terms and conditions of Service in the Army." Recruiting was at an alarmingly low ebb, and it had become imperative to consider what remedies could be devised. The Committee was empowered to inquire and report upon :

1st. *The existing inducements to enter the Army ;*

2nd. *The length and conditions of service with the colours and in the Reserve ;*

3rd. *The advantages on discharge ;*

with the view of ascertaining "in what manner and to what extent these conditions fail to meet the requirements for drafts for India and the Colonies; also whether any alterations are required (within the limits of the present establishment of the Army) due regard being had to the maintenance of an adequate Reserve."

"The attention of the Committee," continued the terms of reference, "will be specially directed to the case of the infantry; but they are not precluded, if they think it desirable, from making proposals affecting other arms of the Service.

"The consideration of the length of service with the colours will necessarily lead to an examination of the case of the Guards.

"The Committee will also consider whether any means can be devised of promoting the employment of Reserve and discharged men in civil life, so as to increase the popularity of enlistment generally."

The Committee was constituted as follows:

Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., Chairman.
Viscount Wolmer, M.P.
Lieutenant-General Sir E. G. Bulwer, K.C.B.
Sir T. Crawford, K.C.B., M.D.
Sir A. Haliburton, K.C.B.*
Lieutenant-General Hon. W. H. A. Feilding.
Major-General J. J. H. Gordon.
Colonel G. Salis-Schwabe.
Colonel A. C. Nightingale.
Colonel A. J. Shuttleworth, R.A.
Major Stacpole, Army Service Corps.
Captain Percy Lake, Secretary.

* Afterwards Lord Haliburton.

The sittings began in May 1891 and continued till the end of the year. Evidence was given by the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of Cambridge), the Adjutant-General (Viscount Wolseley), and other officers of the highest authority upon the general questions mentioned in the Reference; while upon special subjects of detail, such as drafts for India and the colonies, recruiting, army reserve, civil employment, inducements to serve, etc., evidence was taken from a vast number of officers of various branches of the service and of every rank. Full information was thus obtained as to the general tenor of current military opinion, and on many points a practical consensus was found to exist.

In the evidence given, all concurred as to the inadequacy of the existing system as regards drafts for India. The Duke of Cambridge maintained that every battalion at home is in its present condition inefficient. Sir Redvers Buller took the same view. Sir Evelyn Wood said they are "only a nursery," and Lord Wolseley remarked that after providing drafts for India our home battalions are like "a lemon when all the juice is squeezed out of it." The Committee attributed this state of affairs in great measure to the fact that the system inaugurated by Cardwell in 1872 had never been carried out in its entirety, and the successful working of it had thus been rendered impossible.

When the Report was finally drawn up, Lord Wantage wrote to Mr. Stanhope a letter from which the following extracts are taken:

. . . The evidence taken before the Committee shows that the Army is undoubtedly in a more serious condition than would be gathered from your speech at

Hammersmith; I am, however, fully alive to the immense difficulties of your position. You have to work on the system which was started in 1872, but which has never been fully or thoroughly carried out by the country, and which has consequently been going from bad to worse. The demands for India have increased, men of older age have been insisted on there; circumstances have compelled you to keep more battalions abroad than have been contemplated. While all this has been going on, the difficulty of obtaining recruits has increased. And the Home Army finds itself overweighted and unable to fulfil the obligations required of it. The Committee have considered that the best way to support you is in nowise to minimise or ignore the serious condition of things disclosed by the evidence. They are aware how loyally you have struggled against the difficulties of the present system and how many ameliorations you have introduced, but I think when you go through the evidence you will agree with the Committee that the time has come when more fundamental and extensive remedies must be applied. The obvious and simplest remedy, namely that of giving better pay for a better article, has commended itself to the Committee, and they have made recommendations accordingly.

. . . I cannot in the limits of a letter enter into the details of the other recommendations made in our Report. But I may say generally that they relate to improvements in the system of recruiting, to giving greater facilities for extending the period of service with the colours, and the general amelioration of the soldier's condition in the direction in which you have already accomplished so much. In lieu of deferred pay we substitute a gratuity. We recommend that some training should be given to the Reserve, and that it should be otherwise strengthened, and that men should be given the option of doing their drills with either the

Militia or Volunteers. I cannot now adequately describe all the recommendations and suggestions of the Report. But you will see it as soon as possible, which will be by the middle of January.

We have throughout our investigations been actuated by the desire to assist you in the very difficult work which has fallen to your share. The public ought to give you their support in a scheme which will secure to the soldiers pay more adequate to the important services they are called upon to perform, and which will, we fully believe, secure an efficient Home Army and Reserve, and at the same time supply the required drafts for India, enabling us to maintain there an army admitted to be of unrivalled excellence.

The Report itself is too long to be quoted here, but, as it was largely drafted by Lord Wantage's hand, and represents his strongly felt convictions, it has been thought well to reproduce, in full, the recommendations together with some of the preliminary paragraphs, in an appendix at the end of this volume.* It may be here said briefly that, in addition to the points indicated in Lord Wantage's letter to Mr. Stanhope, the Report aimed at restoring the equality between the number of Line battalions serving at home and abroad, upon which the reorganisation of 1872 was based; the alternative methods suggested being either the raising of five new Line battalions for home service, or the raising of two new battalions of Guards, and keeping three battalions of Guards regularly on foreign service. As an incentive to recruiting, the object of the Report was to render the terms of service more elastic by allowing men of good character to extend their service with the colours up

* *Vide* Appendix No. I. p. 433.

to twelve years; or to return from the Reserve to complete twelve years' colour service; or, on the other hand, in the case of trained soldiers, to pass freely into the Reserve before the end of their period of engagement with the colours. Among the proposals for the amelioration of the pay and position of the private soldier were the abolition of vexatious stoppages, such as those for sea kit and for clothing required for service in India. The "free kit" of the recruiting posters was to be converted into a reality by a periodical supply of new clothing, and the private soldier of the Line was to receive his clear shilling a day, with an additional messing allowance of threepence a day to be "stopped" and expended regimentally. The Report also recommended the employment of pensioners or Reservists as officers' servants, and for other extra-regimental duties; and proposed that the soldier should be given a furlough during the last month of his engagement with the colours, in order to assist him while seeking for suitable employment.

The Report was signed by all the members, but notes of dissent on some points of detail were appended by General Bulwer, General the Hon. W. Feilding, Colonel Salis-Schwabe, Major Stacpole and Sir Arthur Haliburton; the latter, who was virtually the War Office representative and had throughout maintained an attitude of more or less veiled hostility, added an elaborate dissentient paper as long as the Report itself, and constituting as it were a reply from the official point of view.

In itself the Report was favourably received by the press of various shades of politics, and it created a

strong impression upon the minds of members of both sides in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, the matter was allowed to drop, and Government was disinclined to sanction reforms involving an increase of expenditure. Recruiting, moreover, owing to a period of trade depression and other causes, was showing signs of improvement. Many of the suggestions were, however, gradually and at different times adopted, and after a lapse of ten years the main recommendations of the Committee were finally embodied in Mr. Brodrick's scheme. The cause of army reform was much indebted to Lord Wantage's persistent advocacy of what he considered the three cardinal points, namely, increased pay, including the "clear shilling," elasticity of terms of service, and the strengthening of the Reserve.

He lost no opportunity of impressing his views upon the public. In 1897, when Lord Lansdowne's army scheme was under discussion and Mr. Arnold-Forster was taking a leading part in the controversy, Lord Wantage wrote repeatedly to the "Times," and spoke on the subject in the House of Lords and at county meetings, upholding in their main lines the ministerial proposals, and always maintaining the imperative necessity of a system which would admit of "rapid expansion in time of war and of constant reinforcements in the field by means of an efficient reserve—these requisites being securable only under a short-service system." He also dealt with the subject of the Militia, and contended that reviving a ballot for the Militia would not solve the difficulties attending the maintenance of an efficient Army Reserve; "it might help the ranks of the Militia, but how would it help the Army?" There were, however,

he considered, many minor reforms which might help towards raising the Militia to its full establishment. For one thing, the Militia was called out at the worst possible time of the year, especially in rural districts. Young Militiamen could not be got to come out in May and June, because all hands were then needed on the land; but if they were called out in the winter months for training, this branch of the service would become more popular than it was at the present time.*

In the same year, 1897, the subject of quartering regiments of the Guards in turn at Gibraltar was brought before both Houses of Parliament, and was hotly debated, the majority of Guardsmen being strongly opposed to the proposed measure. Lord Wantage, notwithstanding the remonstrances of many old Guard comrades, gave his support to Lord Wolseley, from whom he received the following letter:

Very many thanks for your note and copy of your speech about the Foot Guards. Brodrick did very well in the House of Commons, and what you said in the Lords, as coming from an old Guardsman, has settled the matter. . . . The whole thing is an episode I deplore for the sake of the brigade. It has revived old prejudices in a way that does no credit to those we all wished to serve and make better soldiers of.

* Winter training of Militia was one of Mr. Haldane's suggestions in his speech on the Army Estimates in February 1906.

CHAPTER XV

LIFE AT LOCKINGE—DEATH OF MRS. LINDSAY—VOYAGE UP THE NILE—THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN—RED CROSS WORK IN EGYPT—READING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

1892–1897

THE comparative leisure from House of Commons ties that followed upon Lord Wantage's acceptance of the peerage enabled him to spend more of his time at Lockinge, which, as life went on, became to him and his wife more and more the home on which their interests and occupations centred.

The aspect of the place was very different from what it was when first they came there in 1859. The Down district of Berkshire then lay almost outside the pale of nineteenth-century civilisation, and retained many characteristics of an earlier date. The soil is fertile, and the band of Greensand that traverses the estate from east to west forms the finest corn-growing land in England; but farming in those days was primitive, roads off the turnpike highways were mere cart-tracks impassable in winter; villages such as Lockinge and Ardington, only half a mile apart, possessed no road communication between them; the cottages were fast decaying hovels through whose "wattle and dab" walls a walking-stick could easily be thrust. The better

dwellings, surrounded by muck-yards and rough homesteads, were occupied by the now almost extinct class of small owners and yeoman farmers, true sons of the soil, on which their limited interests were concentrated. The speech of village folk and hill shepherds, an Anglo-Saxon patois, terse and pregnant, was difficult to understand, and many of their habits and customs were as primitive as their talk. The village school was oft-times held in a cottage parlour by the parish clerk, who added to his other duties that of imparting elementary instruction to a group of children who clustered round the old table on which he perched with his birch-rod beside him. Village boys followed the plough with their fathers from the age of seven, thus early acquiring practical knowledge more valuable to them perhaps in some ways than modern school learning, and many an old labourer can boast of having worked over seventy years on the land. It was a hard life, but the lads did not dislike it, and had no aspirations for town life.

The Livings were often held by Oxford dons, who deemed weekly visits for Sunday services a sufficient discharge of their duty, or by hunting and sporting parsons, who yet not unfrequently proved themselves faithful and kindly pastors. The standard of clerical life had, however, already been raised to a higher level by the Rev. William Butler, vicar of Wantage (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), the great parish priest whose energy and influence extended far and wide and who made Wantage a centre of Church work.*

* In recent years the Rev. T. H. Archer-Houblon, vicar of Wantage (now archdeacon of Oxfordshire), the Rev. James Cornish, late rector of Lockinge, and the Rev. Fitzwilliam Gillmor, vicar of Ardington, may be specially

The Downs form the leading feature of the district. From the ancient turf highway, known as the "Ridgeway," which runs along "the bare back of the bushless Down" from the Thames to Whitehorse Hill, the eye ranges over illimitable cloud-swept plains and waving cornfields in the vale below; while only the song of the lark, the shrill cry of the plover, and the bleating of sheep disturb the solitary stillness of the silent hills, within whose folds lie hidden villages with tall elms overshadowing grey Norman churches, "tithe-barns" larger than the churches, and clear-running chalk streams with watercress beds.

Lockinge lies on the northern slope of the Downs, in one of the most beautiful of these secluded dells, under the shelter of a beech-crowned hill; on the north it is divided from the Thames Vale by a ridge of high ground along which the ancient Portway road runs east and west. The Manor House is a large rambling structure of red brick and grey stone, mellowed by age and clad with flowering creepers; close by stands the village church with Norman doorway, Tudor mullioned windows, and stunted sixteenth century tower. Shaded by ancestral elms, house and church group together on the green sward that slopes down to a running stream that feeds the lake; on the further side shrubs and flowers cluster among rocks and trail over steep banks. Paths lead on one side to the village; on the other, through shady glades, to the glen and house of Betterton, the former home of the

named as having, among many others, made their mark as country clergymen. These three lived and worked in close touch and friendship with Lord Wantage.

Collins family, but which now forms part of the Lockinge grounds.*

The beautifying of Lockinge was not the work of a day, but the loving labour of many years. Gradually the two villages of Lockinge and Ardington were transformed, the cottages remodelled and rebuilt, the churches restored, schools and estate-buildings of all kinds erected, cultivation developed, roads constructed, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep multiplied, bare slopes clothed with young woods, the aspect of the whole country-side changed. At Lockinge House itself, the farm sheds, muck-yards and hovels that closely surrounded it in old days were replaced by flowery terraces and green lawns; the house was enlarged and beautified yet without losing the home-like character of an old Berkshire manor. Garden and house became so interwoven that it is difficult to know where one ends and the other begins; each room opens on to the terraces, and flowers stray into the house and take possession of the garden-room, where the day's work is wont to begin with breakfast served amid bright surroundings of sunshine and flowers, pictures and books. From it opens the small picture gallery built specially to receive the choicest art treasures of the collection, among them the two fifteenth-century Florentine

* Betterton was the ancestral home of the Collins family, who held it for over four centuries in direct succession from father to son. For many generations it was the custom for the eldest son of the Collins family to take Orders and act as Curate-in-charge of Lockinge Parish, during the absence of the Wardens of All Souls, Oxford, who owned the living till it was purchased by Lord Overstone. The Betterton property was sold and acquired by Lord Wantage in 1889, after the death of the Rev. John Ferdinando Collins. His widow, a valued and intimate friend of Lord and Lady Wantage, died in 1906, aged ninety-seven, and was buried in Lockinge Churchyard.

"cassone" panels by Pesellino from the Torregiani Palace, illustrating the story of Saul and David; the small Botticelli Madonna "dei candelabri d' oro"; Palma's glowing Venetian group of Virgin and Child with Saints; Claude's "Enchanted Castle" *; Turner's two contrasting pictures which in "Sheerness" depict the strife of storm on sea and sky, and in "Walton Bridges" the restful calm of an English summer afternoon; and Corot's four large panels representing forest scenery under the varying effects of "les quatre heures du jour."

Lord Wantage's appreciation of beauty in nature inclined him specially, though by no means exclusively, to the love of landscape in art. The red silk-walled and oak and gold pilastered drawing-room contains other masterpieces, ancient and modern; while in the tapestry hall, panelled in old Italian carved wood-work, is the great Murillo, known as "La Vierge Coupée," the divided and mutilated half of which was taken by Marshal Soult from the Episcopal chapel at Seville to Paris; sixty years afterwards the two parts were reunited by Lord Overstone. The collection, consisting originally chiefly of works of the Dutch school (now mostly at Carlton Gardens), was begun by Lord Overstone and continued by Lord and Lady Wantage, until their home has become a treasure-house not of pictures only but of works of art of all kinds. Such is the home that Lord Wantage and his wife gradually created, and which became to them a haven of peace during over forty years of life's chequered joys and sorrows.

* This celebrated picture, purchased by Lord Overstone from the collection of Mr. Wells of Redleaf, inspired Keats with some well-known verses. It was a special favourite of Lord Beaconsfield, who said he would make it the subject of a romance, an intention, however, never carried out.

It was, however, no haven of idle rest, but rather of continuous work. The life of a country landowner was to Lord Wantage the ideal life; he saw in it endless possibilities of usefulness, while his practical knowledge of farming brought success to his endeavours to raise the standard of agriculture and improve the cultivation of the land. Yet among his multifarious occupations he found time for the enjoyments as well as the duties of home life. Those who best knew what that life was, were struck with the fulness of it, the large and easy hospitality, the bringing of manifold interests into the daily routine, the strenuousness mingled with light-heartedness. His friend and neighbour, Dean Butler of Wantage, writing to him in 1885, gave the following expression to these feelings:

I do not suppose that even you have any idea of how the Lockinge household has lifted up this neighbourhood. I, who remember the old days of sordidness and jealousy, and fierce or obstinate opposition to all movements or improvements, am better able to discern the difference; and the difference of tone and feeling is very remarkable. I cannot but think that if the large landowners throughout the country had taken up the same line of action in the days of their prosperity, there would be little anxiety for the future. Ephraim and Judah would have arranged matters amicably.

It was the intangible yet irresistible influence of character that thus impressed itself on others. Reserved and even shy, Lord Wantage was yet singularly accessible to people of every class, putting them at their ease by making them feel that with all he had some interest in common, and something to learn from them. The

mark of a great character is teachableness and capacity for growth, and he never ceased to learn. Even in talking to his farm labourers he would approach matters in which they were interested as a learner, with respect for their opinions, thus drawing out their knowledge and winning their confidence. It was with the workers, not the idlers of life, that he liked to associate; and it was this that gave so pleasant a quality to the society with which he and his wife surrounded themselves. Their London home at Carlton Gardens was also the centre of much hospitality; and open house at the luncheon hour a time-honoured institution since the days of Lord Overstone, when his friends, men of weight and learning, were wont to forgather, and linger long in conversation, round the sociable table in the bay window opening on to the green terrace garden. In looking backward a crowd of figures emerge from the misty past, people of many and varied walks of life, together with a host of friends and relations, men and women, young and old, grave and gay, each bringing their contribution of the latest news or the newest story.

At Lockinge the same circle constantly met, with the addition of county neighbours; Lord and Lady Wantage loved to be surrounded by young people, nephews, nieces, and cousins, who looked on Lockinge as a home to which they came as by right, and to whom "Uncle Bob" was the hero of their hearts. Foremost among these were Lady Crawford's many children and grandchildren; Mrs. Holford's daughter Evelyn * and her two sisters; Helen Lindsay, his brother's daughter, who looked to him as to a father; Colonel Charles Lindsay's daughter Violet; †

* Now Mrs. Robert Benson. † Now Duchess of Rutland.

Susan Keppel,* his favourite among the children of the Earl of Albemarle (better known as Lord Bury); Hon. Aline Majendie†; and last but not least, Lady Jane Lindsay, for many years the sharer of the vicissitudes, both joyous and sad, of the Wantages' home life. These and many others have retained in after years the strong impression left on their minds by life at Lockinge, where active interests, regard for the minor charities and courtesies of life, genuine kindness, and absolute respect for all, formed the rule of the house: a rule so unobtrusive and gentle as to be hardly felt, yet existing, and unconsciously influencing those who shared in it. Young people loved the free life, the many expeditions and long rides over the Downs under their host's guidance; while older guests were interested in the farm, the Shire horse stud, the estate workshops, the co-operative village stores, the schools, the agricultural machinery, the farming experiments, and all the many developments of rural life which Lord Wantage had started, and of which he knew every detail. He always had present in his mind a desire to better the condition of the people about him, and to solve some of the perplexing problems of their lives; but in this, as in everything, he went about his work so quietly and simply that only those who lived much with him realised what he was doing, or understood the purpose of it.

A man's character may be judged by his friendships; and Lord Wantage had many friends of varied types, including humble companions of his country life to whom he extended the right hand of fellowship. His intimate

* Now wife of Walter Townley, H.M. Minister at Buenos Ayres.

† Now wife of General Lord Grenfell, G.C.B.

Harriet S. Wantage

From a painting by Sir William Richmond K.C.B., R.A. 1885

London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

friends were, however, mostly members of his own family ; in latter years more especially his three nephews by marriage with Mrs. Holford's daughters, the Earl of Morley, Earl Grey, and Mr. R. H. Benson. Towards Lord Morley he was drawn by congeniality of disposition and community of interests ; the two men had the same high standard of life, the same rectitude of purpose, the same sincerity and simplicity of character. Lord Morley's sustained determination in grappling with the management of his heavily encumbered estates commanded Lord Wantage's admiration ; official life at the War Office brought them for several years into almost daily contact and interchange of thought, and led to appreciation of the deeper qualities that lay beneath Lord Morley's light-hearted moods of chaff and pleasantry. Lord Grey was a man of different type, but his eager enthusiasm for all that is noble, his quick sympathy, his generous instincts, captivated Lord Wantage, who entered heartily and helpfully into his many schemes of usefulness, especially as regards co-operative work. "Robin" Benson was an equally valued friend, and became as years went on Lord Wantage's trusted helper and adviser, as well as a genial and sympathetic companion in the lighter walks of life and a sharer with him in love of art.

Lockinge was the scene of many fêtes and hospitable gatherings of various kinds. In 1885 a picturesque festivity took place, known as the "Lockinge Revels." Begun as an attempt to vary the monotony of the annual garden party, it developed in scope until it became a revival of the pageants of the Elizabethan era. The guests were summoned to "repaire to the faire Manor

of Lockinge on the twenty-sixth day of August to witness the festival of the Summer Queen, and a joust and divers ancient pastymes and merrie disportes." The whole country-side responded, and for three days the sunny lawns and shady glades of Lockinge were a scene of revelry—processions of fair dames in mediæval attire with page-borne trains and attendant cavaliers. The Summer Queen, represented by Lady Wantage's beautiful young cousin Madeleine Ryan,* passed along, enthroned on a car drawn by white golden-horned oxen, surrounded by flower-maidens, and followed by her court of gallant knights, jesters and falconers. Elsewhere could be seen hobby-horse tournaments, danees round the maypole, Robin Hood and Maid Marion and their merrie men under the greenwood tree, choruses of village folk in coifs and hoods of the period, and King Alfred's statue from Wantage market-place come to life and pacing the lawn with solemn tread. It was an original festival, a dream of gorgeous colour and graceful movement, a thing of beauty to be ever remembered in the annals of Berkshire.

Gradually, as years passed on, Lockinge, acting as if it were a magnet, attracted no small number of members of the family to take up their abode in its vicinity. The Dowager Countess of Crawford and her two unmarried daughters settled themselves at Burcote on the banks of the Thames; nearer still the Hon. Frederick and Lady Mary Meynell pitched their residence at Abingdon; Captain and Mrs. Harry Lindsay made their home in the picturesque old manor house on Lord Wantage's riverside property at Sutton

* Daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Ryan, afterwards wife of the Hon. Arthur Elliot. She died in 1905.

Courteney; the Rev. Henry Howard had in early days been presented by Lord Overstone to a Living on the borders of the Lockinge estate; Mr. A. K. Loyd, the faithful friend who gave to Lord Overstone, and subsequently to Lord Wantage and his wife, his life-long affection and devotion, came, as member for North Berks, to fix his family home at Down House in the adjacent parish of Hendred; while Ardington House, which stands almost in the grounds of Lockinge, was occupied successively by Colonel Hon. Charles Lindsay and his family, by Lord Wantage's Mother, and by Sir Henry Elliot.

Mrs. Lindsay made Ardington the home of her latter days, and died there in 1894, in the ninety-second year of her age. A woman of remarkable force of character, she formed the central figure of a large family circle. Full of life and vigour, eager even to impetuosity, cultivated beyond most women, and brilliant in conversation, she might have made a mark in the world of letters and of society, but innate diffidence and humility and an utter absence of vanity or "pose" precluded her from being much known beyond the immediate circle of her friends and family: these appreciated in full measure the attraction of a nature, not indeed free from waywardness, but bearing the impress of simplicity, sincerity, strong sense, and warmth of heart. A transparent truthfulness of disposition made it impossible for her to conceal either her likes or dislikes, and the latter would sometimes give a touch of distantness to her manner. She loved to shine in the reflected light of her children and grandchildren, delighting in taking young grand-daughters

with her to Italy, and instilling into them her own enthusiastic appreciation of art and nature.

The surroundings of her youth had been such as to foster both her natural intelligence and the artistic and literary tastes which she continued to cultivate to the last days of her life; her reading was varied and extensive; the imaginative side of literature appealed most strongly to her, including ancient Egyptian lore, old Norse sagas, astronomy, and French memoirs; she was also a constant and devoted student of Dante. Equally great was her love of art: the Italian training of the early days of her married life had developed her appreciation of the old masters, and though in landscape sketching she did not equal her husband, her water-colour copies of old pictures were admirable, and from this pursuit she derived unabated pleasure till within a week of her death.

Freshness of mind, quickness of observation, and love of nature led her to find enjoyment in the simplest pleasures—a drive on the Downs or in country lanes always brought to her some new delight, and dulness in life was to her non-existent. As time went on, her character mellowed and softened without diminishing in brightness, and to the calm dignity of age she united the vivacity of youth. A delightful correspondent, her letters, written with an ease of narrative, lightness of touch, and brilliancy of criticism that give them literary value, were a link of union between the scattered members of the family, and possessed moreover the quality of being written, not for display, but for the purpose of telling her friends that which they most desired to know.

Despite the difference of age, a warm friendship sprang up between Mrs. Lindsay and her daughter-in-law, Lady Wantage, and subsisted without a cloud for close on forty years. The relations between her and her son Robert, their pride in each other, and his care for her happiness, were beautiful and touching. He shared in her sense of humour and love of fun, and would playfully argue with her occasional semi-wilful moods of contradiction. She was loved by all her neighbours, rich and poor; and among the latter were the aged folk of Wantage Workhouse, whom she regularly visited till the end of her life. A large gathering of friends of every degree looked on with sorrow as she was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Ardington. The words she had chosen to be graven to her memory, "And Jesus said, 'Come,'" well express the strong faith and quiet confidence with which she entered into her rest.

In connexion with Ardington, mention has already been made of Sir Henry Elliot,* who after terminating his distinguished career abroad, found rest and happiness there with his wife and his devoted daughter during the latter years of his life. He endeared himself to all who knew him by his genial sympathy and sterling qualities of heart and mind. There was an atmosphere of delightful boyishness about him, coupled with an innate courtliness and distinction of manner, a sunny disposition, and a vivid sense of happiness, that brightened daily life for all those who had to do with him. The freshness of his intellect, which age neither

* Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Elliot, G.C.B., formerly H. M. Ambassador at Constantinople and Vienna, died at Ardington on March 31, 1907, in his 90th year.

dimmed nor weakened, and the sparkling brilliancy of his conversation, enriched with memories of many people and many lands, rendered him a companion of rare attractiveness. To his Lockinge neighbours he was the best and truest of friends, and with them he lived for twenty years in the close intimacy of daily intercourse. Elliots and Lindsays, though not actually related, have always claimed Scottish kinship, and seem to possess a certain affinity of character that draws them together wherever they may chance to meet, and between the Mintos and Elliots and the Lindsays of to-day the family tradition has been maintained.

In the winter of 1897, Lord and Lady Wantage found leisure to visit Egypt. They reached Port Said on New Year's Day, accompanied by Lady Jane Lindsay and General Sir Frederick Stephenson, Lord Wantage's old friend and brother Guardsman, who gladly embraced this opportunity of revisiting a country where ten years before he had played a conspicuous part as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Egypt during the early part of the campaign of 1886. He was received at Cairo with open arms by his old comrades, anxious to do homage to the gallant soldier who in days past had won the admiration and affection of all who served with him. The little party was soon surrounded by a circle of friends both old and new, who welcomed them with the cordial hospitality that characterises Englishmen in foreign lands. Among those who at that time were serving under Lord Cromer were many men of already high repute, as well as others who have since made their mark, men such as the Sirdar Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sir Archibald Hunter,

Sir William Garstin, the late Sir Clinton Dawkins, Sir Reginald Wingate, Slatin Pasha (who not a year before was still a prisoner at Omdurman), Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, Sir Elwin Palmer, Sir Rennell Rodd, Sir Leslie Rundle, Sir Eldon Gorst, and Dr. Wallis Budge. Amid such surroundings the few weeks spent at Cairo fled rapidly; much was learnt of the great work that England was carrying on under Lord Cromer's masterly guidance, some insight was obtained of the manifold difficulties and problems with which that work was beset, and many lasting friendships were formed. Local topics were, however, cast into shade by the news of the Jameson raid, followed by the German Emperor's message to President Kruger. These startling events formed an absorbing topic of talk at a splendid ball given by Lord and Lady Cromer, which took place on the eve of the Wantages' departure for an expedition up the Nile. They had chartered a stern-wheel steamer which, though less picturesque and romantic than a white-winged *dahabiyah*, proved a comfortable floating abode, with the advantage of being independent of contrary winds or calms. On board the "Toski" the little *partie carrée* spent two happy months, steaming leisurely along and landing at every place of interest. Their imagination was stirred alike by the tombs and temples which bring bygone ages into living touch with present days, and by the problems of modern life and civilisation.

As the voyage proceeded the glamour of the East took more and more hold upon them; especially did they delight in rides into desert districts and to the great monuments round Luxor. At Deir-el-Bahari Monsieur Naville was engaged in bringing to light the wonderful terrace temple with statues and carvings and paintings

that render Queen Hatasu as living a personage as our own Queen Elizabeth. A memorable afternoon was spent there under his guidance, and this together with the ride back and the ferry-boat row across the mighty river under the warm glow of an African full moon, left one of the strongest impressions of the tour.

At Assouan some days were spent in anxious expectation of permission to go on to Wady Halfa; Nubia was at that time closed to tourists owing to the restless state of the country caused by Dervish raids upon the riverside villages, coupled with threats of more formidable operations. Leave was ultimately obtained to go up in a military post boat which was conveying Egyptian officers to the frontier. On either side of the vessel was in addition attached a barge, one laden with recruits, camels, cattle and sheep for the supply of the Camel Corps, while the other contained a hundred native convicts under armed escort. It was a choice of evils between these near neighbours, but on the whole the convicts proved the least objectionable, and their gratitude for small gifts of tobacco was touching; they were on their way to work on the military railway in course of construction between Korosko and Abu Hamed, but their scale of diet seemed hardly sufficient to maintain their strength. This subject had already been brought before the authorities at Cairo, and on their return there it was taken up by Lord Wantage and Sir Frederick Stephenson, whose representations helped to hasten forward the reform which was soon afterwards carried out.

The travellers were allowed to land nowhere in Nubia except at Korosko, where there was a British garrison,

and for a few hours at Abu Simbel under the protection of a guard of Soudanese soldiers. At Wady Halfa they were made welcome by Colonel (now General Sir Archibald) Hunter, who was in command of the troops stationed there. A review of the troops was given in their honour, and seated on the desert sands under the hot Nubian sun, they witnessed the evolutions of the black Soudanese Infantry in their picturesque blue yellow-faced uniforms, the cavalry under Colonel Broadwood on their high-bred white Syrian horses, and the Camelry under Major Tudway mounted on thoroughbred cream-coloured camels and towering high above the other troops. It was a spirit-stirring scene, and no mere holiday parade either, for the garrison were even then engaged in expeditions into the trackless desert to reconnoitre and to keep at bay Dervish marauders ; indeed a few weeks later they were advancing in grim earnest against the hordes of the Mahdi. For many months past it had been a time of stress and tension at Wady Halfa ; Colonel Hunter was grave and anxious, for on him and his little army devolved the duty of guarding the entrance to Egypt and of protecting some hundred miles of exposed riverside frontier. Such a task could not have been confided to abler hands, as was proved by his subsequent distinguished services both in the Soudan campaign and the South African war.

After an expedition to the Second Cataract, where they found Colonel Broadwood watering his cavalry amid the rocky rapids on his way to the furthermost British outpost at Sarras, the travellers turned their steps homeward. On the morning of their departure from

Wady Halfa a salute was fired by troops drawn up on the river bank: a parting homage to the veteran soldier Sir Frederick Stephenson, who stood on deck as the vessel steamed northward, bidding farewell to the land he loved, and to the last scenes of his bygone military career.

On their return journey Lord Wantage and his party passed through Italy, and spent a few days with his sister, Lady Crawford, at Florence; while there they received the news that on March 12, Lord Cromer, acting under Lord Salisbury's instructions, had issued orders to the Sirdar to dispatch an expedition into the Dongola province of the Soudan. This beginning of the long-wished-for advance was hailed with delight by the British officers at Wady Halfa. Within three days, and before reinforcements had started from Cairo, Colonel Hunter had formed a column and begun his march to Akasha; all the Wantage's military friends in Egypt were engaged in this expedition, which was partly a demonstration in assistance of Italy, whose prestige in Africa had received a severe blow by her recent crushing defeat in Abyssinia; it was felt that the Dervishes might be emboldened by this success to attack the Italians at Kassala, or the Egyptians at Suakim and on the Wady Halfa frontier.

The result of Lord Wantage's experiences and his views of Egyptian policy are best given by extracts from a letter which he addressed immediately after his return to England to the *Times*, with the object of showing the existent situation in Nubia and the Soudan at the time of his journey.

It appears to me that the moment has come when anyone who can contribute, however slightly, towards the enlightenment of public opinion with regard to the present advance towards the Soudan should speak out, and there is, perhaps, the more reason for this because military men on service are very properly precluded from any public utterances. The result of my own observations, and of what I heard at .Wady Halfa and at Assouan, was that, from a military point of view, and taking into consideration the general well-being of Egypt and the safety of its inhabitants, the continuance of a purely defensive policy at the Wady Halfa frontier was rapidly becoming absolutely impossible. So thoroughly convinced was I of this that I wrote, on February 15, after my return to Assouan, to the member for North Berks,* saying that, in my opinion, anyone who had the interests of Egypt at heart could not do otherwise than advocate a line of action that will tend to check, and ultimately to destroy, the one great danger to Egypt's existence—namely, a hostile barbarous power in the Soudan.

So long as English troops remain in Egypt we are responsible for securing the safety of the country against external attack and internal revolution. Egypt, at the present moment, is marvellously tranquil, and its people contented. This seems to me a strong argument in favour of the course of action we have adopted, the object of which is to secure the maintenance of this condition of things by relieving the people of their well-founded dread of Dervish inroads or invasion. The recent reverses the Italians have sustained in Abyssinia have been, and will be, eagerly watched and commented upon by those whose interest it is to bring about in Egypt a state of things less friendly than that now existing towards the English. And the influence of this triumph of barbarism over civilisation will be felt far and wide.

* A. K. Loyd, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

Some adverse comments have been passed on Lord Cromer's dispatch, and an attempt made to show that, in his opinion, the recent Dervish raids upon villages between Assouan and Wady Halfa are of no great significance. But I do not so interpret his words. With regard to these admitted incursions of Dervishes into territory within the frontier and under British protection, it is open to anyone to formulate an opinion. But to me, as having the sympathetic feelings of an Englishman and a soldier, the burning of a village, the massacre of its peaceful inhabitants, the carrying off of women and children into captivity, leaving some (whose bodies were found) to die on the road, is an incident about which we may judge for ourselves without appealing to expressions of feeling in a Blue-book. The above are admitted facts of recent occurrence, and such incidents would be far more numerous were it not for the stringent precautions taken by a vigilant and constantly alert frontier force.

The peculiarities of the present Egyptian frontier, and the special difficulties connected with it, seem to me insufficiently known and appreciated. There is no frontier in the ordinary sense of the term, no line of defence, natural or artificial, running east and west. The Nubian province of Egypt consists of the Nile and a narrow strip of cultivated land; beyond stretch the low hills of the boundless desert. The only security against Dervish inroads to any point along the Nile Valley is by sending out Camel Corps patrols, often distances of 150 to 200 miles, to hold the desert wells. These detachments depend for food entirely on supplies sent from the base at Wady Halfa. In spite of these and other precautions, Dervish troops have of late been frequently seen on the Nile banks, passenger steamers have been fired at, and the military regulation that vessels between Assouan and Wady Halfa must not be moored on the river bank, but on rocks or islands in

mid channel, furnishes sufficient comment on the security of that portion of the Nile Valley. Although trade with the Soudan is nominally suspended, a widely spread system of smuggling gunpowder and ammunition on camel-back, by unfrequented desert tracks, keeps the Dervishes well supplied with means of attack.

The inhabitants of the Nubian province, a district ranging along a length of 200 miles, may surely fairly claim to be secured by the country that professes to protect it from those terror-inspiring raids. It may be urged that an extension of frontier will only lead to an extension of danger and difficulty. My answer is that if we should ultimately advance to Khartoum, we shall become possessed of the headquarters of Dervish power, which will be thereby virtually annihilated, and shall find ourselves in contact with other and friendly tribes south of Khartoum—the race from which we now recruit the so-called Soudanese regiments, which form the most reliable portion of the Egyptian army.

That the present advance is well timed is the opinion of all those on the spot who are best qualified to form a judgment. That it is an important step involving large issues no one can doubt. The advance, conducted as it is with deliberate caution and without any embarrassing circumstances of pressing haste, can be carried out, humanly speaking, with certainty of success and without incurring any of those serious risks which must attach to expeditions undertaken under the pressure of sudden emergency. The military authorities, no less than the public at home, will insist that any risks attending it shall be minimised by the most ample and complete system of preparation, and under the good management of the very able body of English officers who are now serving the Khedive, it need not involve either any excessive drain on the finances of the country, or risks beyond those which are incidental to any warfare.

There is nothing more difficult than to speak on behalf of unrepresented bodies of men—and this must be specially felt in the case of the fellaheen of Egypt. To say that Egyptian communities condemn and deprecate this advance is, in my opinion, to use a worthless argument, incapable of proof, and entirely contrary to the probabilities of the case. The people of Egypt know perfectly well that the Soudan was given up under advice from England, which at that time could not be disregarded. The hope and expectation of the reoccupation of that province cannot possibly be absent from the minds of those who look forward to the re-establishment of the Khedive's power and supremacy. Whatever the destinies of Egypt may be in the future, whether to continue under the beneficent government of England or to be handed over to the tutelage and protection of a syndicate of nations alien to herself, the fact still remains that she will be unjustly treated unless the provinces of the Upper Nile, which she was forced to abandon in 1885, are restored to her rule. Those who take an interest in the work of making their fellow-creatures happier than before, and of rendering their lives and properties more secure, must have read with pleasure Sir Alfred Milner's book entitled "England in Egypt." That standard work of accepted accuracy records in its lucid and authoritative pages the conversion of Egyptian finance from a state of bankruptcy to one of solvency, and the progress of the peasantry from a state of semi-slavery under the Corvée to one of liberty and freedom. The argument (which has been put forward in the House of Commons) that England, in bringing back the people of Dongola under the rule of the Khedive will be submitting them once more to the miserable rule of former days, is unworthy of those who use it, who know perfectly well that the so-called "rule of the Pashas" is a thing of the past. The Soudan will, under settled government, become what

Egypt is now—a land of progress, with peace maintained, trade protected, and security for life and property ensured to the inhabitants.

This letter led to a controversy with Lord Farrer, who wrote a reply to the *Times*, stating that, in view of his own experiences in a tourist boat on the Nile, about a month previous to Lord Wantage's visit, he considered the latter's statements as, to say the least, greatly exaggerated. They were, however, supported by other correspondents, among them Lord Jersey, who was on the Nile at the same time, and Sir Frederick Stephenson.

Meanwhile the expedition which had given rise to the foregoing correspondence was advancing into the Soudan; in the early summer, Sir Herbert Kitchener gained a decisive victory over the Dervishes at Firket, and in September Dongola was captured. The advance that followed was of an exceedingly arduous and trying nature. Events marched slowly, and it was not till the summer of 1898 that the army, reinforced by a large body of troops from England, began the final advance that culminated in the crushing defeat of the Dervish forces under the Khalifa at Omdurman.

The extended plan of operations in the Soudan having been decided on, the Council of the Red Cross Society wrote through the Foreign Office to Lord Cromer and to Sir Herbert Kitchener offering aid, which was, however, declined on the plea that ample arrangements had already been made, and that further aid would involve a call upon the transport service beyond that which had been calculated or prepared for. Later on, the offer was renewed, and the Society was informed that

the matter had been reconsidered, and that help would now gladly be accepted. Colonel Young (who had ably served the Society on previous occasions) was accordingly sent out with full powers. After conferring with the military and medical authorities at Cairo, it was decided that a service of transport for the sick and wounded by steamer on the Nile, between Assouan and Cairo, should be organised, with a view to obviate the discomforts and trial of a six-hundred-mile journey by rail. It was further arranged that the care and treatment of the patients on board should be undertaken by the Royal Army Medical Corps, supplemented by nursing Sisters engaged by the Red Cross Society. One of the largest stern-wheel boats on the Nile was fortunately obtained, and the "May Flower" speedily converted into a floating hospital, able to carry some sixty patients. Fully equipped with the best medical appliances and comforts, she started on her first trip the second week in September, and continued a succession of rapid journeys to and fro till the middle of October, when she brought down the last cargo of sufferers.

This form of aid proved a thorough success, and the excellence of the accommodation provided surprised everyone. One soldier, on seeing the clean bed provided for him, recalling to mind what he had previously gone through, could hardly believe it was intended for him, and, although badly wounded, refused to go to bed until he had been washed, as he would not like to dirty the sheets! The effect on the sick of absolute peace and complete easement from nervous strain and apprehension, stimulated their recuperative powers, and the results were in many cases marvellous. The operations

of the Society in this campaign constituted a new era in Red Cross work, for it was the first occasion on which the Society worked with the Royal Army Medical Corps under one organisation, and Lord Wantage rejoiced that the system he had long had at heart proved successful and capable of being carried on without friction. The nursing Sisters worked zealously and harmoniously, and their services were greatly valued alike by the patients and by the Medical Staff. The good work performed by the Society was warmly acknowledged by Lord Lansdowne (Secretary of State for War), who stated that he considered the sufferings of the sick and wounded had been in a most marked manner alleviated, and the lives of many men saved, who, under less favourable conditions, would probably not have survived the journey. Both Lord Cromer and Sir Francis Grenfell wrote warm words of appreciation, the latter strongly advising the adoption, on future occasions, of the system of co-operation with the Army Medical Department, under which the work had been so successfully carried out in this campaign.

After his return from Egypt in the spring of 1896 many and varied questions engrossed Lord Wantage's attention. A staunch though liberal-minded Churchman, he was ever to the fore in supporting all Diocesan schemes, working in unison with successive Bishops of Oxford—from Wilberforce to Paget—and contributing liberally both time and money, not only in the Oxford diocese, but in others in which he held property. He was also a zealous promoter of education, and gave generous help to the schools on his estates, besides

actively assisting other educational establishments, such as the Grammar Schools of Wantage and Abingdon, and the University College of Reading. In the latter he foresaw a possible opening for the carrying out of a scheme he had long had in his mind—namely, the combination of practical and technical instruction in agriculture with the usual curriculum of college teaching.

Reading, the oldest of Oxford University Extension Centres, had taken up with ardour the work of higher education ; and the leaders of the local Association were eager to carry on a forward policy. This process of transition from an Extension centre to a College cannot be more graphically described than in the words of the late Master of Balliol :

We begin (said Professor Jowett) with a few lecturers sent with the sanction of the universities. This is the missionary stage of the enterprise. But, of course, we wish to make this instruction as regular as possible. It becomes evident that the work would be better done if the teachers, or some of them, were always on the spot, mingling with the society of the place. We need buildings, and then comes the time of establishing a college, so that one naturally grows out of the other.

In 1891 Professor Max Müller, in an address delivered at Reading, pointed out the good results likely to follow if some Oxford college could be induced to lend its support to the work of a University Extension Centre. In 1892 the Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Paget (now Bishop of Oxford), wrote a letter to Mr. (now Sir) Walter Palmer, Chairman of the Reading Extension Association, in which he referred to the recent appointment of Mr. H. J. Mackinder, University Reader in Geography

at Oxford, to a Studentship at Christ Church, which, he said, was done "with the view of giving system and completeness to the educational work of one of the leading University Extension Centres," adding "I trust you will judge it right to welcome the action that has been taken; and I greatly hope it may be of service for the advancement, the co-ordination, and the deepening of study." The Dean's hopes were fully realised, and the principles laid down by him and by Mr. Mackinder have been in recent years carried out and developed on extended lines by the present able and energetic Principal, Mr. W. M. Childs.

In the autumn of 1892 the new College, formed by the amalgamation of the existing Schools of Science and Art with the local University Extension Centre, was formally opened by the Dean of Christ Church in the ancient abbey building of the Hospital of St. John. The next few years were devoted to consolidating and extending the work. A Court of Governors was formed; Lord Wantage was elected President of the College; the Dean of Christ Church, Visitor, and the leading men of the town and neighbouring counties, including the late Earl of Northbrook, the Right Honourable Sir John Mowbray, and many others were on the Board. Within ten months of his election to the presidency, Lord Wantage, jointly with his colleague Mr. Walter Palmer, issued a letter of invitation to a conference in support of a scheme for the more permanent establishment of the College. The response was cordial; on that and on other subsequent occasions the College received generous pecuniary support, more especially from Lord Wantage and Sir Walter Palmer, and the work

grew rapidly. The British Dairy Institute was removed from Aylesbury and attached to the agricultural department of the College, which became in due course one of the collegiate centres of the Board of Agriculture. A Committee of Convocation of the University of Oxford was appointed to consider a scheme for examinations in agriculture to be conducted jointly by the University and the College. A movement was also started for the purpose of further affiliating the College to the parent University by granting degrees in agriculture. This scheme had Lord Wantage's warmest approbation and support, and he worked heartily in forwarding it with the co-operation of the Dean of Christ Church, Sir William Anson, and other leading Oxford men. The draft decree was submitted to Convocation, but its adoption being strongly opposed in certain quarters it was ultimately, much to Lord Wantage's disappointment, lost by two votes. The close connexion with Oxford was nevertheless maintained, Mr. Mackinder acting as a link between the two, and successfully endeavouring to infuse the high aims of Oxford into the more practical and technical training suited to the younger College.

Lord Wantage remarked "that to found schools of learning in connexion with the Mother Universities seems to be peculiarly in harmony with the spirit of the present day, and it must never be forgotten that Reading College owes its existence to Oxford." In a speech delivered at the College in 1896, he further observed:

We have an object worthy of the highest consideration—it is to establish a College with the qualities and character of a University. We are very conscious

that technical teaching has not that elevating effect upon young people which more liberal teaching gives; and I say, that while you are giving technical instruction—which is one of the chief objects of this College—it should have that liberal character which can only be given to it by highly cultured persons. . . . The solution of the problem of how to make agriculture so profitable a pursuit as to attract a larger share of capital to the land than heretofore, must be in the direction of intelligent application of combined scientific and practical knowledge. In these days, the art of farming can no longer be acquired by simply following the plough, nor can walking over the land with a bailiff do all that is needed. However useful, and indeed essential, practical training may be, it must be supplemented by other training that can only be acquired in the lecture-room and the laboratory. There is hardly any branch of science that cannot be more or less directly brought to bear advantageously on agriculture.

The progress made by the College was rapid, and extended buildings soon became a necessity. These were erected on land adjacent to the Hospitium site, presented by Mr. Herbert Sutton, and were opened with much ceremony in June 1898 by our present King, then Prince of Wales. It was a picturesque and well-ordered function; a summer sun shone in a cloudless sky, and Reading greeted the Prince with enthusiastic loyalty. After the banquet, the Prince left for Lockinge, where he was joined by the Princess of Wales, and a quiet Sunday was spent, partly in inspecting the stud of Shire horses, and other matters of interest connected with the estate and farm. The College so worthily inaugurated continued to prosper, and during the remaining years

of his life Lord Wantage never relaxed his active participation in all that concerned its progress.*

Many other educational problems and difficulties, which in varied phases exercised the public mind, also greatly interested him. In 1897 arose the question of Voluntary Schools Associations, which were formed throughout the kingdom after the passing of the Voluntary School Relief Act, for the purpose of superintending and allocating the distribution of school grants, some on a diocesan and some on a county basis. In Berkshire the general feeling, of laymen especially, was for the county area, and Lord Wantage with many others believed that the matter would be so settled. At a Diocesan Conference held at Oxford this arrangement was, without any previous consultation with leading county representatives, upset. Lord Wantage held strong opinions on the subject ; he was keenly alive to the importance of the lay element having a due share of control and being fully represented on the association about to be formed, and he considered that the views of the laity had been unjustifiably disregarded. Feeling on both sides ran high ;

* During the years that have elapsed since Lord Wantage's death the College has continued its career of prosperity ; the large increase in the number of students has necessitated its removal to new buildings erected on an extensive site presented by Mr. Alfred Palmer, and which comprise a stately hall and admirable practical laboratories and workshops. This timely aid extricated the College from a position of great difficulty and peril, and the Right Hon. George Palmer, besides a large donation to the building fund, gave in 1905 an endowment of 50,000*l.* Lord Wantage always had in view the establishment of some form of hostel for the men students (two hostels for women being already provided by private enterprise). He felt that the College could never acquire the prestige, the collegiate spirit, and the "inner life" which are the happy heritage of older Universities, so long as the students were scattered about the town in lodgings. His wishes are now in course of being fulfilled by the erection of a Residential Hall on a large scale, the gift of Lady Wantage to the College.

a meeting was called at Reading which was attended by all the leading men of the county both lay and clerical, and a large majority for the county area was the result.

The subject was also brought by Lord Wantage before the House of Lords, and a somewhat warm debate ensued in which Lord Wantage, Lord Stanmore, and the Bishop of Oxford (Stubbs) took leading part. The matter ended in the formation of two associations for Berkshire, one on county, the other on diocesan lines, the largest being the county one, on which Canon Archer-Houblon, Vicar of Wantage (afterwards Archdeacon of Oxfordshire), held, with the Bishop's sanction, a prominent position. The matter caused much labour and anxious consideration to Lord Wantage; it was painful to him to find himself in any way in opposition to the clergy, among whom he numbered many friends, and especially to the Bishop, for whom he entertained a strong feeling of admiration and regard. But his sense of justice was aroused, and once having put his hand to the plough, he would not desist till his point was carried. The County Association worked well and continued its labours until the Education Act of 1902 brought fresh changes, and the two associations are now merged into a general Diocesan Association.

1897 was the year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee; Lord Wantage rode in the procession to St. Paul's, and afterwards proceeded to Windsor in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of the royal county, to greet her Majesty on her return. He stood by the royal carriage watching the aged Queen's keen expression and bright smile while, notwithstanding the fatigue of her

arduous day's work in London, she listened patiently to long addresses from mayors and Corporations. The freshness and vigour of mind and clearness of memory at her advanced age were very remarkable. He was greatly impressed by this when, during the following year, he and Lady Wantage were guests at Windsor on the occasion of the picturesque ceremony of the presentation, by the Queen, of colours to the Berkshire Militia in the castle courtyard. Lord Wantage had a prolonged after-dinner talk with the Queen; the conversation drifted to the subject of the Army Medical Service, a topic not at that moment specially to the fore. The Queen alluded to the controversies of previous years, saying that when first the question of granting military rank to army surgeons was brought forward, she was strongly opposed to it, but that she had found cause on further consideration to change her mind, and had become convinced that the measure was desirable, as was, indeed, proved by its subsequent success.

Emery Walker ph. sc.

Wantage

From a photograph

London: Smith, Elder & Co. 15, Waterloo Place.

CHAPTER XVI

AGRICULTURE, FARMING, AND ESTATE MANAGEMENT —SMALL FARM COMPANY

No record of Lord Wantage's life can be complete which does not include some notice of his work as an agriculturist and a farmer. An aged labourer, with whom he had many a friendly chat, once said of him: "He was a great soldier and a great farmer, and the two do not often go together." And the old man was right; from his boyhood onwards, Lord Wantage's love of farming competed with his love of soldiering, and, when the possession of the Berkshire estates enabled him to indulge his taste, he threw himself with ardour into all matters pertaining to agriculture, and soon became deeply interested in the many problems, both practical and political, which have been started in our time concerning the best means of developing the agricultural resources of the country and of placing our rural social system on a firm foundation.

From intercourse with leading agriculturists, from familiar talks with farm-labourers, from extensive reading, and, still more, from close observation and personal experience, Lord Wantage gradually acquired an amount of knowledge which made him a leading authority on all subjects connected with land and farming. While eminently a practical farmer, he valued highly

the advantages that come from scientific study, and he was never satisfied with the routine which had long hung like a dead weight upon British agriculture. Keenly alive to the present, but with eyes ever bent on the future, he was by instinct a pioneer, and was ever studying the trend of things, always inquiring what use could be made of new methods, and how to reap the utmost benefit from modern inventions. Thus, over the great area of land which he owned, his presence and influence became a powerful force for the economic, social, and moral uplifting of the inhabitants. He was moreover not afraid to risk much in experiments, and on his estate improvements and new inventions in every department were constantly being carried out.

The pursuit of farming appealed not only to the practical side of his character but also to his imagination and love of nature; he would spend long hours wandering over the land, watching the labourers at their work, and following every process of cultivation with close observance. To him every field told a history of changing seasons, of varying crops, of influences of soil and culture. Harvest was a time of special pleasure to him; he once wrote to a young friend: "This period of the year is most exciting owing to the carrying of the harvest. The waggons and horses are measured by tens and fifteens and the men by the score. There is so much to be admired in the labourers and so much to be learned of their character when they are fighting a real battle with the weather and the seasons, and the overpowering though not constant heat."

This sympathy with the labourers enabled him to gather much from them; they were willing to confide in

him and tell him things, for as one of them remarked, "He does not talk to us, as many gentlemen do, of things we don't understand; he seems as a friend like." He was frequently accompanied in his walks by some old labourer whose mature intelligence and practical experience he appreciated, and the talk was profitable and instructive to both.

Lord Wantage was one of the largest, and in results one of the most successful, of English farmers. The Berkshire property which Lord Overstone settled on his daughter and son-in-law at their marriage was a large one, and it was increased by additional purchases until it consisted ultimately of some 26,000 acres. About half of this he kept in his own hands and farmed himself, a state of things the result of the resolution and enterprise with which he faced the wave of agricultural depression which in the seventies swept over farming business throughout the country.

A series of bad seasons, co-operating with other causes, resulted in a prolonged period of depression which culminated in 1879, the worst year as regards low prices and low produce, and which proved disastrous alike to landlords and to farmers. It was a despairingly wet and cold season; in Berkshire the harvest did not begin till September 1, and was, as might be expected, a very indifferent one. The worst cases of distress were in farms on the low-lying lands, where sheep rot set in with alarming severity; the hill farms at first fared somewhat better, but later on they also suffered greatly, as depression increased, and trouble pressed heavily on all. An entire change in the system of management on the Berkshire estate became necessary

in order to avoid the evil of allowing much of the land to go out of cultivation, with the inevitable result that nine-tenths of the population would find themselves forced to leave the district and endeavour to find employment elsewhere. Farms the leases of which had been eagerly competed for, a few years previously, could be let no longer. Offers for fresh leases there were none; rents began to tumble down; those tenants who desired to remain could only do so at a reduction of about fifty per cent. Many landlords would have let the tenants go, but Lord Wantage kept them on and helped them liberally through the bad times.

On Lord Overstone's Northamptonshire and other estates, where up to 1875 arrears of rent were practically unknown, the condition of things was no better. Reductions of rent, some temporary but mostly permanent, had to be made to the extent of lowering the net rental on Lord Overstone's estates from about 44,000*l.* to 12,000*l.*, and much land was in addition thrown on his hands. To landlords of small resources this state of matters meant ruin. Lord Overstone and Lord Wantage, as capitalists, and not dependent entirely on land, were able to face the situation. On his Berkshire estates Lord Wantage never dispossessed a tenant on account of his inability to pay the old standard of rent, but as farm after farm was thrown upon his hands either by the death or the voluntary resignation of tenants, he took them over and farmed them himself. Many of them only just paid their way; some in choice situations were remunerative, and by means of the economy possible in farming on a very extensive scale, a profit was realised.

Thus it came to pass that the Home Farm, which in previous years he had already considerably enlarged, was further increased by the addition of outlying farms. The total of land farmed by himself was ultimately brought up to some 12,000 or 13,000 acres, the remaining half of the estate being as heretofore farmed by tenants. Not only did rents decrease, but outgoings increased during these years of depression. Farmers did little for themselves, and in order to retain them, which Lord Wantage was always anxious to do, it became necessary to grant a large portion of their demands for improvements, and to expend considerable sums on building. The greater part went in putting up cottages, a form of improvement necessary to enable farmers to retain their best labourers. When possible, Lord Wantage preferred to aid tenants by building cottages and homesteads rather than lowering rents, considering these as permanent improvements which contribute to the comfort and well-being of the labourers. By these means, together with large reductions of rent, tenants were to a considerable extent kept on the estates, although much land was, as we have already seen, thrown on his hands.

He fully recognised the advantages derived from farming on a large scale, and he held the conviction that, where a considerable amount of capital was available, large areas might be cultivated with greater economy of capital than smaller ones, and with a corresponding increase of efficiency. Socially, the result was that, over a wide tract of land, the tenant-farmer practically vanished; in recent years he has shown signs of reappearing, and the hill farms especially, which for many

years were impossible to let, however greatly rents were reduced, are now gradually passing back into the hands of tenant-farmers.

With regard to the system of management, the rent Lord Wantage charged himself for the land was that fixed by the Assessment Committee. He charged himself a moderate rate of interest on capital invested in the farm. On the farms let to tenants, the reductions made at various times in their rent resulted in their standing at about fifty per cent. less than they did some thirty years before. He considered that the large farmer suffers most from agricultural depression, the small farmer who, with the aid of his family, does most of the work himself, is less hit by labour bills; and tenants are more easily found for small farms of from 120 to 130 acres. The tendency is for medium-sized farms to disappear and very large or very small ones to take their place. "The men of capital," he used to say, "and the men of labour are the only two classes who can make farming answer."

Wheat and barley, he was, however, well aware, give a better "sample" when in fields, say, of twenty acres than in small fields; the quality of the grain is better, more even, and commands a higher price; machinery can be more advantageously employed, and thus horses and labourers reduced in number. These two classes of farms, he considered, would work harmoniously together and assist each other.

He nevertheless considered it an advantage to have some large areas of land farmed by landowners.

In the first place (to use his own words), you get a superior sort of agriculturist to manage the land, a better

man in knowledge, both theoretical and practical, in training and in capacity, than the neighbouring farmers, so that he can set an example to the whole country round; farmers see the work better done, and the labourers are not slow to find it out. I employ one head bailiff only for all the land I have in hand. He buys everything and sells everything, and under him are only ordinary working foremen. In farming on a large scale there is great economy; you can use machinery more advantageously, and you can diminish the number both of labourers and of horses.

The land under Lord Wantage's own management in the vicinity of Lockinge consisted of the amalgamation of about a dozen farms which had fallen in gradually, both in the vale and on the uplands (the latter known as the hill farms), in the vicinity of the two Ilsleys, Beedon, and Compton villages. These had been the most disastrously affected during the bad years, being generally poor land and difficult of access. The Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Railway (in the formation of which Lord Wantage had taken an active part) proved a great boon to this tract of land, passing through much of the property, thereby facilitating general communications, and bringing the farms into closer touch with market towns.

On these regions of sheep-walks, hedges are unknown; large Sarsden stones alone mark the boundaries of properties; the sheep-dogs know these boundaries as well as do the shepherds, and sheep never stray from one property to another. Lord Wantage became convinced that conditions of pasture so favourable for feeding sheep would prove equally favourable for feeding young cattle and horses. With this view he enclosed a portion of the downland, thus forming a kind

of ranch, 200 acres in extent, with water laid on from his Ridgeway reservoir. This experiment has proved eminently successful, and from June to October some ninety head of cattle are pastured there, besides young cart-horses.

The tract of country which forms what may be called the Home Farm may be classed as land varying in value from 5*s.* 3*d.* an acre on the downs to 2*l.* in the vale; it consists of a block of land 4000 acres in extent, six miles long, by about a mile and a half broad, lying chiefly in the parishes of Ardington and Lockinge; it runs due north to south, from the low-lying pasture meadows of the vale which are traversed by the Great Western Railway, through the rich corn-yielding band of Greensand, up to the chalk downs and on to the southern slopes beyond. This variety of soil, consisting of pure chalk, chalk marl, Greensand, and clay, greatly enhances the possibilities of farming. Almost every parish and every farm in the Wantage district consists of similar narrow strips, thus uniting the advantages of meadow, corn, and down land.

The Home Farm usually carries about 1000 head of cattle in summer, and about 600 in winter; of these, some 250 are Hereford cattle, which are bought every spring in the markets of their native county as stores, at about three years old. They are fed on the best pastures of the estate, with only the occasional addition of a little cake, and are sold between midsummer and the end of November. A similar number of Herefords are also purchased every autumn, a few months younger in age; these are mostly kept during the first winter on the hill farms in yards, where they receive about four

pounds of cake daily, and as much straw as they will eat. In subsequent winters they remain on the pastures till about Christmas. They are fed off in the following summer along with the spring-bought cattle. These cattle do much better in the following summer when they are wintered in open instead of closed yards, as they have better coats of hair, and begin to fatten more quickly.

About 300 Shorthorn heifers, from one to two years old, are bought every spring; these are kept as stores on down pasture in the first summer, and are thereafter treated in the same way as the Hereford cattle which are bought in the autumn. Very little winter feeding is carried out, the only animals fed being a few of the Hereford cattle which have not matured on the pastures in the previous summer. A small herd of Jersey cattle are kept for supplying the mansion with the necessary dairy produce.

As regards sheep, the farms keep a standing flock of about 4000 Hampshire Down ewes; these lamb during February and March. The lambs are not fattened, but are kept till the end of the following winter, the wether-tegs being sold as stores from February onwards. One-third of the ewes are drafted off every year, after three crops of lambs have been taken from them. These draft-ewes are sold at the great August sheep fairs at Ilsley; they are bought by farmers, who take another crop of lambs from them, and then fatten them off. The best of the ewe-tegs are kept to replace the ewe flocks, and the draft ewe-tegs are sold at Ilsley in September, and give about the same return as the cast ewes. No sheep are fattened on the farms. On the downs, one lamb to

one ewe is a fair average, a considerably smaller proportion than can be obtained on lower lying and more sheltered farms. On the average, one shepherd looks after from 300 to 350 ewes; the sheep lead "a folded life," and live almost entirely on roots and green crops grown on the arable land, with some hay in addition at certain times; they receive very little artificial food. Hampshire Down sheep are found to be far the best for the hill farms.

The cultivation of the land and the class of crops grown varies in the upper and lower districts. Large areas of beans, wheat, barley, and oats are grown: the two former being the principal productions of the deep rich land overlying the Greensand. In suitable seasons magnificent crops are obtained, and over 800 stacks have often been counted in the rick-yards after harvest. On the lighter land with a chalk subsoil, wheat, barley, and oats are more extensively grown; the crops are not so heavy as on the deeper and richer soil, but the barley is of superior quality, and in favourable seasons is more suitable for malting. The oats are mostly used for home consumption. Roots are largely grown for the cattle and sheep, and specimen mangolds have constantly been shown with great success at Birmingham and at London dairy and other shows.

Lord Wantage expended a large amount of capital on the improvement of his estate. The best and newest agricultural machines, such as steam-ploughs, mowing and reaping machines, etc., were introduced; higher cultivation extirpated the weeds and thistles of the past, and produced larger and better crops; a pure-bred race of Shire horses was established, and their progeny

worked on the land; herds of white-faced Herefords grazed on the broad pastures of the vale; the labourers themselves were well housed and well cared for, and the knowledge that they were sure of work throughout the year, and would not be dismissed in the slack winter season, gave them a sense of security.

Experiments in root-growing were also frequently made on the land by Messrs. Sutton & Sons, and on the downs experiments in various kinds of artificial manures were carried out on a large scale, chiefly under the superintendence of the Professor of Agriculture at Reading University College.

The timber-yard and carpenters' shops play an important part in the estate, for through them all things connected with building operations are, with few exceptions, carried out; and the newest inventions and best appliances in machinery have been put up. In the course of years some nine or ten villages have been either entirely or partially rebuilt, new schools and parish rooms erected, rectory houses improved, churches restored and enlarged. An architect has rarely been employed; plans of buildings have always been made and executed under Lord and Lady Wantage's own superintendence. The picturesque character of the old style of cottage building, with its "wattle and dab" walls, rough timber beams, and thatched roofs, has been as far as possible retained, with the view of preserving the irregular character and charm of the old Berkshire villages. These undertakings, together with the constant repairs inevitable on a large estate, necessitate the employment of over a hundred men, mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, etc.

Irrigation and waterworks of considerable magnitude have likewise been undertaken. In former days, dew-ponds supplied water sufficient for the sheep that graze on the dry soil of the open upland downs. In the words of Rudyard Kipling,

> We have no waters to delight
> Our broad and brookless vales;
> Only the dew-pond on the height,
> Unfed, that never fails,
> Whereby no tattered herbage tells
> Which way the season flies;
> Only the close-bit thyme that smells
> Like dawn in Paradise.*

Tradition as to the method of making these dew-ponds has been handed down for generations, probably from pre-Roman days. Once made with layers of straw underlying the puddled chalk bottom and filled with water, they are self-supporting, being maintained by rain and dew. But this primitive form of water supply proved insufficient for the needs of the large herds of cattle that Lord Wantage introduced into the enclosed tracts of down. He therefore put up on the lower slope of the hill a wind waterwheel which supplies a large reservoir, constructed on a high point of the Ridgeway, whence radiate pipes that convey a bountiful water supply to tanks and fountains in fields and pastures far away.

Tree-planting has also been carried out extensively throughout the estate; bleak roads are now bordered with elms and beech, that bring promise of future shade; the bare slopes of the downs have been gradually clothed with copses that provide shelter for sheep and cattle, while the

russet foliage of young beech, the dark-green needles of pines, and the silvery stems of birch trees, give warmth and colour even in winter. Not a year has passed without considerable additions being made to these plantations which are rapidly changing the face of the country.

Lord Wantage also recognised the importance of good roads for developing the resources of the estate and facilitating farming operations. The primitive, deeply rutted, muddy chalk tracks, impassable in wet or winter weather, have gradually been replaced by skilfully engineered roads, which serve the double purpose of improving communication and of providing winter work for men who would otherwise be unemployed. Every year he endeavoured to have some special work on hand, such as road-making, tree-planting, pond-digging, ditch-cleaning, etc., which gave employment to many men, who, under the conditions of rural life, find it almost impossible to make a living by ordinary farm-work in winter.

As a practical farmer Lord Wantage achieved much fame, carrying off again and again the highest prizes at the great agricultural shows, and doing much to stimulate zeal in others by himself offering prizes for local competition. For several years he devoted great attention to the breeding of Shorthorns, and his animals were always to the fore as prize-winners. Gradually, however, he gave up breeding for shows, and confined himself to breeding and buying high-class cattle for his own farm. Later on his cattle-sheds were converted into stabling for a stud of Shire horses, which soon became one of the best in the country. He was among the first to perceive the value of the Shire horse, both

as a working animal and as an article of commercial value.

Among his early ventures in this line was the purchase in 1885 of the two-year-old stallion Prince William for the large sum of 1500*l.* Never, however, did Lord Wantage make a better investment—within a very short time the horse more than repaid the purchase money; his numerous progeny were invariably sound and good, and commanded high prices, for they inherited the qualities of their illustrious sire, himself a magnificent horse, standing 17·1 hands high, dark mottled brown with white feet, and a mane the hairs of which measured seven feet; the pride of the village and of his faithful attendant George Robey. Prince William carried off first prizes at almost every show he attended, and they were many; his public career culminated in 1891, when Queen Victoria herself placed into Lord Wantage's hands the Champion Gold Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society designed by Countess Feodora Gleichen. He lived to the ripe age of twenty-two and died in 1905.

The triennial sales held at Ardington attracted the leading buyers and breeders of the day. In 1894 there was a unique sale, consisting of fifty-two animals, stallions, mares, and geldings, all by Prince William and all bred on the farm. The highest price obtained was 1105*l.* for a mare. Another sale, three years later, was of special value to the practical side of farming, as it included fifty-three working geldings which realised an average price of 90*l.* each. Half of these were bred on the farm and half purchased elsewhere; and they had all been worked on the land for a period varying from one to three years. The Lockinge stud has always

been peculiarly a breeding stud; the breeding and developing of young stock has been attended with such marked success, that few, if any, studs in England have produced so great a number of good animals, not only for show purposes but for work on the farm; Shire horses bearing the prefix of "Lockinge" to their names can be found to-day in all the best studs of the country. The extensive pastures round Lockinge provide exceptionally suitable ground for the growing up of young horses, while the great amount of team labour required for tillage provides a good school for teaching the working animals their duties, and for developing their growth and muscle, thus fitting them for use by the great employers of this class of horses in our large towns as well as in the country.

Lord Wantage's love of horses led him to form also a small breeding establishment at Lockinge for the supply of his own stable with hunters, hacks, and carriage horses. A Norfolk hackney was the usual stallion, and for many years every horse in his stables was home-bred, with the result that each one was a familiar friend and favourite.

All acts of tillage, and the succession and condition of crops were equally matters of constant interest to him. To make the record of cultivation surer, and to stimulate the intelligence of the labourers, Lord Wantage instituted a system of placing at corners where four fields meet, a post surmounted with a wooden box with a slit. Into this the foreman in charge placed a written statement on a printed form, of the cropping and cultivation of the fields, together with any special remarks or information of interest. When collected these papers

formed a complete history of the year's cultivation. Meanwhile, in his daily walks Lord Wantage would frequently stop and unlock a box and read the contents. These boxes bore some resemblance to postal pillar boxes, and tales were told of undelivered letters having been discovered in them. Walking one day over these fields with his friend General Sir Henry Brackenbury, he explained the purpose of these receptacles, adding with a smile, "I can thus see exactly how much I lose on every acre I possess." The farm was always open to inspection to anyone interested in agriculture, and he took pleasure in conducting over it large parties of students from Reading College and similar institutions, and from Germany and other foreign countries, showing them everything worthy of note on the estate.

The preceding pages show how large a portion of Lord Wantage's time and thoughts was engrossed by agricultural matters. When he first came to Berkshire he was ably advised and assisted by Mr. George Morland of Abingdon, his solicitor and land agent, through whom all Lord Overstone's land purchases in Berkshire were originally made, and on whose sound judgment and wide knowledge both he and Lord Wantage placed great reliance. On his death he was succeeded for a few years by his son; subsequently, when the large amount of land in hand rendered it necessary that the agent should reside on the spot, Lord Wantage, in 1887, gave the appointment, with the happiest results, to his trusted friend and Volunteer colleague, Colonel Colebrooke Carter, whose military training had given him a general experience and a power of managing men of even greater value than

technical knowledge of farming. This latter was supplied in full measure by Mr. Eady, sub-agent and head bailiff, who during a long period has been entrusted with the practical management and superintendence of all the land in Lord Wantage's own hands; while under him was for many years a working bailiff, John Robey, a well-known character whose natural ability had raised him from the ranks of the ordinary farm labourer.

The other estates that Lord and Lady Wantage inherited from Lord Overstone, in Northamptonshire, Buckinghamshire, and Huntingdonshire, were almost entirely let in large holdings to tenant farmers. This afforded less scope for personal supervision and experimental farming than did the Berkshire property; but Lord Wantage took an active interest in all his estates, and the traditions inaugurated in the days of Mr. Lewis Loyd and his well-known agent Mr. J. Beasly were continued by Lord Overstone and his son-in-law, while of late years everything connected with these estates has been kept up to the highest standard of excellence under the able management of the present agent, Mr. J. A. Dickson.

Lord Wantage was always anxious to promote, by every means in his power, the welfare of the agricultural labourers, seeking not only to make their outward condition more comfortable by providing good cottages, gardens, allotments, and such-like, but endeavouring also to render their lives less monotonous, and to arouse their interest in matters connected with the land and with farming. He wanted them to realise that they are not mere hired servants, but co-operators with

their landlord in a joint work in which they have a personal stake, and to understand the meaning of the various schemes carried out. He sought to increase their pay, not by raising the standard of wages in the district, but by largely extending the system of piece-work, which acts as an incentive to work, and largely increases a good labourer's earnings.

He was strongly in favour of co-operation and profit-sharing in farming as well as in other industries, believing that, whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages of a landlord cultivating his own land, the closer relations which it establishes between the landlord and his labourers is an unmixed good. In order to make them realise more fully their joint interest in the farm, he established a rough-and-ready system of profit-sharing, which took the form of an annual "bonus," given proportionately to managers, foremen, and labourers who have worked over two years on the farm, thus directly associating the labourers with the success of the cultivation, and making them feel that the amount of the bonus depends on, and varies with, the profits made during the year. In prosperous seasons the labourers receive about 60*s.* each; in bad years it has gone down as low as 10*s.*; and in exceptionally disastrous seasons, when the farm has made no profits at all, there has been no bonus.

The system is, to pay first the rent, the interest on capital at 5 per cent., the labour bill, the purchase of stock, working expenses, etc., and then to allot a proportion of the surplus profit for the purpose of the bonus. This is distributed on the system of shares in the profits; roughly speaking the head bailiff gets his portion at

the rate of ten shares, the foreman at the rate of five, the ordinary labourer one, and the boys half a share. Seeing that the employés on the farm do not bear any portion of the burden of losses in bad years, the profits are calculated on a varying basis, taking for this purpose a period of six years. This system has been in existence for nearly twenty years, and has worked very satisfactorily and advantageously.

It is necessarily confined to farm labourers, and cannot therefore include estate-yard men, carpenters, bricklayers, etc. But their wages being on a higher scale, and their work conducted on different principles, they come under a different category. The bonus system has been found to have a distinctly good effect upon the labourer. It associates him in a practical manner with the vicissitudes of the working of the farm, and it stimulates him to do his best to aid in bringing out a profit. Lord Wantage considered himself amply repaid by the increased zeal and interest which the labourers exhibit in their work, and he believed that some system of the kind whereby the labourer is made to feel that he is not merely a human machine, paid so much for so many hours' work, whether it is done intelligently or apathetically, but an intelligent participator in the concern, might be largely extended with advantage alike to employer and employés. He was in the habit of discussing with the labourers the probability of a profit or a deficit on the farm, and the consequent prospect of a bonus. On one or two occasions when the farm had sustained heavy losses he called the men together and explained to them how matters stood, so that they should fully comprehend the working of the

system and understand that it is of the nature of a voluntary arrangement, not a legal contract.

An Estate Savings Bank was also started for the benefit of the employés on the estate, bearing interest at 5 per cent., in which their savings, and if they wish their bonus, can be deposited. But a reluctance to let the amount of their savings and deposits be known has militated against this being as widely utilised as might have been expected.

At the annual farm labourers' audit dinner Lord Wantage always presided, making it an opportunity for giving his views on matters not only of farming and of village policy, but on subjects of more extended political and public interest. As he himself once put it—

public and social questions generally should be discussed with the labourers, and endeavours made to enlighten and interest them in the leading topics of the day, as well as in matters which more immediately concern them. Country labourers are often in the dark concerning such matters, and do not realise the aims and objects of what is done for them. The confidence of the working man can only be gradually gained by his employer, whose object should be to break down the barrier of reserve and to make him feel that landlords and labourers have the same interests and are working together for the same ends.

For instance, on the outbreak of the South African war he gave them a brief sketch of the causes that had led to it, with the result of a better understanding on their part of England's position, and the quieting of any feeling of discontent against the Government. In the following year he gave a summary of the campaign, the

vicissitudes of which had come home to many a family in Ardington and Lockinge, and had brought sorrow to more than one hearth.* Generally, however, his talks to the men partook more of the nature of surveys of the farming operations of the past year, always emphasising the fact that if there was any profit to be divided, it was in great measure the result of the good work and co-operation of the labourers themselves. If the harvest had been gathered in with rapidity, notice would be taken of the zeal displayed ; if it were the year of a Shire-horse sale, there would be a special word of praise for the men who had charge of the stud.

There were times when he would take his audience into fuller confidence, laying aside reserve and speaking freely, not only of his plans but of his thoughts, adding sometimes words of warning upon such matters as betting, which is the curse of many a rural village ; or he would warn them against the specious promises held out by agitators and by associations such as that of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, which sent its "Red Van" round the villages urging labourers to "capture" the parish councils and to contribute weekly payments to the Union, holding out in return illusive visions of increased wages. The consequence of these observations was that in the Lockinge district this movement was dead in a week or two.

He used every endeavour to induce men to join

* Lord Wantage always took a lively interest in young men of the district who joined the Army, encouraging them, and giving them welcome when returning home on furlough or from active service—thus breaking down the barrier of prejudice that formerly existed against enlistment. This produced a gradual change in public opinion, and the Lockinge estate was largely represented at the front during the South African war.

some form of provident Society, the result being that almost all the employés and labourers on his estate were members of some such society, in most cases the Berkshire Friendly, which was founded in 1871 by Lord Wantage, Mr. Benyon and other leading county men, in order to give people the advantage of a Society based on the soundest and safest principles. A co-operative Store, with butcher's shop and bakery attached—the work of the latter being done by machinery of the newest type—was started by Lord Wantage at Ardington in 1888, for the purpose of bringing within reach of the labourers better articles than they could obtain by dealing with the small local tradesmen. However much he might regret the little village shops being knocked out of time, he considered that the advantages to the labourers, including ready-money payments instead of prolonged credit, more than counterbalanced their gradual extinction. The aims and principles that actuated him in starting these stores may be given in his own words, taken from an article entitled, "A Few Theories carried into Practice," which, at the request of the Rev. J. Carter, of Pusey House, Oxford, he contributed in 1893 to the "Economic Review."

"The want of intelligence and foresight with which the marketing of the poorer classes is carried on in our villages is a matter that requires investigating and remedying, and in no direction can a man blessed with time and means better turn his attention. Those who buy what the farmer has to sell are unfortunately generally not those who live on the land and cultivate the farms; the downs are covered with sheep and the pasture with cattle; there is abundance of milk, which goes every day to London, but frequently not a pint of it can be

purchased in the localities whence it comes. Until the meat stores were started in this district not a morsel of mutton or even a pound of suet could find its way into the labourers' kitchens without their going to the neighbouring town, and the bacon bought there generally came from America.

In all these matters the labourer has been ill-used, but more from apathy and lack of thoughtful consideration than from any other cause. What appears to be wanting is a large increase of co-operative institutions, factories as well as stores, where capable men should have charge of works for grinding and dressing wheat, making butter, purveying meat, milk, eggs, etc. These storekeepers might be buyers as well as sellers, and in all cases should have fixed salaries with a share of the profits of the business done.

The local tradesmen might, in many cases, become managers of the co-operative stores. The advantages derived from this principle of co-operation are now fully appreciated by the village communities, who perceive that the condition of ready-money payment secures for them a half-yearly bonus, which they, in most instances, spend in purchases at the stores of useful articles, which otherwise they could not afford.

The stores at Ardington have been established upon the Rochdale System, and the whole of the profits are divided among the purchasers, the shareholders taking only a fixed rate of interest at 4 per cent.

These Stores have gradually enlarged their business to an extent far beyond what Lord Wantage had foreseen, the excellence of the articles supplied and the advantages of the mode of payment inducing custom from Wantage and from many neighbouring villages. A branch store has been started at West Ilsley for the convenience of the hill villages.

Another scheme which Lord Wantage had much at heart for the improvement of village life was a public house on lines resembling those subsequently adopted by Earl Grey and the Public House Trust Association. He took over the public house at Ardington into his own hands; a manager (an old soldier) was installed at a fixed salary, having no interest in the sale of liquor, while he makes a special profit out of whatever sales of coffee, tea, etc., he may be able to effect.* The profits on the liquor business, after the payment of rent, taxes, and expenses, are devoted to various purposes of general utility; among other things the villages of Lockinge and Ardington have been provided with street lamps, and the cost of lighting and men's wages for so doing are defrayed from the same source. The salary of the secretary of the local branch of the Berks Friendly Society is also paid out of the public-house profits.

The building known as the "Loyd-Lindsay Room" has also been erected for the purpose of a men's club, and for entertainments and meetings of all kinds. The public house itself has been improved, and a room arranged and provided with newspapers for the use of workmen during their dinner hour, where their food can be warmed up and enjoyed in comfort. Another public house at West Ilsley is managed on the same principles.

In 1893 Lord Wantage received a request from the Minister for Agriculture, the Right Hon. Herbert Gardner (now Lord Burghclere), to act as Chairman of the proposed Royal Commission on Agricultural De-

* This scheme was put into operation at Ardington some time before the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jayne) had advocated a similar plan.

pression. Pressure of other work and the knowledge that it would be a long and arduous undertaking led him to refuse, and the Right Hon. George Shaw Lefevre * was appointed Chairman in his stead. Lord Wantage gave important evidence before it, part of which has been already quoted in these pages; and two years afterwards, in 1895, he addressed to Mr. Shaw Lefevre a letter, printed in the Appendix,† which forms a kind of sequel to his evidence, and shows the principles on which he conducted his farm and estate management, as well as the theories which he sought to carry into practice.

He was fully alive to the importance of Small Holdings, and always ready to give facilities to labourers and others for the acquirement of land. In the old days land was owned to a considerable extent by a class of proprietors now nearly extinct. When Lord Wantage first came into Berkshire there was a fine class of yeomen, "the old-fashioned, highly respected holder, who cultivated his own land, whose daughters were ladies in the truest sense of the word, and whose sons were sporting fellows, fond of shooting and hunting, apt to live like squires, and rather beyond their means." He regretted the disappearance of this body of men, whose interests were centred in the land, and who were often of high repute, taking the lead in local and county matters. He attributed their extinction in great measure to the result of free trade in corn; the foreign competition, which has brought so vast a quantity of cheap food into the country, though

* Now Lord Eversley. † Appendix II. p. 444.

a blessing in itself, has knocked the yeoman farmer on the head.*

Lord Wantage did not look for any future revival of this class, and he held that, "if the small landowner ever again appears, he will be a different person, having other means of maintenance besides what he derives from his ownership of land; he will be either a small tradesman or an artisan, or one of that numerous class of persons who consider that they derive from the possession of land advantages which aid and assist them, but which cannot form their chief source of maintenance." Whenever labourers or others showed any disposition to acquire land or to rent allotments, he readily complied with their wishes. The result was, that in 1889 there were, on his estates, 1360 allotments (exclusive of cottage gardens), averaging in extent a quarter of an acre, though some went up to, or even beyond, a whole acre. There were also a certain number of men, about thirty, who rented holdings of from 5 to 10 acres.

In 1885 a movement was started with the view of promoting and facilitating the system of Small Holdings, and in this Lord Wantage took a leading part. A large public meeting of landowners and others interested in the subject was held at Willis's Rooms under the presidency of the late Earl of Carnarvon. As the outcome of this meeting a Company was formed under

* Monsieur Thiers said, speaking of small holders in France, "that every acre of land in the hands of these men furnished a musket for the protection of property. There is no more staunch, loyal, and conservative body of men than the peasant farmers of France, and they have often been instrumental in saving their country. Their fellow yeomen of England were an equally valuable body of men."

the name of the Small Farm and Labourers' Land Company, Limited, with an influential Board of Directors, having for their object the buying of land and disposing of it in quantities and on terms suited to the wants of different classes of buyers. The main purpose of the Company was the multiplication of small landowners and those interested in and living on the land, by means of the purchase of estates and the resale of them in small portions, as the most practical means of bringing land within the reach of the poorer class of purchaser.

The Company was registered at Somerset House on May 23, 1885. Lord Thurlow, the first Chairman, was soon succeeded by Lord Wantage, the other directors being the Hon. Robert Bruce, M.P., Sir William Brampton Gurdon, Mr. Albert Pell, M.P., Mr. Clare Sewell Read, Mr. Joseph Belton, M.P., and Mr. Elias Squarey, who a few years afterwards was replaced by Mr. J. A. Dickson, land agent for Lord Wantage's Northamptonshire estates. The details of this interesting experiment are given in an Appendix * and form a suggestive commentary on much of the talk that is now so freely indulged in concerning the desire for the possession of land in small portions.

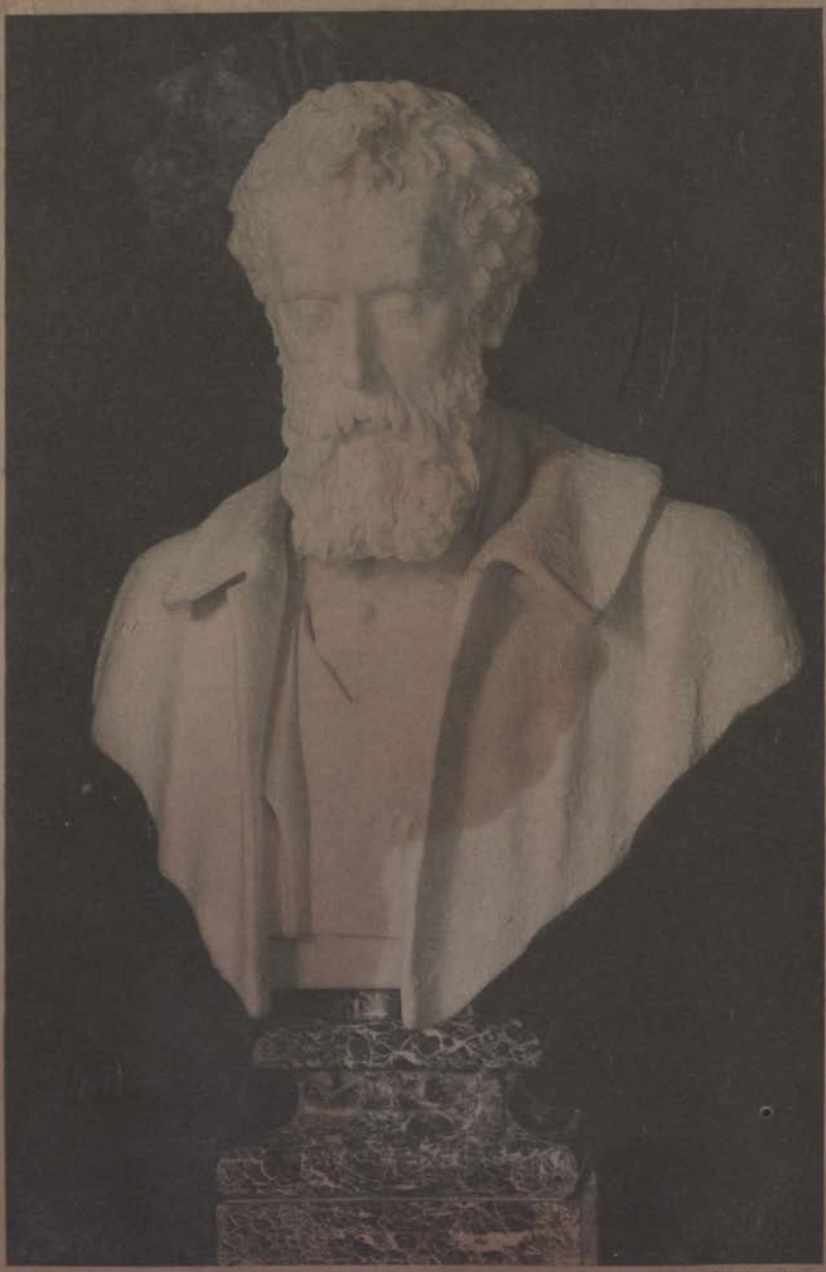
Yet on both social and political grounds Lord Wantage considered that the existing state of things demanded the attention of statesmen, and that means should be considered and efforts made to multiply the owners of land. He maintained that much might and ought to be done to promote a desire for, and possibility of, acquiring small holdings, and that the first thing legislation should

* Appendix III. p. 451.

aim at accomplishing is to facilitate the granting of titles and to simplify the tedious legal processes and heavy legal expenses now connected with the transfer, which are so slow and costly as to preclude men of the labouring classes, or of small means, from attempting to purchase land.

He attached so much importance to the political and other advantages that would, he believed, ensue from an increase, by means of small holdings, of the body of men interested in maintaining the rights of property, that he would have rejoiced to see experiments made, such as State assistance in the shape of loans, with the view of creating a class of peasant proprietors, and thus gradually causing a return tide from big towns to rural districts. These and other questions had become matters of public interest, and Government, recognising their importance, appointed in 1889 a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry on Small Holdings, of which Mr. Chamberlain was chairman, and before which Lord Wantage gave evidence, going into much detail respecting the working of the Small Farm Company.

The Company itself having in great measure accomplished the pioneer work for which it was started, and having proved practically both the difficulties and the advantages that attend the system of small holdings, felt that its task was completed ; and in 1905, some four years after the death of Lord Wantage, it was finally wound up.



Lord Wantage V. C. K. C. B.

From a bust by Lady Jane Lindsay

1901

CHAPTER XVII

FAILING HEALTH—RED CROSS WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA—DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA—THE LAST DAYS—DEATH—SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND AN APPRECIATION

1897-1901

In the autumn of the Diamond Jubilee year, 1897, Lord Wantage's health began to show signs of failing, and from that time onwards the shadows of eventide gradually gathered round him. The progress of his illness, which followed on a chill, contracted while shooting during a stormy day on Lockinge Downs, though sure and certain, was, however, slow, and there were intervals of comparative recovery, which gave hope that his naturally sound constitution might gain the victory. For nearly four years he fought a gallant battle for the mastery of will over bodily weakness; the struggle seemed as it were to stimulate his energy; he made no change in his mode of life nor gave up any work, and those only who lived in closest contact with him knew at what cost it was accomplished. To Lord Wantage and his wife, work, whether of a private or a public nature, had always meant joint work, for she was the sharer and the helper in every undertaking; but as years went on and his strength failed, their lives became, if possible, even more closely interwoven.

The winter of 1897 was spent in the usual routine of life at Lockinge, visits from friends, local entertainments,

estate and farm management, county business; while in London, among the many matters that occupied his thoughts and time were the London Electric Supply Corporation, the Presidency of Charing Cross Hospital, and the giving of Red Cross succour to the victims of the Turco-Greek war, and the starving refugees in Thessaly. This latter led to his presiding at a public dinner given on the anniversary of Greek Independence as an expression of sympathy with that nation. Nor were army matters allowed to remain in abeyance; a letter from him appeared in the *Times*, called forth by the controversy that arose upon Lord Lansdowne's Army scheme, as laid before the House of Commons by the Hon. St. John Brodrick. On the question of Army organisation and short service, Lord Wantage said that, "having himself been a supporter from the first of the short-service system, and having been confirmed in his views by the evidence brought before him on the Committee of Inquiry over which he had presided in 1891, he felt he had some claim to express an opinion previous to the proposed introduction of new measures of Army reform." He proceeded to state that he considered the existence of a strong Reserve essential, as being the only system "that admits of rapid expansion in time of war, and of sustained reinforcement of our Army in the field—results that can only be obtained under a short-service system of linked battalions and an establishment at home five times as large as the drafts annually required for India and abroad. He considered that the Government scheme then under consideration embodied many of the recommendations of the "Wantage" Com-

mittee, and would, if fully carried out, effect an important and beneficial reform. During the ensuing months he continued to enforce his views both in letters to the Press and in public speeches. His life-long devotion and services rendered to the cause of Army reform were fully recognised by the leading military authorities of the day, among them Lord Wolseley, whose words of appreciation, though written after Lord Wantage's death, may not inappropriately be quoted here:

Lord Wantage knew our Army well, having served with distinction in it both in peace and in war, and having been a most efficient Adjutant of his battalion. He knew the British soldier thoroughly, understood his likes and dislikes, and always sympathised with his prejudices. All through his most active and useful life he was the friend of the non-commissioned officer and the private; he wished to see them better paid and clothed, more comfortably housed and more liberally fed. In him, all ranks had a staunch friend, always ready to help those in trouble. Brought up in the old school of Army thought, he had soon the good sense to realise that our Army organisation was out of date and required drastic reforms. Very many of our best-intentioned officers set their faces against all the changes that were proposed and urged upon the authorities by the "Army reformers." But Lord Wantage judged each and all of these proposals with an open mind, having a sound knowledge of the changes that had been then lately introduced into all the best continental armies. Army reform with us was then sadly in want of friends willing to come forward and help; few had the moral courage to face the taunts of "society," and of being pointed at as "Radicals" bent upon destroying the Army, etc. etc. But he was not prevented by party politics from helping forward Army

reform at a time when it was very unpopular in certain quarters, and I know from personal experience how much the country owed to Lord Wantage then for the support he—a great Conservative—afforded those who then strove to modernise and make efficient our out-of-date Army system. I have no hesitation in saying that we could not have carried on the present war * with an Army constituted as ours was in 1870. It must, therefore, be a pleasant reflection to all who, like myself, care for Lord Wantage's memory, to feel that he lent his valuable support to the movement made by Lord Cardwell to reform our Army and bring it up to its present state of efficiency. What he did to help forward the Volunteer force, and to make it fit for field service, is too well known to require any comment from me.†

In April 1898 his health was sufficiently re-established to enable him to leave England with his wife on an Easter visit to their relatives, Mr. and Lady Susan Townley, who were then attached to the British Legation at Lisbon. There they met their old friend Lord Herschell with his son, and Sir Arthur Birch with his daughter, and together the little party made many a pleasant expedition in the beautiful environs of Lisbon. Lord and Lady Wantage afterwards travelled leisurely northwards through Portugal, lingering *en route* among old-world cities, stately Gothic churches and pilgrimage shrines. The historic university town of Coimbra especially attracted their admiration. At Oporto they were hospitably entertained by the well-known wine merchant and landowner Mr. Warre and his family, with whom they visited the picturesque hill country and forest glades of North-Eastern Portugal, returning to Spain through

* The South African War.

† Letter of Viscount Wolseley to Lady Wantage, November 1901.

the romantic gorges of the Douro and parting from their hosts at Salamanca. This expedition in a land endeared to Englishmen by the memory of the gallant deeds of their countrymen who, within the century, had fought and fallen on Portuguese soil, was one of the happiest episodes of Lord Wantage's latter days.

In the early summer of the same year he and his wife received the Prince and Princess of Wales on their second visit to Lockinge, the occasion being the opening by the Prince of the new buildings of Reading College already alluded to. Two events of domestic interest marked the summer and autumn of this year. The coming of age of Lord Boringdon, the Earl of Morley's eldest son, took the Wantages down to Saltram, the family place in Devonshire. Later on they went north to Balcarres to visit their nephew at the ancestral home, where a large party of relations and clansmen were gathered together for the purpose of presenting to the Earl of Crawford a portrait by Orchardson, in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the earldom in direct male descent. In the course of his address as spokesman Lord Wantage said :

The Earldom of Crawford was conferred five hundred years ago, in 1398, on David Lindsay Lord Crawford, who, as representative of the chivalry of Scotland, fought with Lord Welles a brilliant passage of arms on London Bridge before King Richard II. and his Queen, Anne of Bohemia. In recent days none have shed more lustre on the name of Lindsay than your father, whose powerful intellect was devoted to the service of art, literature, philosophy and religion, and to whose graceful pen we owe the record of the gallant deeds and varied achievements of bygone Lindsays.

A few weeks later Lord Wantage was installed, on the nomination of the Prince of Wales, as Masonic Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire in succession to the late Duke of Clarence. He had been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, together with other young Guardsmen, at Malta, when quartered there just previous to the Crimean war. Since then he had not proved himself a very ardent member of the craft, but on being selected by the Prince for high honour he took up the matter with his usual thoroughness, and the following year he received at Lockinge nearly three hundred Masons, who, after "holding a Lodge" in the house, were entertained at luncheon in a tent on the lawn.

Another incident of these days was the presentation by the Queen of new Colours to the Scots Guards. The ceremony took place in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle; Lord Wantage was specially invited by her Majesty to attend the function, which had a peculiar significance to one who, half a century before, had carried the Queen's colours of the Regiment at Alma.

Meanwhile he followed with close attention the campaign being carried on in the Soudan, in which many of his personal friends held prominent commands. On September 2, 1898 (the anniversary of Sédan), came the news of Kitchener's great victory over the Dervishes at Omdurman. Second in command under Lord Kitchener during this campaign was General Sir Archibald Hunter, of whose hospitality at Wady Halfa during their Egyptian tour three years previously the Wantages retained vivid recollections. Almost immediately after his return from the Omdurman cam-

paign he spent a Sunday at Lockinge, Sir Frederick Stephenson coming to welcome him, others of the party being the Russian Ambassador and Madame de Staal, Lord and Lady Granby,* and the Hon. George Peel. Sir Archibald Hunter's graphic description of the critical position of the Army and the terrible tension of anxiety throughout the long night before Omdurman, and of the battle itself, riveted the attention of his hearers.

In the following year Lord Lansdowne requested Lord Wantage to undertake the office of Chairman of the Board of Visitors of the Royal Military Colleges of Woolwich and Sandhurst. The keen interest he had always taken in the subject of military education induced him to accept the post, though his strength was then hardly equal to the full discharge of the duties involved, and after a year, during which he had visited both colleges, examining thoroughly into their condition and their methods of instruction, and reporting his observations and recommendations to the War Office, he found himself compelled to resign.

In the autumn of 1899 the thunder-clouds of war that had been gathering in South Africa burst into storm. By October Sir George White, Sir Archibald Hunter, and Sir Forestier Walker, all three personal friends of Lord Wantage, were already on their way out, and Sir Redvers Buller was soon to follow. The Red Cross Society was not behindhand in its preparations. These were greatly facilitated by a fresh organisation of the Society which had been carried out

* Now Duke and Duchess of Rutland.

during the previous year. Lord Wantage had always laboured to obtain for it the full official recognition and sanction of Government; it was therefore a matter of much satisfaction to him when he (as Chairman of the Red Cross Society) was invited by the Secretary of State for War (Lord Lansdowne) to take part in a conference at the War Office to consider a proposal for the creation of a Central British Red Cross Committee. The general position of Red Cross work at that time, and the details of this new departure, are best given in Lord Wantage's own words in a letter addressed by him to the *Times* on September 30, 1898:

The many years during which the English Red Cross Society has taken an active part in time of war have accustomed the public to regard as an accepted fact that they are entitled to bear their share in the work of alleviating suffering among sick and wounded soldiers and other victims of war. Since 1870, when the English Red Cross Society received from the British public a quarter of a million of money for the purpose of relieving the suffering caused by the Franco-German war, there have been few campaigns in which the Society has not taken some part. The recent campaign on the Nile is a complete instance of how the Red Cross and the Army Medical Department can work together in harmony.

The success of this and of previous work has induced Lord Lansdowne to further extend the scope and influence of the Society, and to put forth a well-considered scheme for bringing into harmony the various existing Aid Societies under the auspices of the War Office. With this end in view the Secretary of State for War invited the three chief Societies—namely, the English Red Cross Society, the St. John's Ambulance Association, and the Army Nursing Service Reserve—

to send representatives to the War Office, and to be associated with Army officers of various branches of the service. The result of this conference has been the formation of the Central British Red Cross Committee, which has its headquarters at the War Office, Victoria Street, and of which H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is honorary president, myself Chairman, Surgeon-General Muir, Colonel Hon. F. Stopford, Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins members of the Committee, and Major Macpherson Secretary. The Red Cross Society is represented on this Central Committee by myself and two other members of Council—Lord Rothschild and Sir William MacCormac (president of the Royal College of Surgeons). The St. John's Ambulance is represented by Viscount Knutsford and Sir John Furley, and the Army Nursing Service Reserve by H.R.H. Princess Christian and Miss Wedgwood.

The object of this Central Committee is to bring into touch and to focus the already existing Societies, and to afford, as I have already stated, a legitimate and recognised channel through which the benevolence of the public may flow, with full assurance that it will be efficiently administered by able and experienced executive officers. This scheme, suggested and sanctioned by the Secretary of State for War, has already been explained by a *communiqué* made some weeks ago to the Press. The Central Committee is now in full working order, and holding meetings in order to consider its plan of action in the event of war breaking out in South Africa. Lord Rothschild has already raised, among his City friends, the sum of 10,000*l.*, which will form the nucleus of a fund, for which, in the event of war, an appeal will be issued to which the public will, I doubt not, liberally respond.

In your columns you have already mentioned that two large ships are being taken up by the War Office for hospital purposes. Our Central Red Cross

Committee is working in a similar direction, though, of course, on a less extensive scale, and we are about to charter a vessel, which will be fitted up in the best manner possible with every requirement and comfort and with a complete staff of medical officers, and of nurses supplied by the Army Nursing Service Reserve branch of our Committee, and which will be used for the conveyance of invalid soldiers from the seat of war. We also propose to equip a railway train with the most approved ambulance fittings, furnished through the "St. John Ambulance" branch of our committee.

My object in writing this letter is to put the public in possession of the present position and working of Red Cross work in England, and to make known the machinery through which effect can be given to the desire that will doubtless arise to give aid in the probable approaching campaign in South Africa.

It was decided by this Central Committee to send out as Chief Commissioner Colonel J. S. Young (who had already acted on behalf of the Society in various campaigns). Owing, however, to his position as Secretary to the Royal Patriotic Fund there were difficulties in his immediate departure, and equal difficulties in finding anyone else competent to fulfil the post. Rather than allow the work to suffer Lord Wantage was prepared to risk health and life and go out himself; those nearest to him, however, viewed the project with dismay, feeling there would be no return home for one in a condition so little fitted to stand either the fatigue of the journey or the hardships and stress of work in Africa. But to such considerations his undaunted spirit would not yield, and preparations were begun for his and his wife's early departure. At the last moment, however, Colonel Young found himself free to accept the post; more prudent

counsels prevailed, and Lord Wantage was persuaded to renounce the project.

The work of the British Red Cross was carried out in South Africa on a wide scale, and as the area of the seat of war expanded and the campaign, or rather, the multiplicity of campaigns, increased, the demands for aid increased likewise. Depots were established at Cape Town, at Durban, and at many other places; at the former the "Good Hope" Society, under the presidency of Sir Alfred Milner, co-operated heartily; a branch contingent from Canada under Colonel Ryerson, also did much good service. The hospital ship was under the special patronage of the Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra), who personally supervised the arrangements that made it a model of comfort and convenience. Large numbers of wounded and invalided men were conveyed by her in repeated voyages from the Cape to Southampton. On the return from her first voyage Lord and Lady Wantage went to Southampton to give welcome to the invalided soldiers, whose appearance told terrible tales of pain and suffering; but their cheerful endurance was most striking; and their appreciation of the care they had received, and of the comfort of the ship, gratifying to those responsible for it. The hospital train, especially identified with the name of Princess Christian, was also a pattern of all that is best and newest in equipment, and its value in saving suffering by conveying injured men in comfort from the battle-fields and temporary hospitals of Natal and other districts can hardly be over-estimated.

An important and novel development of Red Cross

work was the dispatch to the seat of war of so-called "Voluntary" hospitals, such as the "Portland," the "Imperial Yeomanry," and many others, which although defrayed and equipped by private enterprise, were affiliated to the Society, adopting and working under its rules, thereby leading to a great, and in the main highly successful, expansion of Red Cross work. These Voluntary Hospitals were furnished on a generous and liberal scale; they were provided with luxuries and appliances beyond the scope of Military Hospitals, and the services rendered by them were invaluable. To break through the trammels of "red tapism," to avoid the overlapping of rival Societies, to secure flexibility and elasticity together with community of action, while retaining the advantages of systematic organisation and official recognition, these were the ideals which the Society, under Lord Wantage's guidance, ever kept in view. Ideals are seldom fully realised in practice, but the experiences of Red Cross work during the South African war, with its many successes and its occasional failures, point out the pathway of future developments.

On Colonel Young's return to England early in 1900 he was succeeded as Head Commissioner by Sir John Furley, aided by a numerous staff of workers, chief of whom were the Honourable George Peel, Mr. Gerard Bonham Carter,* and Dr. C. Chapmell. It is impossible within the limits of these pages to enter into details, or to convey any impression of the magnitude and complexity of the work done by the Society in South Africa. Throughout the length and breadth of the vast area of

* Grandson of Lord Overstone's old friend Mr. G. Ward Norman.

war operations, there was scarcely a spot where British soldiers were engaged to which Red Cross aid in some form or other did not penetrate. Among the specially satisfactory episodes of the campaign was the fact that at the relief of Kimberley British Red Cross stores were the first to enter the town and reach the sick and wounded of the garrison, the Army Medical Department pronouncing their value to have been "inestimable." At Ladysmith the Red Cross Commissioner with his well-loaded waggons came in three days only after the victory of Sir Redvers Buller; and the temporary bridge over the Tugela was inaugurated by the passage of the "Princess Christian" hospital train.

Such enterprises could not have been achieved without cordial co-operation on the part of the military authorities, nor could any work have been carried out effectually at the seat of war without unremitting work at home. The Central Committee sat *en permanence*, and held weekly meetings, which Lord Wantage always attended, facing the fatigue of coming up from Lockinge, and never allowing his zeal or energy to relax. His colleague Lord Knutsford used to say it was touching to see how he would begin the sitting of a Committee meeting apparently full of his wonted vigour and capacity, and then later on lean his head on his hand under the strain of effort. But he lived to see the work, of which he had been the mainstay for over thirty years, placed on what promised to be a permanent and satisfactory basis, with good prospects of further expansion. Not far removed in date from his own death were those of four other original members of the society—Sir

Douglas Galton, the Duke of Westminster, Sir William MacCormac, and Sir V. B. Kennett Barrington.* Of the members of Council in early days three only remain on the present board, Lord Rothschild, Mr. A. K. Loyd, K.C., and Sir John Furley, to whom should be added Viscount Knutsford, although he joined somewhat later. The whole constitution of the Society has recently undergone complete revision, and the executive has passed mainly into other hands; but the leading principles of the Society remain, and fresh outbursts of energy will, it is hoped, attend its operations in future times of need.

An illustration of the advantages resulting from a Society working independently of the unavoidable trammels of Government control is afforded by an incident in the South African war. The accommodation at Netley proving insufficient for the constant flow of invalided men returning from the seat of war, the Army Medical Department proposed to erect hospital huts. These would have taken several months to build, but the Red Cross Society undertook to supply the need, and a sum of 15,000*l.* was expended in procuring *Doecker* huts, which were erected fully equipped in the course of a few weeks. They were purchased in part from the German Red Cross Society and in part from firms in Berlin. A considerable number were put up at Netley, and some sent out to the seat of war. They proved eminently well suited for their purpose, and were ultimately taken over by the War Office, who refunded

* During the passing through the press of this memoir, another prominent member of the British Red Cross, Major-General Sir John Ardagh, has likewise passed away.

to the Society the whole of its expenditure in this matter

Lord Wantage's activity during the South African war was not confined to the Red Cross work only. The question as to the manner in which the various war

* It may not be inappropriate to give here a short summary of the work done by the Red Cross Society during the thirty-one years of its activity under Lord Wantage's chairmanship :

1870–1.—Franco-German war : 223,700*l.* expended, and given in various forms, and 200 agents, surgeons, and employés sent out.

1876–7.—Turco-Servian war : 10,776*l.* expended, thirty-five employés, tent hospitals, waggon transports, floating ambulances, and grants given both in Servia and in Turkey.

1877–8.—Russo-Turkish war : 30,000*l.* expended on small steamers chartered for service in Black Sea, stores of "comforts" etc. distributed, and twenty-three agents, surgeons, etc., employed.

1879–81.—Campaign in Zululand and Boer rebellion : 3227*l.* expended in extra medical comforts, hospital equipment, literature, etc.

1884–5.—Egyptian campaign : 19,350*l.* expended, together with 14,570*l.* from H.R.H. the Princess of Wales's Branch, twenty-five agents, surgeons, nurses, etc., employed ; a stern-wheel steamer and steam-launch provided for transport of sick and wounded on Nile ; the yacht lent by Sir Allen Young for Red Cross service maintained ; "comforts" of all kinds, soda-water making machines, etc., provided.

1885–6.—Servian-Bulgarian war : 3734*l.* expended in providing surgeons, comforts, surgical instruments, etc.

1896.—Rhodesian campaign : 1165*l.* expended, and two surgeons, with equipment, sent out to hospital at Bulawayo.

1897–8.—Turco-Greek war : 3600*l.* expended in "comforts," soup kitchens, and relief of starving refugees from Thessaly.

1898.—Soudan expedition : 2726*l.* expended in providing hospital steamer between Assouan and Cairo, with Commissioner and three working Sisters. This was the first occasion on which the Society and the R.A.M.C. worked together under one organisation.

1899–1902.—South African war : 162,296*l.* expended, twenty-one commissioners, agents, etc., employed, hospital ship chartered, hospital train purchased and equipped, medical and other comforts, clothing, etc., provided on a large scale.

Among other items of expenditure too numerous to enumerate here may be mentioned, in 1881, the maintenance of a small staff of nursing Sisters at Netley, the training of another staff of nurses for the South African war, and many money grants for various purposes.

relief funds and aid Societies could best be organised and brought into touch so as to avoid the evils of overlapping, came to the fore. A Mansion House Conference, also a Government Committee, and subsequently a Committee of which the Prince of Wales was president, were appointed, and of all these Lord Wantage was a member. A Parliamentary War Relief Fund Committee, under the presidency of Lord Justice Collins, was also formed; among its members were Lord Northbrook and the Reverend Cosmo Lang (now Bishop of Stepney). Before this committee Lord Wantage gave evidence; he described the *raison d'être* and method of Red Cross work and he advocated the appointment of a central body, as a kind of "clearing house" to control and bring into unity the various aid Societies. He considered that appeals to the public should be made through the Lord Mayor, as being by long usage the recognised channel for public benevolence; but that the administration of the funds when once allocated should be carried out by the different aid Societies, acting under the general control of a permanent Central Committee, including representatives of the various funds, for purposes of consultation and co-operation. This system was as far as possible carried out during the South African war; but the hasty organisation was necessarily incomplete, and left room for further development and improvement in the future.

To the strain of work described in the foregoing pages was added the burden of anxiety, for no one with Lord Wantage's experience of the stern side of war could remain unmoved as news came daily of reverses and calamities in South Africa. These sank deep into his heart and darkened life for him, yet even in the blackest

days of gloom he never desponded, but clung to his faith in our troops and their leaders, and to his belief in the ultimate success of the campaign. He showed similar trust not long afterwards when, during the dark days of the siege of Peking, there seemed no possibility of doubt as to the fate of the Legations; he yet refused to give credence to sinister reports, and awaited confidently, though anxiously, the good tidings that at last dispelled the clouds of mystery and despair.

Meanwhile he eagerly seized every occasion that presented itself for bearing his share in any measures for the successful furtherance of the South African war. In the winter of 1899 came the call for Volunteers and Yeomanry to offer themselves for active service. Berkshire was not slow to respond; a contingent of both branches was embodied and a meeting was summoned by Lord Wantage for the purpose of raising an equipment fund for the men. He also presided at an enthusiastic "send-off" dinner at Reading to the Yeomanry, and again on March 3 at a similar function on the departure of a body of Berkshire Volunteers for the seat of war. It was a large and heart-stirring gathering; Lord Wantage addressed the men in words that sank deep into the hearts of his hearers, who felt that never would those then departing hear his voice nor see his face again. And so it proved; the Berkshire Company, after doing good service in the Transvaal, landed at Southampton in June of the following year, on the very day of Lord Wantage's death.

The summer of 1900 was spent almost entirely at Lockinge, where country pursuits and interests and the society of friends and neighbours formed a welcome

respite from public work and anxiety. The improving and laying out of the grounds of Betterton Glen were a source of daily enjoyment to him, and gave full scope to his natural talent for landscape gardening.

In the autumn, having a strong desire to visit the great Paris Exhibition, he went over for a week accompanied by his wife and her cousin Miss Madeleine Shaw-Lefevre. The effort was almost beyond his strength, and he paid dearly for it. Nevertheless, he declared that the enjoyment more than compensated for the fatigue; and he never regretted the days spent in that evanescent garden city of riverside palaces, stately pleasure domes and fantastic piles, fairy-like treasure-houses of the art and craft of all ages and all nations, harmonised into unity as by the touch of a magic wand. The English pavilion had special interest for him, he having lent to it his own celebrated "Walton Bridges" picture by Turner.

Later in the autumn the little town of Wantage was the scene of an incident fraught with much interest. Soon after the Crimean war an artist, Mr. Desanges, had painted a series of portraits depicting the gallant deeds by which the first recipients of the Victoria Cross had gained that honour, and to these he subsequently added a series of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny. For many years the collection occupied a gallery at the Crystal Palace; when removed from there and put up for sale, Lord Wantage and his wife, unwilling to see the collection dispersed, purchased it and presented it to the town of Wantage, where it now hangs in a spacious gallery formerly the Corn Exchange.*

* Among the pictures are the portraits of three Berkshire men, representatives of the three regiments of Guards and all Crimean winners of the

On November 15 the collection was formally handed over by Lord Wantage to the town; at the opening ceremony he was accompanied by his old comrade and fellow Guardsman General Sir Frederick Stephenson representing the Army, and his friend Sir William Richmond, R.A., representing Art. Their speeches were tinged with a note of sadness, both speakers and listeners realising that it was a farewell memorial gift that the citizens were receiving. These feelings found expression in a letter received the next day by Lord Wantage from Sir William Richmond.

. . . The whole thing was so touching to me to-day, that I dared not speak. The love that there is for you and dear Lady Wantage was so evident; and then you there, older and not well but so full of pluck, speaking so from your heart, and the picture of you with the Standard.* I would not have missed it for the whole world.

Some lines written by Lord Wantage's sister-in-law, Lady Lindsay, in memory of the occasion are printed at the end of this book.†

At Christmastide a last gathering of relations and old friends assembled at Lockinge, among them Lord Wantage's sister May Holford, his brother Sir Coutts Lindsay, Lord and Lady Granby, his niece Lady

Cross: Sir Charles Russell of the Grenadiers, Colonel Gerald Goodlake of the Coldstream, and Lord Wantage of the Scots Guards.

* The Queen's colours carried and gallantly defended by Lieut. Lindsay at Alma are preserved in the Guards' Memorial Chapel in London, where they hang on a marble pillar dedicated to his memory by his wife. The Chapel also contains a memorial window to his father, Major-General James Lindsay.

† See Appendix iv. p. 457.

Margaret Majendie with her daughter Aline, General Sir Frederick Stephenson, and Colonel and Lady Blanche Haygarth, together with several younger relatives. The sunshine of their affection cheered and revived their host, and though all felt that a dark shadow lay on the horizon, the Christmas was, nevertheless, a bright and happy one.

Before the first month of the new year was over the death of Queen Victoria cast a gloom over the whole country. Great as was the effort, Lord Wantage attended her funeral at Windsor, following the cortège on foot up the Castle Hill. Within a fortnight after, a fresh sorrow came to him in the death, after a few days' illness, of his much-loved sister Mrs. Holford, the close companion of his childhood and the beloved friend of his later days.

The last act of a public nature that Lord Wantage performed was to preside at a meeting called by him at Reading for the purpose of starting a county fund for Queen Victoria's Memorial. He also attended a Red Cross meeting early in May, and he spent a couple of days with the Robert Bensons' at their country place in Sussex.

From that time he remained quietly at Lockinge, enjoying daily drives with his wife on the Downs, their pure upland air never failing to revive and soothe him. But even then he flinched from no duty; and those who during these months of failing health heard him, Sunday after Sunday, read in his Parish Church the Old Testament lessons, that stirred the soldier's soul within him, and the New Testament lessons that told of the love that filled his heart, will ever treasure

in remembrance the stately figure and noble features refined by suffering, that bore witness to the triumph of spiritual strength over weakness of body. To the last he maintained an active interest in the many schemes of usefulness that through life had absorbed his time and thoughts. On June 2 he roused himself to a final effort, and attended the Consecration Service of the neighbouring church at Grove, in the building of which he had taken much interest. After that he gave up the struggle and tranquilly awaited the approaching end with serene courage, unswerving faith, and submissive trust. The shadows of the dark valley were fast gathering round him, and in the early morning of June 10 he sank gently and peacefully to rest. He was buried in Ardington Churchyard, near to his mother's grave. A large concourse of relatives and neighbours and village folk stood on the sunny slope, while over the soldier's grave rang out the triumph song of the Easter Resurrection hymn, the rifle clang of the parting volley fired by Berkshire Volunteers, and the bugle call notes of the "Last Post."

His memory is enshrined in the hearts of all who loved him: his name and fame are recorded for posterity by a memorial Cross * erected by his wife on an ancient beacon mound which crowns the highest point of the Downs he loved so well, where it stands in lonely beauty, a place of rest for wayfarers, and a landmark to be seen from afar.

* The marble pillar and cross is a replica of the fifteenth-century cross of San Zenobio in the Piazza del Duomo at Florence; it stands upon a stone platform bearing inscriptions, and approached by steps from the green Ridgeway.

By nature and by training Lord Wantage's character represented the true soldier type: with "the simplicity, straightforwardness, and manly courtesy that so often give a unique charm to the personality of a soldier there was the frank humility of the man who is so sure of his own authority that he leaves it to assert itself. A rare and admirable union of humility and strength." * Truly a noble type, and one fully realised in Lord Wantage. Those, however, who knew him well and to whom it was given to penetrate beneath the armour of reserve in which his highly sensitive nature was somewhat too apt to encase itself, were conscious of other underlying qualities that gave singular charm and variety to his personality. An old writer once said: "*When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined, a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, full of tenderness, compassion and benevolence.*" †

No words could better paint Lord Wantage's portrait. He possessed the distinctive qualities that make for strength — courage and endurance without limit, tenderness to man and to all living things, entire simplicity of nature, singleness of mind, pureness and refinement of thought and word.

He was eminently a man of action, but not of impulsive action; he approached a subject with a singularly

* From *Lectures on the Miracles*, by the present Bishop of Stepney.

† Sir Richard Steele, from a Paper in the *Guardian*, No. 34.

open mind, thinking out deliberately what course he should pursue, but when once his mind was made up his action was prompt and decisive. He disliked argument for argument's sake, and would show impatience if a matter once disposed of was re-opened.

The tendency of his mind was to give practical expression to knowledge acquired and to theories formed; he cared little for abstract speculations which did not promise to lead to tangible results; but when he could see the possible application of a principle to any amelioration of the conditions of life he would study the matter with a thoroughness that seldom failed to carry with it success. Had he remained in the Army, he would doubtless have achieved high distinction, for he had many of those gifts of leadership that make a great General: courage in decision, coolness and foresight, instinctive knowledge of character, patience in listening to and gathering information, a quick eye for the lie of country. These qualities stood him in good stead in other walks of life. "Men felt that they could not go wrong if they followed his lead," * not only on the battlefield but in the hunting field, on the public platform as well as in the privacy of home-life.

By descent and conviction a loyal Conservative, he had yet nothing of the narrowness of the old Tory. Politics as such, or rather the petty strife and intrigues of partisanship, had but small attraction for him. For larger questions he cared much; and schemes of public usefulness, from whatever side they proceeded, always found in him a zealous supporter. Though neither a great orator nor a great debater, he spoke with

* Said of him by Viscount Wolseley.

a sincerity of conviction and a directness of purpose that commanded attention. He had no pretension to be a man of genius or of exceptional brilliancy, neither could he be called a great reader, but he loved what was best in literature and poetry, what he read became to him an abiding possession, and he gradually gathered together a surprising amount of knowledge and information on many and varied subjects.

In conduct of business and management of men he was eminently successful; a trifle masterful perhaps as Chairman of committees, but ever generous in his interpretation of the actions and motives of others, and inspiring his colleagues with confidence. He expected much from those who worked with him, and they gave him of their best, for they felt that their efforts were appreciated, and a word of praise from him went far. Employés and servants worked gladly and faithfully for him, and grew old in his service.

To some he may, in his youth especially, have seemed somewhat distant and over self-contained, with a touch approaching to severity in his judgment of men and things, together with an almost impatient shrinking from outward manifestations of feeling. But as years went on, his nature expanded and his sympathies widened, and the lovingkindness of his heart found readier expression. To the weak and the struggling, to the very young and the very old, to those who needed encouragement or support, he was ever most gentle and most tender. He touched life at many points, and took the lead in varied enterprises. The position to which early in life he had attained would have beguiled many into a life

of ease and pleasure, but with Lord Wantage wealth acted as a stimulus to exertion. The self-confidence that belongs to strong natures was in him tempered by a deep-rooted diffidence and innate modesty that made it difficult to persuade him he had made adequate use of his life. Perhaps his attitude towards life is best expressed by his answer said half-playfully to a friend who, in the latter days of failing strength, was urging him to give up some public business, "But I must do something to justify my existence."

He was absolutely devoid of "pose" or seeking after effect. Anything that savoured of insincerity, affectation, or exclusiveness jarred upon him; his displeasure would be shown silently yet unmistakably; and his smile, so irresistible when pleased, would become scornful when anything offended his susceptibilities. He could be stern even to severity when occasion arose, and then the high temper, usually kept under perfect control, would assert itself, and bitter words would mark his disapproval. He seldom spoke of duty, still less of ideals, and he was without the personal ambition that makes a man burn to pass others in the race for fame and power; yet those who lived with him felt instinctively that a high sense of duty was the mainspring of his existence, leading him to unsparing devotion in the varied spheres of work that life provided for him so abundantly. He possessed in an eminent degree that which makes men efficient, namely, the power of striving through practical methods towards an ideal, and he carried into every-day life a dignity of thought and conduct that unconsciously raised the tone of those about him. It was in the intimacy of home that the sweet attractiveness

of his nature made itself most felt, rendering the daily life one of light-hearted enjoyment, of lively interest in common incidents, and of sociable companionship.

Few men were so simple and joyous, so akin to Nature, so devoid of all false pride, so full of playfulness, so keenly alive to fun and humour. Throughout life he preserved the child's pure delight in small things, deriving as much enjoyment from them as most people do from great things. His inborn love of Nature increased with advancing years; she seemed to speak to him in tones unheard by others, as he wandered alone, and held silent communion with her on the bare slopes of the upland Downs, "where chasing shadows skim," and the lark's song soars up to heaven. In all things he had that keen sense of beauty which gives to the common things of life a magic touch of imagination and romance. Without special technical knowledge or critical learning, he possessed a naturally refined taste, and an instinctive appreciation of all that is truest and best in art in all its forms. His own pictures were to him an unfailing source of enjoyment, and many a quiet hour would he spend in the companionship of those silent friends, who were the abiding delight and solace of his latter years.

In form and feature his appearance was the visible expression of his character, and marked him out as no ordinary man. As he moved in a crowd, people turned instinctively to gaze at the tall, soldierlike figure, the noble head, the finely chiselled features, the fair hair that waved and curled triumphantly over the broad brow, the calm power and nobility of purpose conveyed in look and movement. Stately in bearing and distinguished

in manner, he realised the ideal of martial beauty and chivalry attributed to the knights of old.

Of the hidden root of life, of which such characters as his are the growth, it is not easy to speak, for Lord Wantage had the reticence of reverence which made him shrink from speaking of what he held most sacred and most dear. But though he said little, he thought much; his faith was firm and steadfast; his inmost being was ever filled with a living belief in the Divine love, and an abiding sense of the Divine guidance, under which all things tend towards ultimate perfection. A devout and loyal member of the Church of England, he troubled himself little about controversies of ritual or subtleties of dogma; the simple Services of his own village church sufficed for his needs; while the truths and teaching of the Bible sank deep into his heart, filling it with love for his God, and causing him to abound in works of lovingkindness to his fellow-men.

Among many tributes to his memory, the following give specially true expression to the feelings of those who mourned for him. The Bishop of Oxford (Dr Paget) said of him at the Diocesan Conference shortly after his death:

Is there not a constant challenge to us all in such a life as that which at Lockinge last June passed out of our ken? Courage and justice, the sense of duty, the habit of reverence, the resolute will to do whatever good he could do, and to leave the world the better for his days in it—these made Lord Wantage what he was to us; these entered into the nobleness of his very look and bearing; these lifted him high above the worldliness, the little thoughts and pettiness of pride which sometimes beset and cheapen even a great position and

great gifts. We all felt in him a rare dignity and independence, and I think the secret of them lay in this, that he really cared for nothing else in comparison with what was right, and really was listening day by day for God's voice and for no other.

And Miss Florence Nightingale wrote:

Lord Wantage is a great loss—but he had been a great gain. And what he has gained for us can never be lost. It is my experience that such men exist only in England. A man who had everything (to use the common phrase) that this world could give him, but who worked as hard, and to the last, as the poorest able man—and all for others—for the common good. A man whose life makes a great difference for all. *All* are better than if he had not lived, and this betterment is for always—it does not die with him. That is the true estimate of a *great* life. God bless him—and we will bless him. And we will bless God for having made him.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE "WANTAGE" COMMITTEE

THE Report opened with the following remarks on the present organisation of the Army.

9. The efficient maintenance of our establishments for the military defence of our possessions at home and abroad must always, under a system of voluntary enlistment, be a matter of difficulty. This difficulty is considerably increased by want of complete appreciation on the part of the public—and in some cases on the part of officers of the Army—of the objects and intentions of the existing organisation of the various military forces of the Empire. This organisation, under which the armed forces of the Crown have been governed since 1872, is based on a memorandum issued in that year by the Commander-in-Chief, carrying out proposals made by the then Secretary of State for War. But it has been shown by the evidence that this organisation has not been completely maintained. The failures which have arisen are due mainly to this, but largely also to the fact that the existing inducements to enter the Army have failed to supply the ranks with soldiers of sufficient age to provide the requisite drafts for India and abroad, and at the same time to keep the battalions on home service up to the proper standard of efficiency. The necessary condition in a voluntarily enlisted army, of seeking in the open market, and in the face of enormous civil competition, for recruits sufficient to provide for an

army of 104,000 men abroad, and for a nearly equal force at home, is the problem which has to be solved. If it cannot be solved with voluntary enlistment, conscription is the only alternative.

10. The whole weight of the evidence has fully sustained the conviction that the question of long service, in the common acceptation of the term, as opposed to short service, is not now open to argument. Even if short service had not been deliberately adopted by the nation, or if the repeated failures under long service to obtain even the smaller number of recruits which it required, could be ignored, the absolute necessity, under the conditions of modern warfare, for such a system as will permit of the rapid expansion for war, and reinforcement of an army in the field by an efficient Reserve, is universally admitted. This can best be provided by a short-service system. What the Committee conceive to constitute an efficient Reserve will be hereafter stated. The present difficulties are not attributable to short service as such, but to the failure of successive Governments to carry out the principles accepted in 1872, upon which the short-service organisation adopted in that year was based.

11. The complete application of the territorial system (which to a considerable extent has always existed in this country) is also an integral part of the organisation now in force. The evidence as to the value of the territorial connection is overwhelming. Commanding 'and regimental officers have been unanimous in stating that their territorial recruits are their best men ; and it has been precisely in the case of those regiments which have the closest connection with their districts that these witnesses have expressed the strongest opinion in favour of the system. Not less important is their evidence that it is in these districts that their own men, on transfer to the Reserve, find it easiest to obtain employment. Another great advantage of the system lies in the

intimate connection it fosters between the Line, the Militia, and the Volunteers, from which much advantage results to recruiting, more especially from the encouragement which Militia commanding officers give to the enlistment of their men into battalions of the Line. No less than 13,535 men during 1891 thus passed from the Militia into the Line.

12. The fact that England has at one and the same time to maintain an army in India which may be considered as permanently on active service, adequate garrisons in her Colonies, and an army at home, which has to fulfil the dual purpose of home service (including the provision of a force for small wars,) and of feeding the Army abroad, lies at the root of the difficulties with which we have to contend.

13. The further circumstance that the Indian Army is ever increasing contributes largely to augment these difficulties. The home Army, with the present establishment, consequently tends to become more and more a depôt for the Army abroad and less an efficient Army for purposes of home service and for the sending out of expeditionary battalions in case of need. Moreover, the necessity of yielding to the immediate pressure of the increasing demands for India and the Army abroad, without receiving any compensating augmentation of the cadres at home, has forced the authorities to depart in practice from those principles of the organisation of 1872, which provided that a certain force at home should be kept in a fit condition for active service, and that home battalions should not be regarded merely as recruiting agencies for battalions serving abroad.

14. At the same time it cannot be doubted that there are great advantages in keeping the Army in India closely united with the Army at home. If treated as distinct armies they would have a tendency to diverge in different directions and to deteriorate in different ways, from absence of the correcting influences derived

in the one case from home service, and in the other from foreign active service.

15. The advantages of the system of regimental training for men destined for India over the alternative, and far more expensive system of depôts can hardly be over-estimated. The recruits acquire more interest in their profession, and better teaching in the higher spirit and discipline of a soldier's life. When a recruit enlists he wants to enter the Army and not a military school, and there can be no doubt that the variety and excitement of regimental life compare favourably, in his estimation, with the routine of life at the depôt.

16. Still more is this the case when young soldiers destined for India have the advantage of going to Aldershot, or other camps of instruction, where (more especially during late years) men have been made to take part in the most interesting branch of a soldier's duty, viz., field operations on a comparatively large scale with cavalry and artillery.

17. The system now in operation, though by no means fully adequate as hitherto carried out, has been so far successful that the efficiency and excellence of our Army in India is testified to by undisputed evidence. The organisation, therefore, has accomplished its object so far as India is concerned, though, in consequence of its not having been completely maintained, at the cost of great strain to the Army at home and serious sacrifice of its efficiency.

18. This excellence of the Army in India is in great measure due to the zeal and energy of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the home battalions, and to their efforts to send out the best possible material to India, even at the expense of their own battalions. The high quality of the drafts sent abroad should be taken into consideration in passing judgment upon the system responsible for the condition of the home battalions. When these battalions are condemned as being largely

composed of growing lads, it must be borne in mind that this is *to a certain extent* the anticipated result of the system which was, nevertheless, after much consideration, and in spite of these drawbacks, adopted as best suited to our requirements—namely, a double-battalion system, under which the home battalion undertakes the training and supply of drafts for the battalion abroad. The Committee have no hesitation in stating their belief that the double-battalion system is not only the most economical, but also the best machinery which can at present be devised for furnishing the foreign drafts and effecting the reliefs. They are confirmed in this view by the evidence of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, of the General Commanding the Forces in Ireland, of the Adjutant-General, and of the General Commanding the Aldershot Division, who all expressed strong opinions in its favour.

19. To provide drafts of trained men of suitable age for service in India is admitted to be a condition of primary importance, to which the efficiency of the home battalions must, to a certain extent, give way ; but it by no means follows that the home battalions need be depleted and reduced to the extent that many have hitherto been, and it is with a view to obviating this evil, as well as maintaining both the quality and quantity necessary for the efficiency of the Indian drafts, that the recommendations contained in this report have been made.

The recommendations made by the Committee were summarised in the Report as follows :—

(1) Recruiting above the establishment should be permitted to any extent requisite in order to provide for demands requiring shortly to be met, provided that the average numbers maintained throughout the financial year do not exceed the establishment voted by Parlia-

ment for that year. No check should be placed upon recruiting if it can possibly be avoided.

(2) The general establishment of infantry at home liable to furnish drafts for abroad should be maintained at a strength of five times the amount of the drafts annually required for abroad.

(3) Such elasticity should be given to the regimental establishments of the Army as shall enable the military authorities to allot, at the proper time, to those battalions on which unusually large demands will, in the future, be made, a sufficiently large number of recruits to meet those demands; and to reduce, if necessary, in a corresponding degree, the supply of recruits to those battalions on which the call for drafts will be unusually small.

(4) So far as is consistent with the requirements of other military considerations, there should be a uniform establishment for battalions on home service, and a uniform establishment for battalions abroad; and one battalion of a regiment should return home in the same season in which its other battalion embarks for foreign service.

(5) No great alterations in the present recruiting system are required. The proposals of the Committee in certain important matters of detail are given in Appendix A.

(6) The equality between the numbers of Line battalions serving at home and abroad respectively, upon which the organisation of 1872 was based, should be restored (in so far as affected by the addition of three battalions to the Indian establishment), by adopting one of the proposals given in paragraph 53, *i.e.*, either (*a*) raise five new Line battalions for home service, or (*b*) raise two new battalions of Guards, one each for the Coldstream and Scots Guards (either utilising or not utilising the Cameron Highlanders to form one of those battalions), and keep three battalions of Guards on foreign service.

(7) The pay and position of the soldier should be improved—

(*a*) By giving the private soldier in the Infantry of the Line 1*s.* a day or 7*s.* a week (his present pay) free from all compulsory stoppages, not due to his own negligence or misconduct — and other ranks and branches of the Service proportionately.

(*b*) By giving the soldier, throughout the Army, a messing allowance of 3*d.* a day to be expended regimentally in 'extra messing.'

(*c*) By giving the soldier, throughout the Army, a periodical supply of clothing fully sufficient to last the prescribed time with ordinary care, and which should eventually become his own property.

(*d*) By modifying the periods of service necessary before the various good-conduct badges can be earned, in such a manner that the first may be gained after one year's service, the second after three years, and the third after seven years—no more badges being obtainable.

(*e*) By making other minor changes.

(8) The stoppages for 'sea kit' and for clothing required for service in India should be abolished.

(9) The periods of service should be made more elastic and modified—

(*a*) By allowing men of good character to extend their Colour service from year to year or for any number of years up to twelve years in all.

(*b*) By allowing men of good character, who have left the Colours not less than six,

and not more than twelve months, previously, to return from the Reserve to complete twelve years' Colour service, without refunding any money or gratuity received on transfer to the Reserve—provided they are fit for foreign service.

(*c*) By allowing, if the requirements of the Service permit, trained soldiers, who wish to do so, to pass freely to the Reserve before the end of their period of engagement with the Colours.

(10) The attestation paper and the recruiting posters should be so worded that the alternative terms of service at home and abroad, as stated in Question 18 (*a*) of the former document, should be clearly before the intending recruit.

(11) Deferred pay, as now issued, should be discontinued and be replaced by a gratuity, on leaving the Colours, of 1*l.* for each year's service up to twelve years; this gratuity not to be given to men who have served less than three years or who purchase their discharge from the Army, or to men discharged for misconduct.

(12) The soldier should be given a furlough during the last month of his engagement with the Colours, in order to assist him while seeking for suitable employment.

(13) The deferred pay, at present issued to sergeants between their twelfth and twenty-first years of service, should be replaced by an addition of the same amount to their daily pay during that period.

(14) The amount of pay issued to Sections B and C of the 1st Class Army Reserve should be the same as at present; and the pay in Section D should be raised to the same amount as in Sections B and C.

(15) All men in the Army Reserve should undergo one or other of the forms of training recommended in

the Report of the Committee of 1883 on the Training of the 1st Class Army Reserve.

(16) A deferred pension on attaining the age of 60 should be given to men who have served twenty-one years with the Colours and in the Reserve, of which at least eight years has been with the Colours.

(17) Other minor recommendations with regard to the subject of pensions are given in Appendix C.

(18) The recommendations contained in the Report of the Committee on the Civil Employment of Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, 1877, should be completely carried out; and a special department should be established at the War Office, charged with the duty of assisting discharged soldiers and men transferred to the Army Reserve to obtain employment in civil life.

(19) The question should be considered whether pensioners, discharged soldiers or men in the Reserve, might not be to some extent employed to perform those extra-regimental duties in large garrisons, for which non-commissioned officers and men serving are now taken away from regimental duty.

(20) With a view to obtaining a wider choice of men for promotion to and in the junior grades of non-commissioned officer, all lance-corporals, and the corresponding ranks in other branches of the Service, should be on the establishment, and receive pay as such.

(21) With a view to increasing the strength of the Army Reserve, all soldiers should, on the expiration of their term of service, whether with Sections B and C, or after twelve years with the Colours, be encouraged to enter Section D. Service in Section D should be allowed to be extended so long as a man was medically fit.

(22) The existing Militia Reserve should be increased as far as possible; and men should be allowed to stay in it so long as they remained medically fit.

(23) In the Guards the number of non-commissioned officers specially detailed for recruiting duties should be

increased and made supernumerary to the establishment of regiments.

(24) The guard duties in London, especially at night, should be reduced as much as possible compatible with the proper performance of functions of State and the military training of the men.

(25) Efforts should be made to increase the proportions of old soldiers in the ranks of the Guards, by encouraging smart men of good character to extend their service with the Colours and re-engage for pension.

(26) All non-commissioned officers of the Guards of and above the rank of sergeant, who are more or less permanently employed away from their battalions on special duties, should be made supernumerary to the establishment.

(27) With regard to the Cavalry, the present system of depôts at Canterbury, which are intended to supply the drafts for regiments abroad, should be changed, and one of the plans, proposed in paragraph 120, should be substituted, viz. :—(*a*) either to brigade the Cavalry in groups of three regiments, of which two would be abroad and one at home, enlisting all recruits for the brigade, and finding drafts for the regiment abroad from one of the other regiments of the brigade at home; or (*b*), to brigade the Cavalry in groups of three regiments as above, but enlisting recruits only for the two regiments at home, and finding the drafts by volunteers from those regiments—meeting any risk of failure to find sufficient volunteers by the insertion of a clause in the attestation paper, making the man liable to transfer to the regiment abroad while between the ages of 20 and 22. If either plan be adopted, the establishments in men and horses of the depôts at Canterbury should be distributed among the regiments on the lowest establishment at home.

(28) For the Cavalry the periods of service should be nine years in the ranks, followed by three in the Reserve.

(29) With regard to the Artillery, the periods of service for the Horse Artillery should be the same as for Cavalry, viz., nine years in the ranks, followed by three in the Reserve. Those for Field and Mountain Artillery should be the same as at present, with the same conditions as to extension of service and transfer to the Reserve as recommended for the Infantry. The periods of service for Garrison Artillery should be the same as for Field and Mountain Artillery, but extension of service in the ranks and re-engagement for pension should be in every way encouraged.

APPENDIX II

LETTER FROM LORD WANTAGE TO THE PRESENT LORD EVERSLEY

DEAR SHAW-LEFEVRE,—Since I had the honour of giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression in 1893, there has been a considerable increase in the amount of land thrown upon my hands. I have now some 13,000 acres in hand; 5997 lie on the elevated down land of the parishes of Ilsley, Compton, Beedon, and Blewbury. There are no special observations to be made with regard to these hill farms, beyond what I have already stated in my evidence. Their condition is slightly better than it was in 1892. The price of sheep has risen about ten shillings a head on an average, and wheat fetches five shillings more per quarter. But the failure of crops, resulting from exceptionally bad seasons of the last two years, has prevented farmers from deriving the benefit which ought to have accrued from this amelioration in prices. There is a continued exodus of tenant farmers from the district. And almost the only tenants that can be found to take the land are those that use it for the purpose of training race-horses. Owing to the diminished amount of land under cultivation, a heavy charge falls upon those who continue to farm, owing to the increased number of labourers who are thrown out of work during the winter months. The landowner, or (where he still remains) the tenant farmer, has to elect between employing more men than he actually requires, or letting them seek parish relief. In the event of his

employing the men, the labour bill will become disproportionately heavy, though to each individual labourer the weekly wage may remain low. The villages which are scattered over this down country are occupied by families who have been settled on the land for generations, and who, in more prosperous times, were, in point of numbers, not too numerous for the due cultivation of the land.

The changes which are now in process of being carried out, both as regards the use of labour-saving machines, and alterations in the nature of crops grown, do, at the present time, and must for a long period, continue to bear very hardly upon the people in the districts in question. Social reasons and moral obligations prevent the agriculturist from farming his land to the best advantage, and preclude him from freely using the labour-saving machinery. The apprehension, also, of adding to the rates doubtless influences his conduct. Young unmarried men can, and do, emigrate, but the married men are practically anchored to the soil, and, wisely, no doubt, decline to leave home with their wives and families in a hopeless search for other employment.

Lord Leicester, in a letter of September 20, 1895, addressed to you, states that by means of alterations in the system of farming his land, he has been able to reduce his horses from thirty-four to eighteen, and the labourers employed on his farm from twenty-two to twelve. He adds that he still employs the same number of labourers as formerly, but not on the unprofitable business of farming. It is therefore to be presumed that he finds employment for the remaining ten men on estate work other than actual farming, such as road-making, planting, &c. My own position is precisely similar to his. I am employing the men not needed for farm work in planting, road-making, and other works. But in this I cannot hold myself up as an example to tenant farmers, and even in any case there must in time come a natural end to such-like works.

The depressed condition which I have described as existing in the down land districts of Berkshire is not, however, to be found to the same degree in other districts where I possess property. In the vale district of Berkshire, in Buckinghamshire, and in Northamptonshire, there is a fairly active demand for farms, though at largely reduced rentals. And small farms, from one to two hundred acres, are being competed for. In these districts the labourers are decidedly better off than they have ever been. And were they more capable of taking advantage of the very low price of food, by becoming better skilled in marketing, their position would be capable of still further improvement. The singular apathy of both men and women in the labouring classes, as to the quality and the cheapness of the articles they consume, is truly remarkable. There is scarcely an article which the poor man buys from the ordinary village shop which is not both stale, dear, and inferior, but which might, under a better organised system, be reduced in price and improved in quality.

A large portion of the advantages of free trade are lost to the country by the indifference and ignorance of the labouring population in these matters. This seems to me to be one explanation of the fact that vast quantities of inferior food coming from abroad, such as foreign bacon, butter, tinned meats, cheese, &c., are marketed in our village shops, to the exclusion of similar articles made at home. In the stores that have been established in the village of Ardington, Italian butter still holds the market, and no less than 15*l.* is spent on it every week, although excellent butter is made in the surrounding parishes, the price of which, however, is decidedly higher. The prices are as follows: Italian, one shilling and three farthings per pound; English, one shilling and twopence half-penny. As a general rule the milk from these parishes—namely, the district between Swindon and Didcot—all goes to London, and,

roughly speaking, the price obtained for it by the farmer is a penny a pint, the retail price of milk to the consumer being never less than twopence and often threepence a pint.

By this it will be seen that the farmer, on whom falls the whole cost of rearing and feeding the cows, with all the attendant expenses, such as conveying the milk to the station, &c., obtains as his remuneration the same amount as the middleman obtains from retailing the article. Fifty per cent. of the profits goes to the middleman, and this is in great measure due to the want of market facilities. The difficulty of supplying milk to the agricultural labourer arises in great measure from the uncertainty of the demand and the capriciousness with which it is taken, rendering it impossible to calculate upon anything like a regular demand for a given quantity.

In my evidence before the Small Holdings Committee, I have laid stress upon the importance of a wider diffusion of ownership of land, and I still hold that among the foremost of our present needs is a more easy and simple system of conveyance. In the case of large estates, when the title has been once for all verified, there could surely be little difficulty in letting that title hold good for the sale of separate portions, without further expense being incurred. I am now alluding to the desirability of facilitating the increase of small holdings, but the same principle applies to persons who desire to purchase land for the sake of the amenities that attach to it. As a general rule the combination of ownership and occupation, whether on a large or a small scale, of land, tends to promote the interests of agriculture and the general welfare of the community. There never was a time when the acquisition of land has been brought by circumstances more within the reach of the community than is the case now. The taste for rural life which prevails in all classes of society has never at

any previous period been capable of being so easily gratified. There are no doubt reasons which deter people from investing in land. But it is my conviction that those deterrent causes are unduly magnified. And that land, at the present low prices, can be invested in on terms as favourable as what are called first-class securities.

My own experience in cultivating the large tract of down land to which I have already alluded is that the singularly adverse seasons of 1894-5 have unduly depreciated the value of land. The unprecedentedly severe and long frost of last winter, followed by the long period of drought in the summer, destroyed the vegetation of thousands of acres. And the complaint of the parishes to which I am especially alluding is not so much owing to the low prices of grain crops, as to the fact that there were no grain crops to sell. On the other hand the price of sheep has been steadily rising, and the average price may be said to be ten shillings a head higher than during the low prices of 1894. The depressed state of agriculture at the present moment, and the bad seasons, are causes which I hope will not prove permanent. And that with the return of better seasons, and the influx of some extraneous capital, which may, as I have said, be invested in land with a fair amount of security, a more hopeful state may arise in the near future.

Nevertheless the prosperous days of agriculture, such as were known five-and-twenty years ago, are departed. The diffusion of English capital all over the world has cheapened the transit of food and thereby helped to lessen its price in the market. By the aid of English capital spent on railways, steam-ships, and water-ways abroad, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, and in India, the produce of the fertile lands of the world are brought to our ports. To crowd into the English markets is the ambition of cultivators of every country

in the world. Their own energies are directed to this end, as are also those of the legislators who direct their policy.

The community in England benefits enormously by this unrestricted competition. But the industry with which I am now dealing, especially under influences I am about to describe, suffers to an extent which has now raised the sympathy of the country at large. There is scarcely a home industry which is not now rendered more costly by the effects of legislative interference. The business of agriculture, to which I am specially referring, cannot be carried on except under regulations which, however beneficial in themselves, are both costly and expensive to those who are compelled to adopt them. The restrictions and regulations which concern sanitary matters, education, labour, in short all the legislation that appertains to a high state of civilisation, adds to the cost of produce, and has to be paid for out of the narrow profits obtained from the cultivation of land. There is not an animal in our land which does not cost more to keep in this country than it would abroad. Such are the penalties we have to pay for the high state of civilisation to which Great Britain has attained. Stringent laws are enforced by highly paid inspectors. In the pursuit of this legislation we have handicapped the trade of agriculture to such an extent as to result in our being individually beaten in competition by the foreigner whose hands are less tied.

Putting aside prejudice, and the party feeling which surrounds and obscures questions connected with import dues, there is no doubt in my mind that the community, if unbiassed by such considerations, would decide in favour of raising a revenue by means of a fee imposed on all articles of agricultural produce imported into this country. This fee should be fixed at such an amount as would preclude any idea of its being used for 'Protective' purposes. It should be fixed, and it should not vary, in

order that the foreign producer may calculate upon the charge which he will have to pay for the privilege of selling his goods in the English market. As an illustration of my meaning I would point to the dues which are imposed by corporations and individuals who own markets. England is the best market in the world, and the foreigners who use it should pay for the privilege. This proposal will not in itself have the effect of raising the price of the articles which the farmer sells, and will therefore be of no direct advantage to him. The revenue thus raised should therefore be devoted to the relief of the burdens which now press so heavily on land.

As I am now, and have been for some years, the largest farmer, probably, in England, and consequently the largest ratepayer, I have thought it permissible to express my views upon the questions which are now occupying the Royal Commission of which you are President. You were good enough to express a wish that I should supplement the evidence which I gave in 1893, by some further remarks derived from subsequent experience. My views with regard to registration fees for agricultural produce were not known to you when you made the request. But I, nevertheless, beg that you will be good enough to lay them before the Commission over which you preside.

Yours very sincerely,
WANTAGE.

Lockinge House, Wantage,
November 25, 1895.

APPENDIX III

THE SMALL FARM AND LABOURERS' LAND COMPANY

As the outcome of the meeting held at Willis's Rooms on April 24, 1885, a company was formed under the name of the 'Small Farm and Labourers' Land Company, Limited,' for the purpose of buying land and disposing of it in quantities and on terms suited to the wants of different classes of buyers, the main object of the company being the multiplication of landowners and of those interested in and living on the land, by means of the purchase of estates and the resale of them in small portions. The company was registered at Somerset House on May 23, 1885. The first chairman was Lord Thurlow, but he was soon succeeded by Lord Wantage, the other directors being the Hon. Robert Bruce, M.P., Sir William Brampton Gurdon, Mr. Albert Pell, M.P., Mr. Clare Sewell Read, Mr. Joseph Belton, M.P., and Mr. Elias Squarey, who, a few years afterwards, was replaced by Mr. J. A. Dickson.

At the meeting at Willis's Rooms Lord Wantage presented to the company the Lambourne Estate, in Berkshire, consisting of 411 acres, the purchase money for which amounted to 4110*l.* A large portion of this property was down land, unsuited for the objects of the company, and a purchaser was found for 244 acres for 1500*l.*, this portion being sold at a reduced price, principally on account of its condition and situation. This left 167 acres with a farmhouse and homestead with which to commence operations, and a large portion of the proceeds above mentioned were expended in improving the property by dividing the farmhouse and

premises and adding buildings thereto, thereby making holdings for several tenants, where formerly there was only one. The sum expended on these improvements, and in erecting a cottage and farm buildings, and in sundry repairs, was 879*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*

Coming now to the way in which these 167 acres were dealt with, in 1886, 2a. 2r. 10p. of pasture land were sold to Mr. Henry Richens (who lived at Lambourne), on the principle of deferred payments: these payments seem to have been kept up, and eventually he became the owner of this area of land.

In the same year J. Warrack bought for cash 2 acres of pasture land, for which he paid 53*l.*, and at the same time he agreed to buy, on the deferred-payment system, 17 acres of arable land for which the price arranged was 365*l.* 10*s.* He paid down 73*l.* 2*s.* (20 per cent. of the purchase money), leaving 292*l.* 8*s.*, which was to be repaid, with interest at 4 per cent., in 27 years, the yearly payment being 17*l.* 10*s.* Under this arrangement Warrack paid 62*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, leaving as the balance of the principal unpaid a sum of 230*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*; but in December 1894 arrangements were made by which all the capital money was returned to Warrack without interest, and the land was surrendered by him to the company. The capital returned was 135*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*, made up of the deposit of 73*l.* 2*s.* and the principal of 62*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* paid in respect of the 292*l.* 8*s.* Warrack treated his tenement much as a colonist would his ranch, he and his family doing the whole work themselves and putting up the house and farm buildings with their own hands.

In 1893 a man named Bowsher bought 2 acres for 52*l.*, and in December 1894, when Warrack surrendered the 17 acres, he bought for cash 3 acres of land for 60*l.*

No further transactions took place on this estate till the company was wound up, when the 157 acres left out of the 167 were sold to Mr. E. E. Keeble for 1505*l.* in December 1902.

The way in which the estate was disposed of is set out below :—

	a.	r.	p.		£	s.	d.
In 1886,	244	0	0	were sold for	1500	0	0
In 1886,	2	2	10	were sold on deferred-payments	50	0	0
In 1886,	2	0	0	were sold for cash . . .	53	0	0
In 1893,	2	0	0	were sold for cash . . .	52	0	0
In 1894,	3	0	0	were sold for cash . . .	60	0	0
In 1902,	157	0	0	were sold for	1505	0	0
	410	2	10	cost £4110, sold for . .	3220	0	0

In July 1886 the company purchased the Cottenham and Histon property, which is situated about eight miles from Cambridge and four miles from Oakington station.

The Cottenham portion of this estate is in Smithy Fen. It consisted of 57a. or. 25p. of good fen land, of which 9 acres were pasture, and there was a cottage, barn, and farm buildings upon it. It cost 2050*l.*, including 50*l.* for legal expenses.

The Histon portion of this estate consisted of 59a. 1r. 17p. of heavy land and was copyhold. The purchase money and the cost of enfranchisement amounted, with 100*l.* spent upon draining, to 2250*l.*, and at the time of the purchase about 33 acres were let to ten tenants.

As regards the Cottenham portion—in 1886, 11 acres of land with a cottage were sold to W. A. Atkinson on the deferred-payment system for 810*l.*—180*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* being paid down, leaving 629*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* to be paid, with interest at 4 per cent., in 30 years, the yearly payment being 36*l.* 5*s.* Under this arrangement Atkinson only paid 34*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*, leaving a balance unpaid of 595*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* In September 1892 a fresh arrangement was made with Atkinson, and for the sum originally agreed to be paid as principal and interest, the payment of a perpetual rent, calculated at 3 per cent. on the 595*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*, was substituted. This amounted to 17*l.* 17*s.* per annum, and the first half-yearly payment was made

on December 25, 1893. This payment was kept up, but when the company was wound up Atkinson bought out this rent in October 1902 for 340*l.*

No further operations took place on this property till 1899, when C. Greaves (a tenant) bought 5a. 2r. 29p. for 145*l.*, and in the same year George Golding bought 3a. or. 6p. for 95*l.* In 1902 Ezra Bull bought 3a. or. 8p. for 80*l.*; and George Chapman bought 6a. 3r. 28p., on which there was a house and buildings, for 400*l.* In 1903 the same man bought an additional 6a. 1r. 9p. for 185*l.* In 1904 the Foresters Society of Cottenham bought the balance of the estate—viz. 19a. 1r. 17p.—for 420*l.*

The way in which the estate was disposed of is set out in the following table:

	a.	r.	p.		£	s.	d.
In 1899,	5	2	29	were sold for	145	0	0
In 1899,	3	0	6	were sold for	95	0	0
In 1902,	3	0	8	were sold for	80	0	0
In 1902,	6	3	28	were sold for	400	0	0
In 1903,	6	1	9	were sold for	185	0	0
In 1904,	19	1	7	were sold for	420	0	0
Atkinson,	11	1	21	—Deposit . . £180 0 8			
				On account . . 34 18 10			
				Purchase . . 340 0 0			
					554	19	6
Roads,	1	1	37				
	57	0	25	(Cost, £2050) . . .	£1879	19	6

On the Histon estate no operations as regards sales of any kind took place, and owing to the heavy nature of the land it was found to be unsuitable for small holdings, and there was the greatest difficulty in keeping the land tenanted.

The estate was sold on the winding up of the company to Mr. Y. T. Rose for 700*l.* (cost 2250*l.*).

The Foxham Farm, Wiltshire, not far from Chippenham, was bought in 1888 from Lord Lansdowne for 4371*l.*; the area of this farm was 151 acres.

The company sold to the sitting tenant 50 acres, including an orchard, pasture land, homestead and farm

buildings, for 2250*l.* In 1889, 3a. or. 31p. of pasture land were sold for 159*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* In 1890 two 1-acre plots were sold for 40*l.* each; the purchaser of the three-acre plot was a baker and the other two were labourers. In the same year another acre was sold for 50*l.* on the deferred-payments system.

In 1891 one of the tenants bought 3 acres for 130*l.*, and in the same year the baker who had purchased 3a. or. 31p. bought an additional 2 acres for 90*l.* In February 1895 a man of the name of Hatt purchased 1a. 2r. 23p. for 45*l.*, and in March 1898 he bought another 4a. 1r. 29p. for 225*l.*

This is the estate on which most of the transactions took place; but in the 13 years, in which there was every encouragement offered to tenants and others, only 17 acres were disposed of in small sales.

In October 1901 the remaining 83a. 3r. 12p. were sold to Moses Smith and John Crowther for 2000*l.*

The following table shows the way in which the estate was disposed of:

	a.	r.	p.		£	*s.*	*d.*
In 1890,	50	0	0	were sold for	2250	0	0
In 1889,	3	0	31	were sold for	159	7	6
In 1890,	1	0	0	was sold for	40	0	0
In 1890,	1	0	0	was sold for	40	0	0
In 1890,	1	0	0	was sold on the deferred system	50	0	0
In 1891,	3	0	0	were sold for cash for	130	0	0
In 1891,	2	0	0	were sold for cash for	90	0	0
In 1895,	1	2	23	were sold for cash for	45	0	0
In 1896,	4	1	29	were sold for cash for	225	0	0
In 1901,	83	3	12	were sold for cash for	2000	0	0
	151	0	15	(Cost, £4731)	5029	7	6

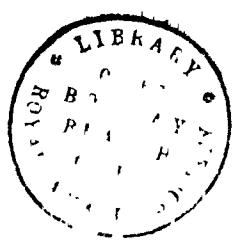
The Hay Farm, Fingringhoe, Essex, contained about 70 acres, with a fair house and buildings and four cottages and gardens, and was purchased in 1890 for 1500*l.*, the expenses of conveyance, etc., coming to an additional 47*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* Soon after the property was bought, 2 acres were sold for 80*l.* to a London greengrocer who, when

a boy, worked in the fields in the neighbourhood and whose father still lived in the village. The rest of the farm was occupied by different tenants, and was eventually sold in October 1903 to Mr. F. J. Oxenham for 690*l.* This farm therefore made 770*l.* against a cost of 1500*l.*

The company was wound up in March 1905, when the final meeting was held. The total dividend paid was 15*s.* 8½*d.* in the £, but this dividend would not have been nearly so good had it not been for Lord Wantage's generosity in presenting the Lambourne farm to the company.

From the above statements it will be seen that even at Foxham, where the conditions were most suitable, and where the company's work was most successful, only some 17 acres out of a total of 101 were bought by labourers and small tradesmen. The fact that, even with the exceptional facilities offered, customers failed to come forward in appreciable numbers, tends to show that the desire for the possession of small holdings is not nearly so keen as is generally supposed.

This was a matter of regret to Lord Wantage, who believed that ownership of land was a great stimulus to cultivation, and that as an owner a man would work twice as hard as he would as a tenant. And, notwithstanding this unwillingness of tenants to become purchasers, Lord Wantage did not abandon his conviction that, if greater facilities can be given for the purchase of land, a good many men will probably invest their savings in it, cultivating it themselves, and building small houses in which to reside, and thus gradually setting in a return tide from the big towns into the rural districts.


LIBRARY

APPENDIX IV

"V.C."

(Dedicated to Lord Wantage, V.C.)

THERE'S the Order of the Garter, and the brilliant Indian Star,
And many a shining medal, great or small,
And the K.C.B.'s and earldoms, and all the spoils of war,
But the little cross of iron is most glorious of them all—
Yes, the little cross of iron beats them all.

For he that owns it earned it at the peril of his life,
Nor recked if for his country he should fall,
He bore our England's colours through the fire and the strife;
So the little cross of iron is the gallantest of all—
Yes, the little cross of iron's worth it all.

And mercy goes with valour, and the hero stays to save,
Self-forgetting, at a wounded comrade's call;
Thus, among the glittering baubles that are guerdons to the brave,
Still the little cross of iron is the noblest prize of all—
Yes, the little cross of iron beats them all!

LADY LINDSAY.

INDEX

ABERDEEN, 2nd Earl of, 6
Abingdon, 164, 165 *n.*, 171, 216, 244, 352, 390
— Grammar Schools, 368
Abinger, Lord, 116
Abu Hamed, 358
— Simbel, 359
Abyssinia, 360–2
Adrianople, 254
Afghanistan, 260
Agricultural Depression, Royal Commission on, 398, App. 444–50
— Hall, 160
— Labourers' Union, 395
— Shows, 384, 387
Agriculture, 375–402; Lord Wantage on, 370, App. 449–50 (*see also under* Farming)
— Board of, 370
Ailesbury, Marquis of, 301
Airey, General, 82, 103
Aix la Chapelle, 185
Ak Palanka, 235
Akasha, 360
Alan, Dr. 186
Albemarle, Earl of, 11, 350
Albert, Prince Consort, 15, 18, 140–142, 146, 155, 291
Aldermaston, 216
Aldershot, 15, 135, 155, 212, 272, 328, 332–3, App. 436
Alexander, Adjutant, 139
Alexandra, Queen (*see under* Wales, Princess of)
Alexinatz, 222–8, 234–9
— battle of, 223–5, 235–6
Alford, Lady Marian, 186
Alfred, King, 155, 300, 330; statue, 352
Algiers, 315
Alice, Princess, 201
All Souls College, 346 *n.*
Allotment gardens, 400
Alma, battle of the, 25–38, 65, 80, 136, 138, 319 *n.*, 408; panorama of, 126
— valley, 319
Aloupka, 133
Althorp, 148
Amherst, *officer*, 50
Amiens, 203
Anglo-American Ambulance, 179, 180, 188
Angoulême, Duchess of, 203 *n.*
Anne of Bohemia, Queen, 407
Annesley, Lord, 17, 30, 33
Anson, Col. Hon. Augustus, 207, 210
— Sir William, 370
Anstruther, Harry, 29
— Robert, 18, 138–9
Arabi Pasha, 277
Aranjuez, 4
Archer-Houblon, Rev. T. H., 344 *n.*, 373
Ardagh, Maj. Gen. Sir John, 298, 416
Ardington, churchyard, 355, 423
— co-operative stores, 396–8, App. 446
— house, 353
— market, 388
— public house, 398
— village, 343, 344 *n.*, 346, 355, 382, 395
Army, Committee on terms of service in the, 335–342; Report, 321, 337–42, 404, App. 431–441
— Discipline Bill, 265 *n.*
— Enlistment Act, 257
— Hospital Corps, 278–280

Army Medical Corps, 366–7
— Medical Service, 173–4, 203, 244, 296, 374, 410, 415–16, 417 *n.*; improvement in, 262, 264; in Egyptian war, 278–281
— Nursing Service Reserve, 410–12
— Reconstruction Bill, 207
— Works Corps, 109
Arnold-Forster, Rt. Hon. H. O., 341
Arth, 9
Ashanti war, 216
Ashdown, 333
Assouan, 358, 361–2, 366, 417 *n.*
Astley, *officer*, 30
Athens, 325–6
Atkinson, Rev. J., 203 *n.*
— W. A., App. 453
Avignon, 125
Aylesbury, 370

Backshesarai, 130–1
Baida, 320
Baillie, *officer*, 93
Bain, R. Stewart, 309
Balaclava, 39–40, 48, 60–3, 66, 71, 75–8, 87, 89, 98, 106, 116, 319; attack on, 46–7, 61–2, 77; Russian Crosses for, 127
— Harbour, 57
Balan, 180–1
Balbec, 121, 129
Balcarres, 6–9, 16, 407
— Alexander, Earl of, 2
Balfour, Arthur, 178
Balmoral, 233, 250
Bank Charter Act, 289–291
— of England, 290–1
Baring, Charles, 30, 50
— Francis, 62, 112
Barnard, Lady Anne, 3
— General, 75, 83, 104, 116
Barrington, Lord, letter quoted, 252
— Sir V. B. Kennett, 297, 416
Batak, village, 240
Bazaine, Marshal, 182
Beaconsfield, Earl, 165–7, 171, 218, 231, 241, 258–9, 347 *n.*; and army reform, 208–10; and Lindsay's appointment, 217, 251–2; letters quoted, 266, 275; letter on the Turco-Servian war, 233–4; and the defence of Constantinople, 244; and the Eastern question, 254; at the Berlin Congress, 260; resignation, 264
Beasly, J., 391
Beckenham, 138
Beedon, *village*, 381, App. 444
Belgium, 248
Belgrade, 219–231
"Belle of Dunkerque," *steamer*, 249
Belton, Joseph, 401, App. 451
Benedetti, M., 195
Benson, Robert H., 303 *n.*, 351, 422,
— Mrs., 349
Bentinck, Lord George, 276
— General, 22, 26, 29, 31
Benyon, Richard, 162–5, 168–170, 216, 396
Bergen-op-Zoom, 4
Berkeley, *officer*, 30, 33, 37, 130
Berkshire Downs, 155 *n.*, 330–2, 343–345, 350, 377, 381 *seq.*, 422, 423, 428, App. 444–8
— Friendly Society, 396, 398
— militia, 374
— volunteers, 151–6, 293, 326, 328, 334–5, 354, 423
— Yeomanry, 419
Berlin, 177, 185, 195, 329, 416
— Congress, 260, 266
— Memorandum, 218, 234
Bernstorff, Count, 188–9, 202, 215
— Countess, 189
Besika Bay, 254
Betterton, 333, 345–6
— Glen, 420
Beust, Count, 253
Bingham, *officer*, 18
Birch, Sir Arthur, 406
Birmingham Dairy Show, 384
Bisley, 154, 327
Bismarck, Prince, 188, 192–3; on the Lindsay family, 194; on the Franco-German war, 194–6; his policy, 248
Blackheath, 232
Blair, Col. Hunter, 50–1, 63, 135 *n.*
Blane, General Sir Seymour, 17, 22, 50
Blewbury, *village*, App. 444
Blewitt, Mr., 181
Bocca di Cattaro, 293

Boers, 283
Bombay, 256
Boringdon, Viscount, 407
Bosnia, 218, 226
Bosphorus, 242, 244, 320
Bosquet, General, 89, 101
Botticelli, *painter*, 347
Boulogne, 179, 203
— *village*, 197
Bourke, Mr., 244
Bourliouk, *village*, 25, 34
Bouverie, *officer*, 50
— Rt. Hon. Edward, 162–4
Bowsher, Mr., App. 452
Brackenbury, Gen. Sir Henry, 177, 180–2, 188, 390; and army reform, 210; letter quoted, 252
Brest, 204
Bright, John, 166, 277
Brighton Downs, 327
British Dairy Institute, 370
Broadwood, Col., 359
Brodrick, Hon. St. John, 341–2, 404
Brown, Sir George, 26, 89–90, 100
— Capt., 82
Brownlow, Lady, 297
Bruce, Hon. Robert, 401, App. 451
Bruet, Admiral, 91
Brussels, 157–9, 220
Buchanan, *British Ambassador*, 221
Bucharest, 249
Buckingham Palace, 18, 66, 214, 326
Buckley, *officer*, 115
Buda-Pesth, 221
Budge, Dr. Wallis, 357
Bull, Ezra, App. 454
Buller, Sir Redvers, 298, 331, 337, 409, 415
Bulwer, General Sir Edward G., 265, 336, 340
Buonaparte, Prince Jerome, 263
— Prince Joseph, 4
Burcote, 352
Burford, Mr., 126
Burgess, Capt. C., 177
— Capt. G. J., 158
Burghclere, Lord, 398
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 304
Burns' School, 54
Burnside, General, 197
Burr, Higford, 216
Burr, Mrs., 216
Burton, F. W., 304
Bury, Viscount, 11–12, 151, 158, 160, 177, 191, 258, 266, 278, 300, 350
Butler, *officer*, 20
Butler, Rev. William (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), 182, 188, 240, 434; letter quoted, 348

CADIZ, 3; siege of, 84
Cadogan, Lord, 258
Cairo, 280, 356–360, 366, 417 *n.*
Calthorpe, Mr. 116
Calvert (chief of Secret Service), 103 4
Camara, *village*, 87
Cambridge, App. 453
— Duchess of, 18
— Duke of, 26, 135, 327, 331–4, 337, App. 437; on Lindsay's gallantry, 80, 110
— Princess Mary of, 18, 186
Cameron, Mrs. 136
Campbell, *officer*, 112
— Sir Colin, 25–6, 89
— General Sir John, 99
Canning, Lord, 101 *n.*
Cannock Chase, 327
Canrobert, General, 72, 85, 89–94, 101 *n.*
Canterbury, App. 442
Cape Colony, 283–5
— Matapan, 19
— Town, 282–3, 413
Capel, Hon. Reginald, 180
"Caradoc," *ship*, 89
Cardigan, Earl of, 38, 58; at Balaclava, 46
Cardwell, Viscount, 156, 206 11, 262, 265, 337, 406
— Mrs., 186
Carey, General, 211
Carlton Club, 135
— Gardens, 160, 204, 213, 247, 266, 278 *n.*, 347, 349
Carnarvon, Lady, 186
— Earl of, 167, 254, 400, App. 451
Carter, Col. Colebrooke, 220, 224–5, 240, 271, 335, 390
— Gerard Bonham, 414
— Henry Bonham, 183

Carter, Rev. J., 396
Castel-Bajac, M. de, 10
Cathcart's Hill, 96
Cecil, Lord Eustace, 217
Ceuta, 318
Chamberlain, Right Hon. Joseph, 402
Chapman's Battery, 74, 96
Chapman, George, App. 454
Chapmell, Dr. C., 414
Charing Cross Hospital, 404
Chartres, 202
Chatham, 2, 3
Chatir Dag, 133
Chelmsford, Lord, 263
Cherry, George, 164, 294
Chester, Bishop of, 398 *n.*
Chewton, *officer*, 30
Chichester, 13
Childers, Mr., 273; letter quoted, 279
Childs, Principal W. M., 369
Chilton Downs, 330–1
Chippenham, App. 455
Chislehurst, 263
Chobham, 15, 212
Christian, Prince, 155 *n.*, 204
— Princess, 155 *n.*, 177, 186, 204, 411, 413
Churchill, Lord R., 300
Churn, 331–3
— Down, 327, 330, 335
Clarence, Duke of, 408
Clarendon, Lord, 101 *n.*
Claude's "Enchanted Castle," 347
"Cleopatra," H.M.S., 60
Clere, General, 122
Codrington, General Sir William, 123
Coimbra, 406
Coke, "Wenny," 93, 112
Collins, Lord Justice, 418
— Mrs., 346 *n.*
— Rev. John F., 346 *n.*
Colville, Lord, 156
— Col. Hon. Sir William, 81, 97, 102, 187 *n.*, 188
Compton, *village*, 381, App. 444
Connaught, Duke of, 333 *n.*
Constantinople, 19, 22, 41, 43, 91, 98, 124, 127, 219 *n.*, 234, 240, 247, 249, 320, 355 *n.*; defence of, 244–5, 253–6
Cooper, *valet*, 284
Co-operative Stores, 396–8, App. 446
Corales Pass, 129
Corfu, 292 3, 325
Cornish, Rev. James, 344 *n.*
Corot, *painter*, 347
Corunna, 203 *n.*
Cottenham Estate, App. 453–4
— Foresters' Society, App. 454
Coutts & Co., 170
Cowell, *officer*, 50
Cowley Military College, 295
Cox, Colonel, 39, 70
Cranborne, Lord (*see under* Salisbury, Lord)
Cranbrook, Viscount (*see under* Hardy, Gathorne)
Craven, Earl, 163
— Evelyn, Countess, 333
Crawford, David Lindsay, 1st Earl of, 407
Crawford, Earl of, 1, 8, 126, 140, 142, 304, 407; *quoted*, 13; "Lives of the Lindsays," 2; "Christian Art," 8
— Countess of, 7, 8, 126, 292, 349, 352, 360
— Sir T., 336
Crealock, Colonel, 261, 333
Crimea, town in the, 130–3; revisited, 319–20
Crimean war 17–126, 172–3, 264, 269; armistice signed, 127; Treaty of Paris, 128
Cromer, Lady, 357
— Lord, 356–7, 360, 362, 365, 367
Cross, Sir Richard, 256
Crowther, John, App. 455
Crystal Palace, 420
Curzon, *officer*, 102–3
Cust, Francis, 18
— Horace, 18, 29, 319
— Leopold, 29, 68
Cyprus, occupation of, 261

DACRES, Field Marshal Sir R. J., 85
Dalmatia, 293
Dalrymple ("Black Dal"), *officer*, 30
Damascus, 238
Dante, 354
Danube, *river*, 221–2, 229–30, 245

Dardanelles, 245, 254
Darmstadt, 201
Dawkins, Sir Clinton, 357
Dawson, *officer*, 50
De Gaja, General, 203 *n.*
De Mauley, Lord, 101 *n.*
De Ros, Capt., 140
De Staal, M. and Madame, 409
Decimal Coinage Committee, 291
Deir-el-Bahari, 357
Delane, Mr., 189
Delegrad, 224–5
Deptford, 304, 311
Derby, Earl of, 150, 165, 167, 219, 221, 231, 233; *quoted*, 245; and the Russo-Turkish war, 254–6; resignation, 259–260
Dervish raids, 358 *seq.*
Desanges, *artist*, 420
Dickson, J. A., 391, 401; App. 451
Didcot, App. 446
Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Railway, 381
Disbrow, *officer*, 50, 54
Disraeli, Benjamin (*see under* Beaconsfield, Lord)
Doecker huts, 416
Dongola, capture of, 365
Doria, Princess, 14
Douro, *river*, 407
Douzy, 181
Downe, Lord, 331
Dresden, 183
Drummond, Capt. Hugh, 18 *n.*, 32, 37, 50, 107–8; death, 109–110
— Admiral Sir James, 22, 73, 87, 107, 109
Dufferin, Marquis of, 14, 275; letter quoted, 252–3
Dumant, M., 173
Durban, 413
Durnford, 'Judy,' 11

EADY, Mr., 391
"Economic Review," *quoted*, 396–7
Ecton, 148
Edinburgh, Duke of, 240
"Edinburgh Review," *quoted*, 144 5
Education Act (1902), 373
Edward VII., King, 330 (*see also under* Wales, Prince of)
Edwards, Sergeant-Major, 37
Egerton, Colonel, 86
Egypt, 356–365
— Khedive of, 363–4
Egyptian wars, 277–281, 295–9, 360–5, 408–10, 417 *n.*
Elcho, Lord, 151
Electric Lighting Act (1882), 305
— — — (1889), 305, 310
Electric Supply Corporation (London), 304–12, 404
Elgin, Earl of, 7
Eliot, Granville, 50
Elliot, Admiral, 19, 70
— Lady, 240, 247
— Major-General Sir Alexander ("Zonny"), 22, 46
— Hon. Arthur, 352 *n.*
— Rt. Hon. Sir Henry, 219, 231, 237, 240, 247, 353, 355
— Kate, 87
Elphinstone, Mrs., 179; *quoted*, 202
— Col. Sir Nicholas, 179, 202
Ems, 195
Englefield, 162
Ennismore, *officer*, 30
Erfurt, 321
Estcourt, *officer*, 82
Eton, 11, 86
Eugénie, Ex-Empress, 10–11, 215
Eupatoria, 89
Evans, Sir E. de Lacy, 26, 89
Eversley, Lord, 399; App. 444
Eyre, Sir Vincent, 179, 202

"FAIR TRADE," 277
Farming, 348–50, 392–4; App. 444 (*see also under* Agriculture)
Farquharson, *officer*, 112
Farrer, Lord, 365
Favre, Jules, 197
Feilding, Lieut.-Gen. W. H. A., 336, 340
Fielding, Percy, 30, 50
Fingringhoe, App. 455–6
Firket, battle of, 365
Fitzgerald, Lord Robert S., 203 *n.*
Fitzroy, Charles, 50
Flavigny, Count, 199, 204
Fletcher, *Adjutant*, 139

Florence, 9–10, 118, 125–6, 127 *n.*, 292, 360, 423 *n.*
Forbach, battle of, 177
Forbes, *officer*, 112
— James Staats, 306–8
Forest Farm, 146
Forster, Right Hon. W. E., 231
Fort Alexander, 43
— Constantine, 39–40, 43
— Paul, 119
Fox, Charlie, 87
Foxham Farm, App. 454 6
France: Emperor, 85, 149, 195
— Prince Imperial of, 263
Franco-German war, 174–205, 410, 417 *n.*
Frank, Dr., 179–181
Frant, 243
Fraser, Colonel Keith, 333
Fremantle, *Adjutant*, 139
French, General Sir John, 273 *n.*, 333 *n.*
Furley, Captain (afterwards Sir John), 158, 174, 177, 180, 190, 411, 414, 416

GALILEO on projectiles, 149
Gallipoli, 19, 248
Galton, Captain (afterwards Sir Douglas), 177, 183, 185, 221, 223, 416
Gardner, Right Hon. Herbert (afterwards Lord Burghclere), 398
Garstin, Sir William, 357
Garuna Pass, 292
Geneva, 177
— Convention, 173–5, 177
Genoa, 106–7, 125–6
Germany (*see also under* Prussia)
— Emperor, 321–2, 328–9, 357
— Victoria, Empress, 175, 250, 322
Gibbs, Mr., 140–1
Gibraltar, 18, 318, 342
Gifford, Lord, 14
Gilliat, Howard, 309
Gillmor, Rev. Fitzwilliam, 344 *n.*
Gipps, Sir Reginald, 16, 30, 50; *quoted*, 28
Girgenti, 324
Gladstone, Mrs., 186
— Right Hon. W. E., 165–7, 170–1, 188, 206, 210, 216–17, 255, 264, 277, 295, 299–300; and the Turkish atrocities, 218, 232, 241–2, 247
Gleichen, Countess Feodora, 388
Golding, George, App. 454
"Good Hope" Society, 443
Goodlake, Colonel Gerald, 63, 421 *n.*
Goodwood, 13
Gordon, Sergeant, 54–5
— Colonel Hon. Alexander, 12
— Colonel George, 17, 111
— Major-General J. J. H., 336
— Relief Force, 295–6
Gordon's Battery, 96
Gore, Montagu, 15
Gorny Studen, 249
Gorst, Sir Eldon, 357
Goschen, Viscount, 216; letter quoted, 300
Granada, 315, 318
Granby, Lord and Lady (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Rutland), 409, 421
Grant, Sir Francis, 5
— General Sir Hope, 5, 7, 211
— John, 5
— of Kilgraston, 5
Granville, Earl, 189, 204, 231, 234 253
Gravelotte, battle of, 177
Great Western Railway, 382
Greaves, C., App. 454
Greece, King of, 326
Greenwich, 204, 216
Grenfell, Lady, 350 (*see also under* Majendie, Hon. Aline)
— Lord, 298, 350 *n.*
— Major-General Sir Francis, 329, 367; letter quoted, 334
— Riversdale, 152, 334
Greville, Captain, 22
— *officer*, 50
Grey, Earl, 286, 351, 398
— Admiral, 124
Grosvenor, Lady Augusta, 186
— Gallery, 303
Grote, George, 286, 288
Grove, *village*, 423
Guardian, 424 *n.*
Guards' Memorial Chapel, 421
Gubbins, Lieut.-Colonel, 411
Guildford, 15

Guild'hall Banquets, 253, 260
Gurdon, Sir William Brampton, 401, App. 451
Gustave, *servant*, 63

HAFIZ PASHA, 239
Hague, 4
Haileybury College, 12
Haldane, Mr., 342 *n.*
Haliburton, Sir A. (afterwards Lord), 336, 340
Halifax, Viscount (*see under* Wood, Sir Charles)
Hamanaroffsky, Count Edgar, 132
Hamburg, 183
Hamley, Sir E., *quoted*, 25, 100 *n.*
Hampshire Down sheep, 383–4
Hansard, *quoted*, 247
Hardinge, Lord, 95, 102, 331
— Hon. Charles, 320
Hardy, Gathorne (afterwards Viscount Cranbrook), 166, 217, 253, 256–9; speech quoted, 255
Harrowby, Lord, 219
Hatasu, Queen, 358
Hatt, Mr., App. 455
Havelock, Sir Henry, 178
Havre, 191
Hay, Hon. Charles, 116
Hay Farm, App. 455–6
Hay-Drummond, *officer*, 112, 113
Haygarth, Lady Blanche, 422
— Colonel, 16, 17, 30, 422
Hayter, Sir Arthur, 278
Hayward, Mr., 189
Hendred, 353
Hepburn, *officer*, 30
Herbert, Lady, 101 *n.*
— Hon. Auberon, 168–9, 186
— Sidney, 8
Hereford cattle, 382–5
Herschell, Lady, 320–1
— Lord, 320–1, 406
Hertford, Marquis of, 146, 211
Hervey, Captain D., 204
Herzegovina, 226
Hesse, Grand Duchess of (Princess Alice), 201
Higginson, General Sir George, 16, 70, 135 *n.*
Hill, Lord, 4
Histon Estate, App., 453–4
Holford, Evelyn (afterwards Mrs. Robert Benson), 349
— Robert Stayner, 7, 21, 43
— Mrs. R. S. (*see also* under Lindsay, Mary Anne), 41, 57, 135, 351, 421; letter to, 97; illness of, 267; death, 422
Holland, 248, 320
Holm, Mr., 213
Home Farm, 379–382
Home Rule Bill, 300
Homer, *quoted*, 232
Honourable Artillery Co., 149, 156–7
Hood, Colonel, 27
— Hon. Alec, 324
Horsay, Count de, 70
Horse-breeding, 384, 387–9, 395
Horsman, Mr., 166
Howard, Rev. Henry, 353
Huc's "Travels in Tartary," 67
Hudson, Brigadier-General, letter quoted, 298
Hughenden, 275
Hunter, General Sir Archibald, 356, 359–360, 408 9
— Major Sir Paul, 158, 211, 271
Hyde Park, reviews in, 135, 150–4
Hythe, 139

IGNATIEFF, Count, 247
Ilsley, *village*, 381, 383, App. 444
— West, 397
"Imperial Yeomanry" Hospital, 414
"Inflexible," H.M.S., 293
Ingogo, battle of, 284
Inkerman, battle of, 48–57, 59, 61, 65, 80, 135, 138, 319 *n.*
— Heights of, 77, 122–3; revisited, 319
Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, 167, 170
Irish Famine Relief Fund, 291
Irrigation, 386
Isla de Leon, 3
Ismailia, 280
Isted, Mr., 148

JAMESON RAID, 357
Janina, 325
Jayne, Dr., 398 *n.*

Jehoshaphat Valley, 131
Jena, 321
Jersey, Earl of, 365
Jersey cattle, 383
Jervis, Captain, 104
Jocelyn, Captain, 71
Jolliffe, *officer*, 41, 70
Jones-Loyd, Harriet S., 14, 15; engagement, 142 3; marriage, 144–5 (*see also under* Wantage, Lady)
— Samuel (*see under* Overstone, Lord)
Jowett, Professor, *quoted*, 368
Juvenal, *quoted*, 232

KAMARA, 125
Kamiesh, 125, 127
"Kangaroo" *transport*, 23
Kantzow, Captain, 185, 187
Kars, 141
Kassala, 360
Katcha, *river*, 38
Kazan Pass, 230
Keats, John, 347 *n.*
Keeble, E. E., App., 452
Kelly, Mr. (*Times* correspondent), 223
Kemball, Sir Arnold, 236
Kennet, *river*, 330
Keppel (*see under* Bury, Lord, and Albemarle, Earl of)
— Lady Augusta (afterwards Lady A. Noel), 135–6
— Frederick, 139
— Sir Henry, in the Crimea, 75–6, 93; commands the Naval Brigade, 103–5
— Lady Susan, 323, 350
Kertch, 103
— Expedition, 89–90, 95, 113
Khartoum, 295, 363
Kiel, 183
Kimberley, 282, 284; relief of, 415
— Lord, 286
Kingsburgh, Lord, 323 *n.*
Kingscote, Col. Sir Nigel, 17
Kipling, Rudyard, *quoted*, 386
Kitchener, Lord, 356, 365, 408
Knightley, Sir Rainald, 169–170
Knollys, General, 122
— Col. Sir Henry, 211
Knowles, Sir James, 269
Knox, Lieut., 139
Knutsford, Lord, 411, 415 16
Korosko, 358
Kruger, Paul, 357

LA MARMORA, General, 94
Lacaita, Sir James, 324
Ladysmith, siege of, 415
Lagrange, Comtesse, 199
Laing's Nek, 284
Lake, Capt. Percy, 336
Lala Marnia, 318
Lala Setta Mountains, 315
Lambourne Downs, 332
Lambourne estate, App. 451–3, 456
Lang, Rev. Cosmo (afterwards Bp. of Stepney), 418, 424 *n.*
Lansdowne, Marquis of, 341, 367, 404, 409–10, App. 454
Lausanne, 9
Layard, Sir Henry, 256
Le Flô, General, 198
Lee, S. S., 202
Leicester, Lord, 445
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 151
Leipsic, 203 *n.*
Lempriere, *officer*, 86
Leopold, King, 157–60, 213, 220
Leslie, Dr. Armand, 249
Lesseps, Madame, 199
Leucaspide, 324–5
Leuchars, 112
Lincoln, Dean of, 182 *n.*
Lindsay, Lord and Lady (*see under* Crawford, Earl and Countess of)
— Col. Hon. Charles H. (cousin), 349; letter quoted, 65 *n.*; in the volunteer movement, 151; in Parliament, 165 *n.*, 216; Equerry to the Queen, 250; and Lord Overstone, 285; at Ardington, 353
— Sir Coutts (brother), 7, 70, 107, 121, 421; in Italy, 14, 43; letter to, 48–51; commands a regiment in Italy, 124; builds Grosvenor Gallery, 304
— Sir Coutts, & Co., 304–5
— Captain and Mrs. Harry, 352
— Helen (niece), 349
— General James (father), 14, 16, 44; 76–7, 80, 82, 117; career, 2–4;

marriage, 5-7; death, 8, 125-6; letters to, 40, 64-5, 71-5, 83-9, 108-9, 113-15, 118-120, 121-2; on the command in the Crimea, 101; failing health, 111-12, 118, 125; on his son's gallantry, 126
Lindsay, Mrs. James (mother) (*see also under* Trotter, Anne), 7-15, 101 *n.*; marriage, 5 6; on her son Robert, 10, 13; letters from her son, 44-141; letters to her son, 97-8; at Genoa, 126; death, 353; characteristics, 353-5
— Lady Jane (sister-in-law), 320, 350, 356, 421, App. 457
— Margaret (sister — afterwards Countess of Crawford), 7-8, 43-4, 75
— Mary Anne (sister, *see also under* Holford, Mrs. R. S.), 7, 12, 14; engagement, 21
— Hon. Robert (grandfather), 2
— Robert James (*see under* Wantage, Lord)
— Violet (afterwards Duchess of Rutland), 349
"Lindsays, Lives of the," 2
Lisbon, 406
Listowel, Earl of, 17
Liverpool, 166
Lockinge churchyard, 346 *n.*
— Downs, 403
— House, 8, 147 *seq.*; enlargement of, 155 *n.*; ball at, 332
"Lockinge Revels," 351-2
— stud, 388-9
— village, 343-5, 395, 398; growth of, 346
London Bridge, 407
— Brighton & South Coast Railway, 311
— Dairy Show, 384
— Electric Supply Corporation, Ltd, 304-12, 404
London Gazette, 59, 138
Longmore, Dr., 174, 188
Louis XVI, 215
Low, Bishop, 7
Lowe, Robert, 166
Loyd, Colonel, 185
— Mr. Lewis (father of Lord Overstone), *quoted*, 287
Loyd, A. K., 187, 220, 224, 240, 249, 282, 284, 353, 361, 416
— Lewis, 144, 391
Loyd-Lindsay (*see under* Wantage)
"Loyd-Lindsay" Prize, 273
— room, 398
Luchon, 268
Luders, General, 131
Lushington, Admiral Sir Stephen, 105
Luxemburg, 185
Luxor, 357
Lyons, Admiral, 91
Lysons, General, 211
Lyttelton, Sir Neville, 333 *n.*
Lytton, Sir Bulwer, 166

MACCORMAC, Sir William, 411; in Franco-German war, 179-180; in Turco-Servian war, 219-226, 235; death, 415-16
MacCulloch, J., 286
Macdonald, Rt. Hon. J. H. A., 323 *n.*
McGregor, Lieut.-Col., 158
Mackenzie Heights, 53, 128
McKenzie's Farm, 94, 128
Mackinder, H. J., 368-70
McKinnon, *officer*, 50
McMurdo, Col., 92
McNeill, Sir John, 80
Macpherson, Major, 411
Madrid, 4, 10, 268
Maitland, *officer*, 71
Majendie, Hon. Aline (afterwards Lady Grenfell), 350, 422
— Lady Margaret, 422
Majorca, 314 15
Majuba, 284
Malakoff tower, 44, 98-9; capture of, 113-114
Malet, Sir Edward, 329
Malt tax, 163
Malta, 19, 41-4, 260, 408
Mamelon, 83; capture of the, 95-8; explosion in the, 112-13
Manchester Ship Canal, 281
Mansura, *city*, 316
Mantes, 191
Marie Antoinette, Queen, 215
Markham, General, 105
Marlborough House, 267, 275

Mars-la-Tour, battle of, 189
Marseilles, 118
Marsh, Miss, 137-8
Mathilde, Princess, 263
Max Müller, Professor, 152, 368
'May Flower,' *hospital ship*, 366
Meaux, 183
Menschikoff, General, 25, 33-4, 38, 45, 47, 65
Metz, 180, 182, 187-8, 195, 223, 248
Meynell, Hon. Frederick, 352
— Lady Mary, 352
Milan, Prince, 222, 227, 232
Military College, Cowley, 295
Mill, John Stuart, 166
Milner, Sir Alfred (now Viscount Milner), 413; "England in Egypt," 364
Minter, Dr., 140
Minto family, 356
Moltke, Count, 192, 196
Moncrieff, Colonel, 110, 113
Montenegro, 293
Montijo, Marquesa de, 10
— Eugénie de (afterwards Empress of the French), 10-11
Montressor, *officer*, 70
Moore, General, 7
Morier, Sir Robert, 201
Morland, George, 390
Morley, Lady, 278 *n.*
— Earl of, 265-6, 278 *n.*, 279, 351, 407
Morocco, 318
Moscow, 61, 203 *n.*
Mount Edgcumbe, Lord, 140
Mount Rudolph, 44
Mounted Infantry, 155-6, 272-3
Mowbray, Rt. Hon. Sir John, 369; letter quoted, 252
Mühlhausen, 322
Muir, Surgeon-General, 411
— Sir William, 262
Munich, 183
Münster, Count, 248, 253
Muntz, Mr., 213
Murillo, *painter*, 347
Musurus Pasha, 253

NANCY, 185
Napier of Magdala, Lord, 258
Naples, 14-15, 142
Napoleon, Prince, 26
— Buonaparte, 149, 203 *n.*
Nasmith, *officer*, 20
Natal, 283, 413
National Aid Society, 176, 178-183, 219, 249, 296, 298 (*see also under* Red Cross Societies)
National Defence, Royal Commission on, 153-4
National Gallery, Trusteeship, 291
— Rifle Association, 154, 273, 327
Naville, M., 357
Nedjib Pasha, General, 236
Nelson's Castle of Brontë, 324
Nemours, 318
Netley, 262, 296, 416, 417 *n.*
Neville, Captain, 183
— Colonel Edward, 17
— Henry, 50-1, 70
Newbury, 264
Newcastle, Duke of, 68, 88, 106
Newman, Sir R., 50
Nichola Planna, *mountain*, 235
Nicholls, Sir George, 286
Nicopolis, 325
Niel, General, 85
Nightingale, Colonel A. C., 336
— Miss Florence, 219; in the Crimea, 93, 98; assists Army Medical Committee, 279-281; on the death of Lord Wantage, 430
Nile, *river*, 297, 357, 362, 365-6, 410, 417
"Nineteenth Century," 282, 324; *quoted*, 269-71
Nish, 234, 237
— Pasha of, 234
Norman, George Ward, 285-6, 414 *n.*
Northbrook, Earl of, 212, 369, 418
Northcote, Sir Stafford, 253-4, 276; letter quoted, 293-4
Nubia, 358-363
Nuneham Park, 155 *n.*

"OAKBALL," horse, 135 *n.*
Oakington, App., 453
Odessa, forts of, 19
Old Berks Hunt, 135 *n.*
Ollivier, M., 195-6
Omar Pasha, 20, 87

Omdurman, 357; battle of, 365, 408-9
Oporto, 406
Orchardson, *painter*, 407
Orleans, 197, 202
Orsova, 229
Osborne, Bernal, 209
Overstone, 144, 148, 292
— Lady, 14, 15, 142, 144 5; death, 147-8, 285
— Lord, 14, 15, 68, 101 *n.*, 142, 145-8, 158, 211, 226, 230, 314, 349, 353, 378, 391; letter to Lindsay, 143-4; settlement on his son-in-law and daughter, 147, 377; entertains Volunteers, 152-3; on foreign invasion, 153 4; politics, 161-2, 167-170, 216; Red Cross work, 177, 184-5; and the Turco-Servian war, 231-4; failing health, 245 6, 267, 281; death, 285-6; his life and character, 286 292; and the Bank Charter Act, 289-291; his pictures, 347; his land purchases, 390
— Park, 156, 272
Oxenham, F. J., App., 456
Oxford, Bishops of (*see under* Paget, Dr., and Stubbs, Dr.)
— Diocesan Conference, 372
— University, 368-370

PAGET, Dr. (Bishop of Oxford), 367, 370, 373; letter quoted, 368-9; on Lord Wantage, 429-30
— Lord George, 38, 58
Pakenham, *officer*, 48, 50, 64, 70
Pakington, Sir John, 209
Palermo, 323
Palma, *painter*, 347
Palmer, Alfred, 372 *n.*
— Sir Elwin, 357
— Right Hon. George, 372 *n.*
— Sir Walter. 368-9
Palmerston, Lord, 148, 150, 165
Palmieri, *Villa*, 292
Panmure, Lord, 102, 104, 108-9, 120, 134
Paris, 15, 177, 179, 215, 347; Treaty of, 128, 233; investment of, 183-201; Exhibition (1900), 420
Parker, Rev. Mr., 73
Parsons, Colonel Sir Charles, 357
Pau, 9-10, 203 *n.*
Peel, General, 167
— Hon. George, 409, 414
— Sir Robert, 289-290
Pekin, siege of, 419
Pelissier, General, 89, 92-95, 99-101, 118, 121
Pell, Albert, 401, App. 451
Percy, Lord Henry, 106, 121
Pesellino, *painter*, 347
Peterenikoff, General, 129-130
Phoros Pass, 133
"Phyllis and Demophoon," *picture*, 303
Pirot, *town*, 237
"Pitsford," *horse*, 135 *n.*
Pless, Prince, 192
Plevna, 249
Pont-à-Mousson, 188
Port de Venasque, 268
Port Said, 356
Portland, Duke of, 276
"Portland" Hospital, 414
Portsmouth, 41, 136, 155
Prado Gallery, 268
Prevesa, 325
Prez, Martin, 127
"Prince William," *stallion*, 388
"Princess Christian" *hospital train*, 415
"Princess Royal," H.M.S., 76
Prussia, King of, 189, 190, 193
— Augusta, Queen of, 201, 204, 213-214
— Frederick William, Crown Prince of, 192-3, 204; letter quoted, 201 (*see also under* Germany, Emperor)
— Crown Princess of, 204
Pruth, *river*, 248
Public House Trust Association, 398
— Houses (Model), 398-9
Pyrenees, 267
Pytchley Hunt, 135 *n.*, 148, 156

QUARRIES, capture of the, 95-8

RAGLAN, Lord, 42, 58, 65-72, 79-80, 84, 88, 91-2, 96-9, 109; death, 100-5
Ramsden, *officer*, 50

Ranelagh, Viscount, 151
Read, Clare Sewell, 401, App. 451
Reading, 162, 169, 216, 241, 373, 419, 422
— University College, 368–372, 385, 390, 407 ; Lady Wantage's gift to, 372
Red Cross Societies, 172–4 ; in Franco-German war, 174–205 ; in Turco-Servian war, 219 44 ; in Turco-Russian war, 249–250 ; in Zulu war, 263–4 ; in Egypt, 277–81, 295–9 ; in the Soudan, 365–7 ; in the Turco-Greek war, 404 ; in South African war, 409–417 ; summary of work, 417 *n.*
Redan at Sebastopol, 44, 74, 86, 96, 99, 100 *n.*, 112 ; assault on, 13–15
Redistribution of Seats Bill, 295
Reform Bill (1866), 166–8
Regimental Exchange Bill, 260
Remilly, 182
" Retribution," H.M.S., 22, 87
Revel, Count, 103
Reynolds, *Private*, 37
Rhine, *river*, 221, 230
Rhodesian campaign, 417 *n.*
Richard II., King, 407
Richens, Henry, App. 452
Richmond, Duke of, 13, 217 *n.*
— Park, 327
Richmond, Sir William, letter quoted, 421
Rifle-shooting, 270–1
Ristich, *Servian Minister*, 227, 231
Riviere, Briton, 335
Road-making, 387
Roberts, Sir Frederick (now Lord), 273
Robey, George, 388
— John, 391
Robinson & Auden, 312
Rochdale system of co-operative stores, 397
Rockville, Lord, 6
Rodd, Sir Rennell, 357
Rogers, Mr., 264
Rokeby, Lord, 75, 76 *n.*, 79, 81, 89, 128–30
Rome, 14–15, 43, 48, 142, 247, 325
Romilly, *officer*, 129
Rose, Y. T., App., 454
Rosebery, Lady, 297
Rothschild, Baron N. de, 177, 216, 411, 416
Rouen, 191
Rowley, *officer*, 42, 70
" Royal Albert," H.M.S., 62, 65–6, 89
Royal Agricultural Society, 388
— Patriotic Fund, 412
Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, 256
Rundle, Sir Leslie, 357
Russell, Sir Baker, 331
— Sir Charles, V.C., 162–5, 168–9, 294, 421 *n.*
— Sir George, 294
— Lord John, 88 *n.*, 165, 167
Russell's " Crimea," 55
Russia and the Turco-Servian war, 218–19, 227 242
— Emperor of, 123, 227, 242, 249 ; assassination of, 275
— Emperor Nicholas of, 21 ; death, 79
— Empress of, 133
— Katharine, Empress of, 132
Russo-Turkish war, 246–60, 417 *n.*
Rutland, Duchess of, 349 *n.*, 409, 421
— Duke of, 409, 421
Ryan, Lady, 352 *n.*
— Sir Charles, 352 *n.*
— Sir Edward, 286
— Madeleine (afterwards Mrs. Elliot), 352
Ryerson, Col., 413

St. CLOUD, *village*, 215
St. Germain, 192, 203
St. Helena, 282
St. James's Park, 288
" St. Jean d'Acre," H.M.S., 75, 93, 103
St. John of Jerusalem, Order of, 219
St. John's Ambulance Association, 410–12
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church, 144 ; vaults, 187
St. Paul's Cathedral, 373
St. Petersburg, 133, 275
St. Thomas's Hospital, 220

Salamanca, 4, 407
Salisbury, Lady, 245, 297
— Marquis of, 166–7, 259, 299, 300, 360; letter quoted, 220; Conference at Constantinople, 245–6; at the Berlin Congress, 260
Salisbury Plain, 155
Salis-Schwabe, Colonel G., 336, 340
Salonika, 238–9
Saltram, 407
Sandbag battery, 55
Sandhurst College, 295, 409
Sandwith, Dr., 186, 188
Saragossa, 268
Sarras, 359
Savings Bank, 394
Scarlett, General, 46
— Colonel Hon. W. Frederick (afterwards Lord Abinger), 116
Schouvalof, Count, 255
Schrepren, 235
Scobell, General, 273 *n.*
Scott, Lord John, 68
Scutari, 19, 24, 61, 64, 66, 73, 240
Sebastopol, 19, 23, 25, 61, 124, 131; siege of, 38–113; fall of, 113–121; destruction of, 127; Russian medals for, 127; revisited, 319–20
Sedan, battle of, 180–1, 188, 204 *n.*
Semendria, 226
Servia, Princess Clementine of, 320
— Prince Ferdinand of, 320
Servian-Bulgarian war, 417 *n.*
Seville, 4, 347
Sèvres, *village*, 196, 200
Seymour, Albert, 50
— Charlie, 50, 59, 112
— Captain (afterwards Sir Edward), 293
— Colonel Sir Francis (afterwards Marquis of Hertford, 146, 211
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 177
Shaw, Mr., 120
Shaw-Lefevre, Lady, 15
— Right Hon. George (afterwards Lord Eversley), 399, App. 444
— Sir John, 15, 144, 286
— Madeleine, 420
Sheep, 383; price of, App. 444, 448
"Sheerness," *picture*, 347
Shorthorn heifers, 383, 387
Shuckburgh, *officer*, 50
Shuttleworth, Colonel A. J., 336
Silistria, siege of, 20
"Simoon" ss., 18, 41
Simpheropol, 131–2
Simpson, General Sir James, 7, 80–3, 135 *n.*, 141; command in the Crimea, 100–121; resignation, 122–3
Sims, Dr., 180
Sivernaia Forts, 38
Slatin Pasha, 357
Small Farm and Labourers' Land Co., Ltd, 401–2, App. 451–6
Small Holdings, 399–402; Parliamentary Committee on, 402, App. 447
Smith, Abel, 70
— Moses, App. 455
— Rt. Hon. W. H., 252, 256, 267, 276, 300; letter quoted, 299
Smithy Fen, App. 453
Sofia, 237–9, 320
— Pasha of, 237
Solferino, battle of, 173
Somers, Earl, 8
Souchoup Kaley Pass, 131
Soudan campaigns, 296–7, 359–67, 408–10, 417 *n.*
Soult, Marshal, 4, 347
South African war, 213, 272–4, 335, 359, 394–5, 406, 409–18
Southampton, 413, 419
Spencer, Earl, 148, 151
Squarey, Elias, 401, App. 451
Stacpole, Major, 336, 340
Stafford House, 160
— — fund, 249
Stanhope, Rt. Hon. Edward, 335, 337–9; letter quoted, 328–9
Stanley, Lady Constance, 278
— Col. Hon. Frederick, 251, 259, 278 *n.*
Stanmore, Lord, 324, 373; "Memoir of Sidney Herbert," 8
Star Fort, 43
Steele, Sir Richard, 424 *n.*
— Tom, 102–3, 108
Stephenson, General Sir Frederick ("Ben"), 16–18, 409, 421–2; *quoted*, 24 *n.*; invalided from the Crimea, 103, 107–8; command in Egypt, 103, 298; revisits Egypt, 356–365

Stepney, Bishop of, 418, 424 *n.*
Stewart, Admiral, 91
— Miss Shaw, 93
"Stilton," *horse*, 135 *n.*
Stockmar, Baron, 140
Stonay, 181
Stopford, Col. Hon. F., 411
Strassburg, 188, 195
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lady, 89, 127
— Viscount, 88–9, 203 *n.*, 231, 243
Strathnairn, Lord, 209
Stuart, Lady, 101 *n.*
Stubbs, Bishop, 373
Sturt, Percy, 50
Sutherland, Stuart, 182
Sutton, Herbert, 371
Sutton & Sons, 385
Sutton Courteney, 352–3
— Place, 15, 144
Swaine, General Leopold, 204, 214
Swindon, App. 446
Symonds, J. A., 324
— Margaret, 324
Syracuse, 324

TANGIER, 318
Taormina, 324
Taranto, 324
Tarver, Rev. Mr., 141
Taylor, Col. du Plat, 321
Taymouth, 8
Tchernaia, battle of, 111–113
— river, 52–3, 115, 117, 127
— valley, 94
Tchernaieff, General, 223–8
Teesdale, Major, 141
Tel-el-Kebir, battle of, 278
Tempest, Lord Adolphus Vane, 116–117, 130
Tennyson's "Idylls," 136
"Terrible," H.M.S., 19
Tetuan, 318
Thames, *river*, 330, 345
Therapia, 240
Thessaly, 404, 417 *n.*
Thiers, M., *quoted*, 400
Thistlethwayte, Lieut., 27–8, 31, 33, 37
Thompson, Jack Anstruther, 148
Thurlow, Lord, 401, App. 451
Thynne, *officer*, 93
Tichborne case, 216
Times, 162, 216, 223, 232, 236, 340, 404; on the Crimean Campaign, 69, 71–3, 104; letters on Red Cross work, 175–7, 410–12; letters on the Soudan, 360–5
Tlemcen, 315–17
Todleben, 113; *quoted*, 44
Torregiani Palace, 347
Torrington, Lord, 214
"Toski," *steamer*, 357
Tours, 179, 202–3
Townley, Lady Susan, 406
— Walter, 350 *n.*, 407
Tractir Bridge, 127
"Trafalgar," H.M.S., 22
Transvaal, 284
Trebizonde, 249
Tree-planting, 386–7
"Tribune," H.M.S., 107, 109
Trochu, General, 190, 197–200
Trotter, Anne (*see also under* Lindsay, Mrs. James), 5–6
— Sir Coutts, 6–7
— Col. Henry, 320
— Miss Margaret, 192
Tudway, Major, 359
Tugela, *river*, 415
Turco-Greek war, 404, 417 *n.*
Turco-Servian war, 218–244, 320, 417 *n.*
Turkey, Sultan of, 118
Turner, W. M., 347, 420
"Twelve Apostles," *ship*, 105
Twistleton, Hon. Edward, 286

UFFINGTON, 155, 331
— Viscount, 163
Usedom, Baron, 247–8
— Madame von, 14

"V. C." *poem*, app. 457
Vaillant, Marshal, 199
Vallombrosa, Duke of, 116
Valletort, Lord, 140
Van de Weyer, M., 157, 248
Varna, 20–3, 135 *n.*
Velasquez, *painter*, 268
Verney, Miss, 186
— Sir Harry, 177

Vernon, 192, 215
— Captain Leicester, 162
Versailles, 190–3, 196, 200, 215
Vico, Colonel, 103–4
Victoria, Queen, 18, 75, 76 *n.*, 141, 146, 154, 167, 171, 214, 240, 275, 300, 388, 408; *quoted*, 15; on the death of Lord Raglan, 105; reviews in Hyde Park, 135–6, 150, 152; presenting Victoria Crosses, 138–9; at Wimbledon, 154; opens Parliament (1865), 165; and the Red Cross Society, 177, 250; and Army Purchase, 210; and the Volunteers, 269; Golden Jubilee, 326, 330; Diamond Jubilee, 373; death, 422; memorial to, 422
Victoria, redoubt, 96
— West, 284
Vienna, 221, 240, 249, 355 *n.*
— Conference, 87–8
Ville d'Avray, *village*, 196
Voluntary School Relief Act, 372
— Schools Associations, 372

WADY HALFA, 358–362, 408
Walcheren expedition, 3
Waldegrave, Earl, 327
Wales, Prince of (now King Edward VII.), 140–2, 146, 156, 220, 241, 263, 275, 278, 294, 298, 326–7, 408, 411, 418; opens Reading College, 407
— Princess of (now Queen Alexandra), 275, 278, 326–7, 371, 407, 413, 417 *n.*; and Red Cross work, 296–7
Walker, Colonel, 81, 110, 192
— General Sir Forestier, 331, 409
Walter, John, 162–5, 168–170, 216, 264
"Walton Bridges," *picture*, 347, 420
Wantage, Lady (*see also under* Jones-Loyd, Harriet S.), 135 *n.*, 170, 245, 252, 256, 266, 275, 303 *n.*, 313, 385, 391, 413, 420–3; in the Crimea, 32, 52–3, 55, 319–20; letters to, 158–160, 221; 229–30, 234–40; on Committee Red Cross Society, 177, 184–9, 201, 204, 296; letter quoted, 214–15; visit to Paris, 215; gift to Reading College, 372 *n.*; visit to Lisbon, 406; memorial to Lord Wantage, 421 *n.*, 423
Wantage, Lord, early travel, 9–10; Eton, 11–12; commission in Scots Fusilier Guards, 12–13; in the Crimean war, 17–134; at the battle of the Alma, 27–38, 138; receives Victoria Cross, 32, 138; at the siege of Sebastopol, 38 *seq.*; at Balaclava, 46; at the battle of Inkerman, 48–57; promoted captain, 59; on the staff, 80; adjutant, 110; at the fall of Sebastopol, 113–121; in a panorama of the Alma, 126, 421; tours in the Crimea, 130–3, 319–20; lectures on musketry, 140; equerry to the Prince of Wales, 140–2; engagement, 142–3; marriage, 144–5; retires as Lieut.-Colonel, 147; in the Volunteer movement, 147-50, 269–273, 328–334; raises mounted infantry, 155–6, 272–4; Colonel Honourable Artillery Company, 156–7; with the Volunteers at Brussels, 157–60; member for Berkshire, 165–71; Red Cross work, 172–204, 277–81, 295–7, 365–7, 409–17; interviews with Bismarck, 193–6; enters Paris during the siege, 196–201; Army reform, 205–13; thanked by the German Empress, 214–15; letter from Disraeli, 217; in the Turco-Servian war, 219–44; accepts office, 251–65; tour in France and Spain, 267–8; knighthood, 269; ill-health, 281, 292–3; voyage to the Cape, 282–5; contemplates resignation, 293–5; peerage, 300–1; Lord Lieutenant of Berks, 301; assistance to relatives and others, 301–2; business and finance, 304–13; saves London Electric Supply Corporation, 306–12; tour in Algiers, 315–17; revisits the Crimea, 319–320; visits Sicily and Italy, 323–5; Brigadier-General of Volunteers, 328–34; retirement from the

Volunteers, 334-5; chairman of Recruiting Committee, 336-42; home-life, 343-56; farming and agriculture, 348, 350, 371, 375-401, App. 444-50; his friends, 350-5; visit to Egypt, 356-365; Reading University College, 368-72; visit to Queen Victoria, 374; "A few Theories carried into Practice," 396-7; experiments in Small Holdings, 399-402, App. 451-6; failing health, 403; visit to Portugal and Spain, 406-7; Masonic Provincial Grand Master, 408; memorial to, 421, 423; death, 423; characteristics, 424-30
Wantage, *town*, 203 *n.*, 240, 300, 312, 331, 344, 397
"Wantage Committee" (*see under* Army, Committee on Terms and Conditions of Service in the)
Wantage Corn Exchange, 420
— Gallery, 420-1
— Grammar Schools, 368
— Market Place, 352
— Workhouse, 355
Ward, Lord, 98
— Surgeon-Major, 158
Warrack, J., App., 452
Warre, Mr., 406
Water-Colour Society, 303
Wedgwood, Miss, 411
Welles, Lord, 407
Wellesley, *officer*, 18
— Sir Henry, 3
Wellington, Duke of, 4
Wells, Mr., 347 *n.*
Wemyss, Earl of (*see under* Elcho, Lord)
Westminster, Duke of, 151, 416
— Abbey, 326
Westonbirt, 7-8, 267
White, Colonel, 209
— Sir George, 409
— Sir William, 219-222, 231, 247, 320
White Horse Down, 155
— — Hill, 330-1, 345
White Lodge, 140, 142, 144
Whittle, *house steward*, 101, 196
Whyte-Melville, Mr., 148
Widdin, 230, 235-6, 238
Wilberforce, Bishop, 367; *quoted*, 137
Williams, Sir Fenwick, 141
Willis's Rooms, 176, 400, App. 451
Wilson, Herbert, 14
Wimbledon, 154, 158, 160, 273, 327
— camp, 326
Windsor, 146-7, 373, 422
— Castle, 76, 144-6, 160, 374, 408
— Forest, 146
— Park, 154
Wingate, Sir Reginald, 357
Wissembourg, battle of, 177
Woerth, battle of, 177
Wolmer, Viscount, 336
Wolseley, Lady, 278 *n.*
— F.-M. Viscount, 210, 211, 216, 258, 265, 273, 277-8 *n.*, 280; letter on Red Cross work, 243-4; at Cyprus, 261; on "short service," 262; in the Zulu war, 263; in Egypt, 295-297; letters quoted, 298-9, 342; on Lord Wantage, 405-6, 425
Wood, Lady, 278 *n.*
— Sir Charles (now Viscount Halifax), 188, 286, 290
— Sir Evelyn, 210, 273, 278, 328, 331, 333, 337; letter quoted, 332
Woolstone, 333
Woolwich, 295
— Ambulance, 188, 191, 203
— Military College, 409
Woronzoff, Prince, 133
Wyndham, Mr., 127

YALTA, 133, 320
Yeoman farmers, extinction of, 399-400
Young, Sir Allen, 297, 417 *n.*
— Col. J. S., 249, 264, 297, 366, 412, 414

ZULU war, 263, 417 *n.*
Zululand, 260

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